# Table of Contents


1. Note
2. Uncontrollable - Edited
3. Chapter One - Edited
4. Chapter Two
5. Chapter Three
6. Chapter Four
7. Chapter Five
8. Chapter Six
9. Chapter Seven
10. Chapter Eight
11. Chapter Nine
12. Chapter Ten
13. Chapter Eleven
14. Chapter Twelve
15. Chapter Thirteen
16. Chapter Fourteen
17. Chapter Fifteen
18. Chapter Sixteen
19. Chapter Seventeen
20. Chapter Eighteen
21. Chapter Nineteen
22. Chapter Twenty
23. Chapter Twenty-One
24. Chapter Twenty-Two
25. Chapter Twenty-Three
26. Chapter Twenty-Four
27. Chapter Twenty-Five
28. Chapter Twenty-Six
29. Chapter Twenty-Seven
30. Chapter Twenty-Eight
31. Chapter Twenty-Nine
32. Chapter Thirty
33. Chapter Thirty-One
34. Chapter Thirty-Two

35. Chapter Thirty-Three
36. Chapter Thirty-Four
37. Chapter Thirty-Five
38. Chapter Thirty-Six
39. Chapter Thirty-Seven
40. Chapter Thirty-Eight
41. Chapter Thirty-Nine
42. Chapter Forty
43. Chapter Forty-One
44. Chapter Forty-Two
45. Chapter Forty-Three
46. Chapter Forty-Four
47. Chapter Forty-Five
48. Chapter Forty-Six - Final
49. Epilogue
50. Final Author Note
51. Saving Comments #1
52. Saving Comments #2
53. Bonus Chapter - Vanessa
54. Bonus Chapter 2
55. New Wattpad Story!

# Note

This book was previously changed to private, but it now is back to public.

It was changed to private for many different reasons. A few of which include flawed plot, issues with the characters, descriptions that were sub-par and at some parts very messy writing. Most of this is also unedited.

I don't mean to turn anyone away from reading this, but I'm warning you of these things. I am editing this book sporadically, though I can't promise I will ever finish editing it, nor can I promise that it will be polished anytime soon.

Thanks for your understanding, and if you do read, I hope you enjoy it despite said flaws.

# Uncontrollable - Edited

It has been six months since they locked me in here.

The walls around me are thick and white, the concrete floor cold beneath my feet. I press my hands against the forbidding material, my bloody knuckles rupturing the smooth grey of it all. At first, I hated it, but now it is the only thing that keeps me sane; the only bit that tethers me to the real world.

I look over to the one-sided window that hangs on the walls, and I imagine it turning transparent to reveal who waits behind it. I raise my hand, and the scene plays out exactly as I visualized just moments ago.

I smile. Despite their desperate efforts, there's no way to make a room completely magic-proof. Sure, I'm not as strong as I used to be, but they can't flick out the light forever.

My smile increases as I survey my work and see that no one lurks behind the glass with a clipboard and a lab coat, inspecting me like I'm an animal. As I expected, they are beginning to forget about me; to declare me powerless, and therefore, normal.

It sends memories of when I first found my powers rushing back into my brain, flooding it entirely with reminders of when I wasn't trapped in *here;* of when I decided to use my powers for the good of people. And, of course, when the way I used my powers was misunderstood understood; taken to be a danger. After all, not everyone likes a person who is uncontrollable.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

So this is a prologue/extended description. Our story starts in the next chapter! It will start from when he was 15, and tell how he got to this place.

# Chapter One - Edited

Mac Jenkins stood over the cowering man with his knife raised, the point ready to be plunged into his victim's heart. A lamp from above them shown light down onto the pair, the light bouncing off the dagger.

"What, no last words?" he whispered sadistically, a brutal, fiendish smile cracking his stony facade.

"P-Please don't kill me," the man under him begged with a quivering lip.

"And why would I listen to you?" Mac asked, stooping closer to his victim.

"I have a family!" the man exclaimed, his voice cracking. "They need me!"

"And I care, why?"

"Please just be reasonable," the man whispered. His eyes widened, widened and he continued begging. I smiled to myself. He was pathetic—not even an attempt at a saving gesture. Just sniveling and begging. It almost made me not want to help him.

*Almost.*

"Drop the knife," I commanded, making myself visible again. The man turned around, and a cold breeze blew through the alleyway.

"What makes you think you'll have any sort of power over me?" Mac asked arrogantly, but I didn't fall for the veneer. I could still see the broiling fear in those dilated eyes.

"I don't think you'll listen to me. I *know* you will," I answered, leaning against the brick wall. Magic pulsed through my relaxed body, just waiting to be used.

"You're a teenage boy with no defenses, and I am a grown man with a knife. If I were you, I'd run," Mac said, raising his knife to throw it.

"I wouldn't do that," I warned, posing for a fight.

Not taking my warning, he threw the knife directly at me. It was a beautiful and perfectly aimed throw, that would have hit me directly in the heart had I been normal. But I wasn't.

About halfway through the knife's path, it froze, turned, and then went hurtling right back at Mac.

With the sickening sound of a blade hitting flesh, the knife pierced into Mac's heart ending his life forever.

"I warned you," I whispered as I walked over to retrieve his knife.

"Who are you? Are you going to hurt me?" The other man's voice was frantic, and bounced off the walls of the alleyway.

"I'm not going to hurt you," I said, pulling the knife out of the now lifeless body of Mac Jenkins. "What's your name?"

"How'd you pull off that little trick with the knife?" the man asked, gaining some of his courage back.

"That's my little secret," I answered, flipping the knife in the air and catching it.

"Leave me alone," the man exclaimed. "I'll call the cops on you!"

"Oh, the cops! So scary," I mocked.

"Just tell me who you are, and why that man was after you," I ordered. He knit his eyebrows, opened his mouth, and then closed it.

"Is there a problem?" I questioned in an assertive tone. The only way to get people like this to talk was to come across as witty, confident, and forceful.

"My name is Grey, and I have no idea why Mac was after me," he answered. I listened to his words, and then chose mine carefully.

"You know his name. How?"

"Doesn't everyone know his name?" Grey asked with a confused tone. After a moment of silence, a triumphant smile formed on Grey's face. "You didn't know who he was, did you?"

"Obviously I did," I said, confused by the question.

"You're not from here are you?" he persisted, standing himself up. A bit of blood fell from a gash in his cheek, but besides that, he looked unharmed. He took a step forward out of the dim light.

All I could make out of his face was his bright blue eyes. The rest of it was hidden by the dark.

"Do you want me to kill you too?" I asked, annoyed at his questioning.

"You wouldn't," he answered. I could make out a faint grin in the dark.

"You just watched me kill one man, and *he* wasn't annoying me," I shot back. "Besides, when did you get so cocky? Just moments ago you were lying on the ground under that man quivering and begging for your life. I'm the one who saved you. You don't seem to be in the position to make witty remarks."

"You're right. You did save me, and I am forever in debt to you. Thank you doesn't even suffice for what you've done for me."

"That's more like it." I smiled. "And it's no problem."

I had my mouth open to say more, but the sky above us broke, rain pouring out of the clouds.

"We need to get somewhere dry," I said, my black jacket already dripping from the outside and I could feel the water seeping through the fabric onto my white shirt.

"This way," Grey muttered, pulling me out of the alleyway and to the right. He pointed to a flickering light in the distance. "That's an old pub. It's pretty run down. There shouldn't be many people there."

I nodded, and picked up my pace. We had almost reached the door when I heard the sirens.

"Grey?"

"Yes," he said. Since we were under an awning and flooded with light, I could finally see his face fully. He was older than he sounded and moved. He had short hair that was graying, and a small beard that was fluffy and white. Etched into his face were wrinkles that seemed to have come from a long life of worry and hard work.

"Did you call the police?" I dreaded the answer, but knew I needed to hear it.

"Yes."

"Why would you do that?" I exclaimed burying my head in my hands. No matter how hard I was trying to keep my anger contained, it got a little bit of glory. "That's the stupidest thing you could have done!"

"I did it before you came, while he was threatening me with a knife. So actually, it was pretty smart," he answered, showing no reaction to my rage.

"And Mac just decided he'd let you make a call?" I questioned, not believe one word of his story.

"No! He thought he heard a sound which was most likely you, so he went to check it out. Since I was in an alley, I had no where to go, and he didn't leave the alley, so I just made the call quickly. He's a sloppy murderer." The words sunk into me, but I knew I didn't have time.

"If the police ask, Mac Jenkins died on his own accord. Understood? You are not to tell anyone about me," I whispered frantically,

grabbing the old man's shoulders. Despite my frenzied state, I still couldn't believe how sloppy Mac was at killing.

"I didn't catch your name," he said, ignoring my statement.

"That's because I never said it." Once again, I tried to keep the annoyance and anger out of my voice, but couldn't complete the task.

"I'll agree to what you said if you just tell me your name."

"It's Ryder!" I exclaimed in exasperation. The sirens were so close that I could see the lights, so I knew I didn't have time to negotiate.

"Run, kid!" Grey exclaimed.

And I did. I ran for my life.

As my combat boots made loud thuds each time they made impact with the ground, my heart sped up, and my breaths shortened.

Shouts from the police rose up behind me, but I knew the drill: don't look back. I could hear their footsteps approaching towards me, going faster than I was, but I knew I only needed a little bit of time more for my body to restore.

"Stop running!" A masculine voice called out from behind me. I did not stop running. The command only sped me up.

As I was running, I could feel my focus returning, and a small presence of magic. Just a few more seconds.

"Stop or we'll shoot!"

"Run!" Grey's voice now added to the chorus of shouts, encouraging me. I heard some of the officers scolding him, but I didn't care; he seemed to understand me, and he was rooting for me. That was all I needed to run that last stretch.

After continuing on for a couple more steps, I could feel magic pulsing through me, and I knew it was time to leave.

I imagined myself disappearing from this place, and appearing back in my room, and raised my right hand. A small red tendril of light swirled out of my hand, and the next thing I knew, I was standing in my room chilled to the bone.

I let out a long breath, and leaned against the wall to steady my heartbeat. I made it; it was a close call, but I made it.

Once my heart rate slowed, I sighed and peeled off my clothes before hopping into my warm and comfortable bed.

If I wanted to keep doing what I was doing, I had a long and tiring journey ahead.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

So here's the first chapter! Don't fear... the chapters will get more exciting, and longer! I hope you enjoyed this, and I hope you decide to read on!

I'd also like to remind everyone that this is a NaNo novel, so I am aware that it is in need of an edit. If you see anything that needs to be fixed, please let me know.

# Chapter Two

*"Get away from me," I whispered as I cowered in the corner.*

*"Now why would I do that?" the dark figure asked, taking a step closer. I wondered what he wanted.*

*"Please, just stop," I said, feeling adrenaline coursing through my veins, but also something else; something more powerful.*

*"I will kill you." The man in front of me raised his knife and made a false stabbing motion.*

*"You wouldn't kill me," I whispered, a surge of defiance running through my trembling eight year old body. Where it came from, I didn't know.*

*"Why would you ever think such a foolish thought?" he asked, laughing. "You are a pathetic kid."*

*I wince as his foot slammed into my side, sending ripples of pain through me. Although, at the time, I barely noticed the pain; all it did was make me angry.*

*"Two can play dirty," I answered, wrapping my right hand around his leg, and watched the smoke rise up from his leg. He groaned in pain and pulled away from me as he looked down at his calf where I curled my hand around him. His pants burned and in tatters where I grabbed him. The bare skin that was exposed was already turning red from the burn.*

*A look of fear filled his eyes, and he immediately stepped away. I looked down at my hand, a mixture of fear and amazement running through me. What had I just done?*

*"Who are you, kid?" the man asked, looking at me.*

*"The one you were just trying to murder. Still aiming for that?" I asked. His eyes widened even wider; my words sure didn't sound like an eight year old's, but it almost felt as if it wasn't me speaking.*

*"What if I am?" he answered, taking a step closer and pulling the knife out again. I laughed at his failed attempt to put on a cold facade.*

*"And why would you do that? You're not fooling me," I shot back. My words even surprised me. They definitely weren't something I'd say.*

*Out of nowhere, the man seemingly snapped, and threw the knife as hard as he could at me. My adrenaline seemed to double, and the powerful thing that was inside of it seemed to unleash itself.*

*My hand rose involuntarily, and light blue shot out of the palm and formed a wall between me and the knife.*

*When the knife slammed into the shield, it flickered, but the knife bounced off, and I was unharmed. The man looked at me again, more fear becoming incorporated into his expression, and he took two more steps back.*

*"What are you?" he asked, disgust filling his voice. I opened my mouth to answer, but I was at a loss for words. What had just happened? What was I? Was this real?*

*"Don't tell anyone about what happened tonight. Agreed?"*

*His words caught me by surprise, but I still was unable to form a coherent sentence, so all I could manage was a few animal noises and a small nod.*

*He took a few steps back when suddenly my body decided a different fate for him.*

*"You don't deserve to live if this is all you'll do." The words came out of my mouth without me planning for them to. He looked surprised and then his expression changed to fear. He stared at me wide-eyed, and then turned and sprinted away from me. If only he had just learned that he wasn't getting away.*

*My right hand raised automatically and his frame froze in place. I pushed myself up from the ground, dusted off my sweatpants, and ran up to the man.*

*"Why are you trying to run from me?"*

*"Are you only pretending to be an eight year old?" he asked, his voice showing he was completely puzzled. "Because you move faster than any eight year old I've ever seen. And you talk more maturely than one too."*

*He was right; everything that was happening didn't fit an eight year old body, but I was still myself, it was just as if a different, more powerful force had taken over my body and was commanding me to do things.*

*"What I am isn't your concern; it's not like you'll be leaving here alive."*

*Even the words were beginning to scare me. These weren't my words, and I did not want to kill this man. He was planning to kill me, but I don't want to be a murderer.*

*"Please stop! I never did anything wron-"*

*My right hand rose and his voice was cut off. He was moving his mouth, desperately trying to get words out, but it wasn't working.*

*I attempted at forcing my hand down in hopes that I could stop this unwanted murder, but it was a feeble and unsuccessful attempt.*

*My heart was beating in anticipation for what was to come.*

*A light blue jet of light shot out of my hand, and the man in front of me shattered into pieces.*

*My mouth flew open, and I stared at the shattered piece of what moments ago was a living being.*

*"What have I done? Is this real?" I whispered to myself, staring at my hand in shock. I suddenly wished I could cut it off and never deal with it again, although I knew even at the time it was impossible.*

*After a few moments of nothing, jets of color twirled out of my hand slowly mixing together. Yellow, green, red, blue, and purple all danced around each other, mingling and becoming one with each other.*

*My eyes widened in shock; I felt nothing, but it was clearly happening. I even pinched myself to see if I was dreaming, but I wasn't.*

*"How is this possible?" I breathed.*

*A brightness suddenly flowed into the picture shattering it, and destroying the image.*

I awoke with a start, breathing heavily. I looked around me, and saw that I had forgotten to close my shades last night when I came back to the house. A cool breeze blew into my room through the window that I also forgot to close.

I rolled over in my bed, and looked at my alarm clock. 7:07.

I sighed, and pulled myself out of my bed, wishing desperately that I could just get back to sleep. It was just another dream about when I found out I had magic-something that happens often after I use my magic.

After pulling my window down and closing the shades, I turned to crawl back into my bed. That's when I saw him.

I nearly jumped out of my skin, and my heart began pumping five times faster than it was.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I screamed.

"Keep your voice down. You wouldn't want to wake up your family and explain me to them, would you?"

"I have no time for this, Grey. I just want to sleep," I said, my emotions shifting from fear to annoyance. "How did you even get here? My front door was locked."

"How would you know that? You were too busy leaving here and saving me."

"But how did you find me?" I asked, realizing I'd never said anything about where I lived.

"Would you stop with the questions?" he whisper-screamed.

I scratched my head, and buried it in my hands. What did he want?

"Is there any purpose to this visit, or can I just go back to sleep?" I asked, my eyelids drooping a bit.

"Yes, there actually is a purpose. I just wanted to tell you what the word of the year is."

"Okay," I said, motioning for him to continue. It seems stupid, but it was also intriguing me in a way I couldn't explain.

"It's careful, Ryder. The word is careful." His words sunk into me, but I didn't care at the time.

"Whatever, can you leave now?" I asked, desperate for some sleep.

He hesitated a moment, and then nodded and climbed out the window, which seemed to magically open itself. *Magically* - Just the one word that ran through my brain caused all of the pieces to fit together: Grey was a wizard. He had magic. Just like me.

But how was that possible? Why wouldn't he use it when he was being attacked by Mac? I groaned in frustration and threw myself down on my bed. That made no sense!

After minutes of debating inside of my head, I settled on the fact that my brain must have been working on its own while I was talking to Grey; I must have subliminally opened the window with my own magic. After all, I've never met another person wielding magic so far. The likelihood of that man being a wizard was very slim.

Feeling satisfied with my solution to the problem, I crawled back in my bed, and let myself drift off again.

But the truth was far from what I'd convinced myself of.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And there's chapter two! We just got to see stupidity at it's finest!

I hope you all enjoyed it and are excited to read some more! I promise we will learn more about Grey fairly soon!

Also, I'm fairly new at writing fantasy and experimenting with it, so if anything is unclear or poorly written, sorry, and that can probably blamed on how much of an amateur I am.

Thanks for reading!

# Chapter Three

"Ryder!" my mother screamed grabbing my arm and shaking violently. Her words pierced into my dreams and pulled me back to reality.

"What?" I asked annoyed, opening my eyes and rubbing them to dissolve the sleepy state I was in.

"It's already eleven o'clock! Get out of bed," she commanded. I sighed, but followed her orders.

As I pulled myself out of bed, I strongly considered using my magic to lock her out of my room until I was ready to wake up, but I decided against it. I still hadn't told her I had magic and I wasn't planning on it.

"I made you breakfast. It's waiting on the table," she said, switching into her nicer side.

"Thanks," I said, walking out of my room and downstairs like a zombie. As I half walked, half stumbled down the stairs I heard my mothers chuckle rise up behind me.

"You really aren't a morning person are you?"

She was completely incorrect. I'm fine in the mornings but after using my magic to travel a far distance and then to stop a murderer, I was drained of energy.

"You're right. I'm definitely not a morning person," I answered instead of telling her the real reason I was tired.

"Lets get some energy in you, then," she said optimistically, as we entered the kitchen.

"Your meal, sir." She lifted her finger and pointed dramatically

I looked and saw she was pointing at a plate of steaming scrambled

eggs.

"Thanks," I mumbled before attacking the plate and devouring the eggs. After a few minutes, there was no evidence that anything was ever on the plate.

"Wow. You may not be a morning person, but you can sure eat fast in the morning," my mom remarked.

"Mom, you sound like you've never even seen me before. Of course I eat fast - I always have. You know that." Her comments seemed weird to me, but I just ignored that; maybe she had a bad past few days.

She smiled without answering, and walked over to the television that we kept only a few feet away from the table. She picked up the remote and turned it on, leaning against the table and drumming her fingers against the edge.

That was weird. I knew something was up. Mom never did mindless things like watch television, or drumming her fingers on the table.

"How are you feeling?" I asked, trying desperately to sound as casual as possible.

"Better than ever," she said in an ecstatic voice. Definitely not my mother; she had answered that question maybe once in my life. And the answer would never be 'better than ever'. I knew for a fact that she would most likely go on to explain to me in detail everything she had to do that day.

"Are you sure you're feeling okay?" I knew I was walking on dangerous waters, but I needed to figure this out. After all, I had magic. And if worse came to worse, I would just use that.

"Of course I'm okay." Her tone became impatient, but she didn't show any signs of worry.

"Okay. I'm going for a walk," I said, walking out of the kitchen.

"No, you're not," my 'mother' yelled as she followed me out of the kitchen and into the front hallway.

"Yes, I am," I answered in a calm tone, and opened the door.

"I told you no," she exclaimed, putting herself between myself and the outdoors. Okay. This was definitely out of character.

"Why not then?" I challenged.

"Because it's cloudy outside. It's going to storm," she answered. I laughed at this. The sky behind her was bright and sunny, not a cloud to be seen in the sky. Whoever this woman was, she wasn't good at thinking on the spot.

"No, it's not," I said, pointing. She raised a hand which at first I thought was to silence me, but instead, a thin line of light blue color shoots out of her hand. Someone who had never used or seen magic before would not have spotted it, but fortunately I had.

As the small tendril of blue light hit the sky, dark clouds appeared and spread across the entire horizon, turning the sunny day into a stormy one.

"Who are you?" I whispered in horror as a demonic smile appeared on her face.

"I'm your worst nightmare."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

Hopefully this chapter was interesting enough for you! Thanks for reading and I really hope you're enjoying this!

# Chapter Four

"Get away," I said, taking a step back, wishing desperately that I had gotten outside before she could stop me.

"No." Her answer was simple, and the smirk on her face showed that her words caused the desired effect on me: fear.

"Fine. Then I'll just leave through the back," I said, regaining my composure. She has magic, so she should have known better than anyone that there was millions of ways for me to get out of this situation.

"No, you won't," she said.

"Watch me," I answered as I sprinted over to our sliding glass door in the back, and pull it open. The second I dragged it open, the wind formed a mini tornado and tossed me back against the counter.

I imagined the wind dying down, and then raised my right hand. A weak tendril of red shot out of my hand, but it was only existent for a second; it disappeared right after.

I turned to look at the woman with an inquisitive look on my face. I had almost completely forgotten about the storm created by magic behind me.

"Who are you?" I asked for the second time. She raised her right hand, and the door behind me slammed shut.

"Do we really have to go through this again?" she questioned with a monotonous voice and a bored look on her face.

"I want to know!" I exclaimed, tapping my foot impatiently.

"You're a big boy. You can deal without knowing that for just a few more minutes. Now you can get your real mother if you do something for me. Give me your powers."

A blinding anger suddenly overtook me. My hand shot up automatically and a bright blue jet of light shot out from my pointer finger. My disregard for her demands could cause problems, but at the time, I could think of nothing but my anger.

The moment the blue light hit the woman standing in front of me, tendrils of blue and white snaked out from it, freezing her on the spot. As it spread throughout her body, the temperature in the room dropped considerably. What was going on?

As I watched, her skin tinted to a blue color. The shade of blue deepened as the tendrils of blue and white enveloped her body.

That was when it hit me; I was freezing her.

"I'm sorry," I suddenly blurted out. It was the only thing I could think to say. This woman clearly was bad. I mean, she did try to kill me, but no one on the face of this earth deserves to die such a harsh death.

At this point, the blue tendrils of ice had completely encircled her, and her skin was a deep blue. Her mouth was open as if she was about to scream but never got the chance to.

I stepped forward to get a closer look. Her eyes haven't moved since the ice began to envelop her.

I reached my finger out to feel her pulse. My finger rested on the side of her neck for a moment, and an overwhelming cold ran through my body as if turning the blood running through my veins to ice. Her skin felt normal besides the cold.

I didn't feel any pulse but I pressed my finger further into her skin just to make sure. That's when her entire body shattered into a million pieces.

A scream exploded out of my mouth as I jumped back, away from the pieces that used to be a woman. As I stared at the small, blue pieces that were seemingly glass and the tattered clothes making a pile on the ground, tears formed in my eyes, and I couldn't hold them back.

Tears streamed down my face as I stood here and looked at the frozen and glassy remains of a human being lying in front of me.

How could I have done this?

"I'm sorry," I whispered one last time. "I truly never meant to do this to you."

I knew the words were pointless, but I needed to say them just to get them off my chest.

After a few seconds of staring at the pieces, I wiped my eyes and thought about what to do next.

I still felt empty, and like I could cry more tears, but I knew that I had a few tasks on my hand that needed doing first.

Unable to come up with a better idea, I grabbed a trash bag from the cabinet, and began to brush the pieces of the woman into the bag.

Once all of the pieces were cleaned up and in the bag, I leaned it against the counter and let out a long sigh.

I ran a hand through my short, cleanly cut hair. I definitely couldn't keep doing this. Not if I would end up causing destruction like this.

"So you finally realized your true potential," said a familiar voice behind me.

"What are you talking about old man?" I asked, turning to face Grey. He was smiling. "And why are you still here?"

"Look at the potential you have in you! You just froze a whole woman! It's amazing!" Grey exclaimed. "And I have my reasons."

"What type of monster are you? Freezing a human is *not* amazing. It's absolutely horrifying. And care to share?"

"Nope."

"So you're just going to stare here and gawk at the bag that holds

the remains of a woman?"

"I just came to congratulate you."

If there was anything I've learned from this visit it was this: Grey is most definitely a wizard. Which means that I could ask a few questions about how to control my power or my magic. My heart rate sped up just at the thought.

"Don't congratulate me for something so horrible. But, I do have questions," I said, preparing all the things I wanted to say in my head.

He didn't answer, so I opened my mouth to begin asking my questions, but he disappeared into thin air.

"Damn you, Grey," I muttered as my heart rate slowed.

Hundreds of questions still tugged at my brain, but one was the most important to me out of all.

Where is my mother?

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

Thank you all for reading this! I hope you enjoyed this chapter and felt there was enough action!

# Chapter Five

"Are you sure you're fine?" my neighbor, Tracy, asked for about the twentieth time.

"I promise I am," I answered, not able to keep the exasperation from my voice. Calling her first was a mistake. I just figured that since she was my mother's best friend, she may know something. Of course, she ended up worried about me.

"So what happened again?"

"When I woke up this morning, she was gone. No note or text. I had no idea where she was so I thought she might be with you. I'll look somewhere else though," I said completely leaving out everything about the magical woman who tried to frame her then caused a storm that wouldn't let me leave. I also decided to leave out the part where I froze the woman and shattered her to pieces. Tracy wouldn't believe me if I had decided to try to make her believe magic was real anyway.

"That is very strange. Did you try calling her cell phone?"

"It's still here. But I'll be fine. I have to get to school," I said.

"Okay! If you need anything, just call," Tracy said, sincerity lacing her voice. It made me want to puke.

"Deal. Thanks."

I hung up the phone, and grabbed my backpack and started the half mile walk to school. As I stepped into the frigid October air, I wished I had worn more than a faded red tee-shirt and some old jeans.

If my mother was abducted, then the woman who was trying to frame her probably had accomplices. My guess was they were the ones who had my mother right now. Regardless, I still had faith that

she was alive.

And why on earth did she want me to give her my powers? She clearly had her own that were working just fine. What was so special about mine?

As my feet carried me along the route I knew by heart, my mind drifted to other, less serious matters. Before I knew it, I was already at school.

I let out a long sigh before hoisting my backpack higher on my shoulder and entering the doors of the school. Among the many familiar faces of students and staff members, there was one man I had never seen before. He had a mild beard running up his jawbone, and amber eyes, with a hooked nose. That was strange. Nobody new ever showed up to my school. Or the town for that matter. The town was so small and remote that people would never go so out of their way. Which meant this man had a purpose for being here, and I could only hope that he wasn't here to take me.

As I pushed past him to get to my first period class when I felt a large hand placed on my shoulder. I turned. The man stared at me with his eyes, but said nothing.

I shrugged his hand off and began to walk off when a commanding voice boomed from him.

"Stop walking away."

I sighed and turned around, gaining a confidence I only got when adrenaline and magic mixed together and pulsed throughout my veins hand in hand.

"What?" The exasperation that I felt was not hidden in my voice.

"Come with me," he said in a much quieter voice. Many of the students and teachers who were bustling by had stopped to watch, but no one offered help. Not that I would have taken it had they did.

"And why would I do that?" I asked folding my arms and tapping my foot. He scrunched his eyebrows in confusion as if no one had

ever denied him before. Judging by his muscular build and height, that was most likely true.

"Come with me right now," he repeated, anger lacing his voice this time. I smiled just to make him more mad.

"I would never do that," I said.

For a moment his face turned red with fury, but then a smug smile appeared on his face.

"Look, man, you need to stop," a voice rang out from behind me. I didn't notice what he was talking about until I looked a little closer. He had his hand balled into a fist, but only I knew what was going to happen next.

Here we go again.

~+ **Uncontrollable** +~

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Sorry it wasn't very entertaining and that it was so short! The next one will have far more action!

Thanks for reading and I hope you are all enjoying this book so far!

# Chapter Six

"Don't do it," I commanded, signaling to the man's hand.

"And why would I do that?" he mocked.

"Because you know that I am more powerful than you are," I answered. The confidence my voice showed was completely fake; I had no idea whether that was true or not, but if these people wanted my powers gone, then it was most likely true.

His smug smile wavered for a moment, but only a moment. A confident smirk of my own played across my face. Anyone can fake a smug smile, but no one can erase fear in their eyes.

"You're horrified right now," I whispered. "You may scare other people off by your big stance and deep voice, but you aren't fooling me."

"Now," a voice rang out from behind me, and four male teachers all sprinted towards the man and tackled him.

I sighed in exasperation. Why couldn't they have they just left it to me to deal with this man?

Moments after the attack, all of the teachers were sent flying off of the man, landing in the crowd of bystanders.

"What's your name," I asked the man in front of me as he stood up and regained his composure.

"Axel," he said. "And the only reason I'm telling you that is because I'm about to kill you so it doesn't matter if you know or not."

"Good luck with that," I answered as I raised my right hand and imagined him unable to stand anymore. A smokey red tendril of light shot out of my hand and engulfed his entire body. By the time it cleared, he was lying on the ground trying desperately to stand but failing.

"Oh, and I thought that you needed my powers before you could kill me," I said, with a bored tone to my voice. "Or at least that's what the woman I just killed told me."

This hit him hard. He couldn't even maintain that snide smirk.

"Y-you killed her," he asked, a tear forming in his eyes.

"For a big, scary man like yourself, I am very unimpressed," I said, ignoring his question.

"H-how did you manage to kill Tina?" he asked, not able to contain the stutter in his voice.

"I fought. Now you can walk away, or you can die a death just like hers," I threatened raising my hand.

Suddenly his entire face changed from deep sorrow to rage. He put his hand over his leg and seemingly pulled all of the red smoke out of his body, making it so that he could stand now. He jumped up and thrust his hand out.

The only thing I remember after that was a blinding pain. I fell to the ground and writhed in agony. Screams flew from my throat as unbearable heat sizzled through my body. I could feel my skin burning.

The pain increased to a point where it became unbearable. My vision began to black at the edges, and my body shook violently. Tears fell from my eyes, but did nothing to stop the burning. The smell of burnt flesh filled my nose, making it impossible for me to think of anything else.

"Stop him," I screamed weakly as the darkness filled my eyes and the world around me faded.

"What do we do with him?" a voice around me said, piercing into my muddled brain. Slowly, I opened my eyes and looked around.

The bright lights around me startled me for a moment, but my eyes quickly adjusted. Surrounding me were many machines all beeping or making some sort of noise. The walls containing the machines

and my bed were a plain white and spotless.

I sat up, but was immediately dizzy and threw my head back down onto the pillow.

I looked down at my arms and saw wires and needles coming out of them everywhere, all connected to the machines surrounding the bed I lied in.

"Where am I?" I wondered aloud. When I got response, I was surprised.

"You're laying in a bed."

Helpful.

"Why am I here?" I asked, hoping to get a better answer from that question.

"We are trying to fix you."

Wonderful.

"Fix me?" I asked. What needed fixing? I felt fine.

"I know you are still a bit confused but do you truly not remember everything that your body endured?" the voice asked.

Of course I remembered, but that still didn't explain why I was in this room and what they were trying to fix.

"Obviously I remember, but that doesn't mean I automatically know where I am, why I'm here, and what you need to fix. All I remember is extreme heat and pain."

"You were burned by the man we sent after you. Just as a side note, you really shouldn't be upsetting people with the power to kill you. Anyways, he burned you pretty badly. His mission was to bring you in alive and healthy. He got you here alive, but definitely not healthy. Because of that, they had to bring you to this part of the institution, so that you could heal."

I took a moment to process the information, then immediately asked another question, one that I knew would not leave my mind unless I got it answered.

"So is my mother here too?"

I couldn't see the man I was speaking to, and had no idea where he was, but I could tell he was confused.

"Your mother? I didn't know that you had a mother."

And that was that. I still had no answer, and now I had nothing to root for. It was at that moment that I began to truly think about the situation I was in. I am being chased by a powerful group of people with magic, and now I was captured by them, and I still didn't even know why they wanted me and what was so special about me. On top of that, they had my mother.

Just the sheer weight of everything made me want to become a different person.

"Why me?" was all I could manage to whisper.

"I'm sorry, but I honestly don't know what their plans are. I am just a healer. And now that you are awake, I'm going to have to fix you, and then hand you over to the heads of this institution and they will deal with you themselves."

I nodded, unsure if he could see me or not. At this point though, I didn't care. A few seconds later, a hidden door opened and a man walked through. He had soft blue eyes and a warm smile that made his eyes crinkle.

"You look nicer than I'd expect," I commented, glad that he didn't seem like he wanted to kill me.

"Give me your arm," he commanded, ignoring my comment. I did as he said. My jaw dropped as I saw it. It was so much worse than I'd expected, and I couldn't fathom how I felt no pain at all.

Covering my arm were red and white blisters, and red or black skin. There were areas were the skin had been burned off and blood

seemed to be ready to seep out. Yet it didn't.

"What is keeping my arm from bleeding?" I asked.

"Magic. This is worse than I had thought, so this healing process will be longer than normal — and more painful."

"Just do it," I spat out, suddenly just wishing to be fixed and be able to go home.

"Okay, okay." The man pointed a finger at me and black bands appeared, strapping me down to the table making it impossible to move an inch.

"I'm sorry if this hurts," he said as he pulled his hand back and all the needles and wires were yanked from my body.

The pain washed over me like a tsunami. It was blinding, and screaming was all I could do. The bands that held me down kept me from squirming or shaking.

I squeezed my eyes shut and tried my hardest to ignore the pain, and slowly, it began to work.

After a couple minutes of my agony, the pain had completely subsided and I felt as good as new. I opened my eyes, and saw the doctor staring at me, arms folded.

"Why aren't you healing me? I stopped the pain but I thought you would still heal me," I said.

He frowned.

"You stopped the pain? What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm not in pain anymore. I stopped the pain with my magic I think," I answered. "But you still haven't healed me yet."

I didn't understand why he was confused.

He laughed.

"I already healed you! That's the reason you're not feeling any pain anymore. Because I healed your entire body."

I looked down, and saw perfectly healed skin. If anyone were to see me, they would have no way of knowing that something had happened.

"Thank you," I said in awe that he could do that so quickly.

"You know you're extremely lucky. For some reason his spell didn't reach your face. If it had hit your face, you might not be alive right now," the doctor said.

"Well, I guess I am lucky then."

The doctor checked his watch, and then frowned.

"Good luck, kid," he whispered. The moment after, the door burst open for a second time, and four men came rushing in, all with stone hard faces.

"He's done?" one asked in a deep, gravely voice.

"Yes," the doctor answered.

"Thanks. Would you mind putting him out for a second? We need to discuss something quickly," one of the men, seemingly the leader, said.

"Sure. Next time, though, do it before you come to pick the patient up," the doctor answered, a look of pure hatred filled his eyes.

He slowly walked over to me, placed a needle into the vein in my arm, and pressed a few buttons on a machine.

As the medicine pulsed through my veins, my limbs went weak, but I was one step ahead of them.

I had already used magic to keep my mind alert. So while my body appeared to be unconscious, I was still awake and active in my brain, enabling me to hear everything they said.

"I'm just going to go over the plan once more. It's fairly simple, I just need to make sure he has no idea what's going on. So, what we are here to do is bring him back to the Pit. Once he's there, we will drain him of his powers, and then we will kill his worthless body. Understood?"

Just from hearing the sentence, I knew what I was about to do; I was going to fight them as best I could.

I was not dying today.

∼+ **Uncontrollable** +∼

Hello readers! I hoped you enjoyed the longer chapter. I feel that this one was a bit rockier than the rest, but that could just be my opinion. Regardless, I hope that it was a bit more interesting for you than some of the other chapters.

Thanks for reading!

# Chapter Seven

"Wake him up now," the leader said.

After, I heard footsteps coming closer and closer and a few seconds later my body was jerked to life.

I opened my eyes, and looked around, pretending to be a bit confused.

"You're coming with us," the leader of the group said, grabbing my freshly healed arm and jerking me towards the door.

"Get off me," I ordered, yanking my hand out of his grip and giving him a defiant stare.

"I won't move from this spot unless you tell me what is going to happen to me," I said in a serious tone, pointing to my feet.

"Fine. It won't matter soon anyway. We are going to take your powers away, and then we are going to kill you."

I already knew their plan, but seeing him look me in the eyes and say it made it all more real for me. I was going to die, and these people didn't care at all.

"What do you want with my powers?" I asked. Since they wouldn't tell me before they even spoke, I added, "If you're going to kill me, you might as well tell me. Besides who am I going to tell? The other spirits I meet?"

Instead of consent to tell me, I saw something else form in all of the men's eyes. Anger. There was also glints of exasperation filling his eyes.

"Why would you ever make a joke about spirits? And don't underestimate them. They are much stronger than you'd ever believe. Now lets get this over with before they come," one of the men hissed, yanking my arm and dragging me out the door.

"Get off!" I exclaimed, once again tearing my arm free. I turned back to run down the white washed hallway. While I was running, I imagined myself disappearing from here, and appearing back home. For a second, it felt as if my body was beginning to back home, but after that, I felt a new sensation I hadn't felt before. It was as if my body was being thrown back into the compound, not allowed to leave.

"Crap," I whispered to myself. Now I sure was in a pickle. As I picked my head up and looked ahead, I realized I had just cornered myself; the hallway was a dead end.

All four men had surrounded me and began closing in. There was only one answer and I knew it. Magic.

I imagined a vivid image of the two men blocking me off from the rest of the hallway disappearing, and by the time I raised my hand, they were completely gone, and I could run.

Without waiting another moment, I took off down the hallway. My boots squeaked against the floor as I sprinted, but I didn't care.

Shouts from the men rose up behind me as I escaped, and I could hear them start running, but I already had a large head start, and I knew they wouldn't be catching up to me soon.

Just as a precaution though, I imagined them slipping in a puddle of water, and raised my hand. A few seconds after, screams of agony and anger exploded from behind me.

I smiled slightly as I continued to follow the hallway. I had no idea where it led and what it would bring me to, but I hoped with all my heart that it would lead to a way of escape.

As I reached the end of the hallway, I sighed as I saw the only choice I had was to turn and go down another identical hallway. Despite the fact that I could blow a hole through the wall, I didn't. I just kept running. And the reason I didn't is still unknown to me, but it was almost like a sixth sense.

"Get him," a deep voice commanded from behind me. I turned my

head, and saw a well-built man chasing me who seemingly materialized into the hallway out of thin air. He was much stronger than me and he was gaining on me quickly.

I knew that I needed to get out of here quickly because I was rapidly growing tired from the amount of magic I've used in one period of time.

As I reached the end of the hallway, my heart gave a jolt of excitement as I saw an exit door. They weren't taking my powers today.

I threw myself into the door, and it didn't budge. I turned to look back and saw the man getting closer and closer by the second, so with one last push, I raised my hand and imagined the door getting blown off of it's hinges.

The moment it was out of my way, I sprinted out of the door into the frigid air.

My body complained as I continued running, but I ignored the complaints. I would rest, but only once I was far away from this place.

As I sprinted away through fields of corn and soy and sorghum, the wind around me picked up. It started blowing fiercely, to the point where I had fallen over.

Then the whispers started. I couldn't decipher what they were saying, but for some reason, I was certain of what was happening.

The spirits were coming.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And there's the seventh chapter! I know that there is a lot of action in this book so far, and there hasn't really been a break. That is part of my writing style, but there is a reason to all of it too. You will find out in a few chapters!

Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoyed!

# Chapter Eight

The wind howled around me as the blurry figures began to form. The whispers didn't stop.

*"I'll kill you."*

*"I'll take you back with us."*

*"How dare you insult us?"*

*"We are powerful."*

*"You are nothing compared to us."*

*"It feels so good to be out here again."*

They infected my brain and clouded my thoughts. I was going to die. I was not powerful enough to fight these spirits. Today would be the day I died.

As I laid on the ground, losing any hope at the chance of survival, a voice in the back of my head piped up.

"You can't give up," it whispered to me. "Not now — not after everything you did to leave. C'mon! Fight it."

"I have no energy left," I said aloud. My conscience disagreed.

"You can do this. You have energy. You have the magic. Do it." Trying to convince me lightly apparently wasn't an option.

More remarks like this filled my brain as the spirits began to form and close in on me slowly, and eventually, I began to believe my conscious. I could do this. I had the energy too. I could take them down.

I took a deep breath and raised my hand. The spirits were so close to me I could feel their gloomy souls, like I was being infected by

the burden of death they carry around.

I knew what I needed to imagine: the spirits around me disappearing completely and taking the wind and gloom with them.

I curled my hand into a fist, leaving only my index finger raised, and I closed my eyes, picturing it. I felt the magic course through my veins, eager to fulfill my latest wish.

When I opened my eyes, a dark gray smoke was expanding over the area. The pure power it contained made the air hum.

I felt magic exploding out of my finger, as if it couldn't stand to stay inside my body.

As the smoke started to clear slowly, my vision grew blurry and the world around me swam. Shouts from what I thought was my left rose up, but tiny black bugs at appeared at the edge of my blurry view, slowly eating their way across my eyes.

As they made their progress, the screams grew louder, and the sound of footsteps running towards me became clear.

"Get him!" a high, nasally voice yelled. More shouting came as I lied hopelessly on the ground. This was it. I was going to die. I tried to lift my arm up in preparation for a hand to hand fight, but I couldn't. It wouldn't budge.

The shouts sounded as if they were only two or three feet away from me. I imagined them all disappearing and raised my finger. Not even a small wisp of magic shot out of my hand.

Instead I threw up all over myself. The stench it created was horrible, and it filled my nostrils, and I had no way to escape it.

I looked over to see a pair of combat boots right in front of my face.

"Get ready to die," a man's voice said.

Then I blacked out.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

Well, that's chapter eight! I know it's extremely short, but, I'll be posting a longer chapter tomorrow as a repayment! I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter!

Also, I know that this is a lot of action right away, it will all be explained within the next few chapters.

I hope you enjoyed, and thank you all for all the support you've given me!

# Chapter Nine

As my eyes slowly opened and I regained consciousness, I looked around me.

I was sitting on a hard metallic table that reeked of cleaning solution. All around me was white.

"Am I in heaven?" I wondered aloud. There was no way that I got out of that place alive. It just wasn't possible.

"He's awake! He's awake! Someone get in there," a woman's voice exclaimed.

"I can hear you," I yelled back.

A few seconds later, a familiar face burst into the room.

"Grey?" I said aloud, confused. What was going on? Why was I isolated in a room, and why was Grey in the same place as me?

"Yes, Ryder, it is me. I promise you I'll explain everything to you soon enough, but for now, I need you to answer a few questions."

"Alright," I answered.

When he reacted to my answer with silence, I said, "Are you going to ask them or am I supposed to somehow read your mind?"

"I'm going to ask them, Ryder. Don't be stupid. Just give me a few seconds," he responded, his face tinting red with anger.

"Whatever you need," I said, putting up my hands in surrender.

Moments, later, he asked the first one.

"When did you first find out about magic?"

"When I was eight years old," I answered softly. My entire being was

hoping desperately that he would not ask how I found out about it. Seconds after, he asked just that question.

"So how did you find out that you had magical abilities?"

"Why does it matter?" I shot back, reluctant to tell the story of how I found out. What would happen if I were to tell him? Since I didn't know the answer, I decided I would do everything in my power not to answer the question.

"It's important, Ryder. I promise you it is," Grey answered a stone serious look took over his face.

"It can't be *that* important," I said.

"Why are you so disinclined to answer this question?" Grey asked. By his facial expression, I could tell he was trying hard to keep his voice calm and his personality collected.

"I just am! Is that a problem?" I exclaimed.

"Stupid, ignorant, stubborn teenagers," Grey muttered under his breath.

"I heard that!" I exclaimed, upset by his remark.

"I don't care, Ryder. You need to answer this question. It's important!" Grey exclaimed, having no patience for my teenage ways. The urgency in his voice told me this was more important than I thought.

Reluctantly, I decided I'd tell him. I took a shaky breath before beginning the story.

"I was eight years old. My mom had left me home alone for the first time ever. Of course, that was the night that a man came. I'm not sure whether or not he was there to rob my house, or to kidnap me, but he did the latter. I was scared out of my mind and would have done anything to get home and be safe. He threw me in a run down, blue Volvo, and drove me to an empty street. He parked his car right outside of a tall building, and then walked me to the end of the road," I said, recounting the memory.

"Now was this an alleyway, or a dead end?" Grey asked.

"It was an alleyway. There was a 'wall' that was made out of logs kind of at the end of it," I answered.

"Any other questions or can I continue on with the story?" While I was waiting for Grey's answer I looked around me. There was nothing else in this room except squeaky white surfaces all over. I felt like just sitting here on the metallic table, I was contaminating the room.

"Just one more then you can continue. What time of year was this?"

"It was in the winter, but I can't remember ever noticing the cold at the time," I answered. "And so, after he brought me against the end of the road, he threatened to kill me. He had a knife I remember. As I said, I was horrified, and then suddenly I felt something else coursing through me which I now know is magic. I began speaking with more maturity than an eight year old had, but it was as if it wasn't my words or my thoughts. It felt like the magic was influencing me to speak," I said. I was still puzzled by what my words were.

"So when you say maturely, what do you mean?" Grey asked, knitting his eyebrows and leaning forward to make certain he heard each word I said. I noticed that his hair had grown tremendously since I last saw him in my house when it flopped over his shoulders.

"It was just more mature," I said, pulling myself back to reality. "The words that were coming out of my mouth were just not words that eight year old's would say. There was no profanity, but it was mature. And the magic seemed to make decisions for me."

Grey looked stunned for a moment but then quickly threw on a poker face. "I'm still not seeing how you found out you had magic though."

"That came just after it began making me say things. As it ran through my body and seemingly overtook it, the fear that had been swirling around inside of me turned into a blinding anger. And then, I lunged and grabbed his calf. When I pulled my hand away,

there was a nasty burn on his leg, and the pants around it were turned to shreds. I didn't know what I had just done, but the magic just kept pushing me. It overtook my mind and influenced my body. After that, my hand raised involuntarily and he began freezing. My anger was still strong, but so was my sorrow. I didn't want to kill him. I didn't want to become a murder by accident. It still makes me mad to this day!" I jumped off the table I had been sitting on as quickly as I could.

"Ryder, are you okay?" Grey asked in a worried tone.

"What's happening?" I asked, staring at the table in utter confusion. The noise of cracking filled my ears, like an iceberg breaking. I watched in amazement as the table I had been sitting on shattered into millions of pieces.

"Did I make that happen?" I asked mystified yet also in awe.

"T-T-That... I-I. I think so, but how?" Grey said, his eyes wide and his jaw hanging open.

"Tell me about the other times you've used magic like that. Just like when you accidentally killed that man," Grey asked, hurrying me to answer.

"Well, I'd been using it before that to stop murderers as you clearly figured out. But, when I used it then it wasn't like the first time I found out I had it. It was different."

"Yes, I did notice that. Please continue," Grey said. I obliged.

"But why is it different? What makes it different? How do I do wh-"

"Ryder, keep telling me about the other kind for now. No questions," Grey commanded, an attentive look on his face.

"Okay, okay. The only other time was that lady who I killed at my house." I cringed at the memory. I didn't want to go back there. "I was extremely angry. The reason why, I'm not sure of. I was getting worked up with the woman who was faking to be my mother, I wanted to know who she was, and why she was there and I just wanted to know where my mother was. All the emotions just mixed

together into this overwhelming anger. She was offering me a chance to get my mother back if I just gave her my powers, I just was so angry I couldn't stop and think about it. After that, I just raised my hand and froze her on the spot. Thinking back to it, I just wished I'd asked how to give her my powers and done that," I said, sucking in a huge breath after spitting all of that out.

The emotions of that day overwhelmed me and I felt a sorrow eating away at my insides; a relentless, unyielding guilt.

"I have two questions," Grey said, not making one comment about anything I'd just said.

"Go on then."

"Does it feel different using magic like freezing people than the other kind you use?"

"Yes," I answered immediately. "It feels extremely different. When I use that, it feels like it's coming from deep inside of me, like my soul is unleashing it. It feels much more powerful as well. The other magic doesn't really have a feel to it."

"That's interesting that you noticed the difference. And my second question to you is: what do you think triggered your guilt after killing the woman who was an imposter of your mother?"

"I had just killed a person!" I exclaimed, my cheeks flushing red from infuriation.

"Yes, but that's definitely not what it is. You've killed other people before in your life and felt no regret. What made this time different?" Grey asked, maintaining a monotone voice.

"It could have been the fact that the person I killed looked like my mother, and was innocent," I said, not sure why this had any relevance.

"No, that's not it either. That woman wasn't innocent; she was going to take your powers, and she had pretended to be your mother. She may have taken her as well, so it was not that. Look deeper inside of you, Ryder."

"I don't know!" I exclaimed. I threw my hands up in defeat. I didn't have to answer one single question of his.

"It's not because you killed someone knowingly, and on purpose. You've done that to other murderers before. You need to tell me, Ryder! What's the reason?" Grey prompted, seemingly becoming more and more impatient.

"I think it was because I felt like she was my only chance. I mean at the point when I'd killed her, I knew that my mother was missing — possibly taken — and she was the only one who really seemed to know where she was. She could've been the only one who knows, and I killed her," I answered, giving into his demands and truly thinking about the reason. After saying it, I was sure that was the reason I felt so guilty for it. It was as if I'd betrayed my mother.

"There it is," Grey said, a twinkle forming in his electric blue eyes. "I have no more questions. Come with me, though, I need to show you around."

"No, I have questions. Many actually, but I have on preliminary one that you are going to answer now," I ordered. I had questions, and I wanted them answered.

"Go ahead then."

"Why in the world should I trust you? How do I know that you're not lying to me? Or that you aren't working with the people trying to steal my powers?" I asked, a war raging inside of my head for telling him everything.

"Because you have no other option," Grey said. "And besides, I haven't lied to you or cheated you this far. All the people who want your powers have."

"That's fair. But just know, that I'm not going to tell you all my secrets from now on. And I'm not staying here." I threw in the last sentence in response to him saying he would be showing me around. If that meant that his plan was to keep me here, in this facility, then he would have to make a different one.

"Okay. Hold on a minute," Grey said, and then ran out of a room faster than a man of his age should.

As the door closed agitation filled my brain because I still hadn't asked any of my questions.

Seconds later Grey barged back into the room and grabbed my hand.

"Change of plans."

Before I had time to respond, I felt the familiar sensation of my body transporting somewhere. To where, I had no idea.

Within the blink of an eye, I was standing in my familiar, bright kitchen. Grey was sitting on the granite island, and I was standing right next to him.

"What're we doing at my house? And can I ask all of my questions now?"

"You can't ask them just yet, Ryder. There will be a time for that, I promise, but now is not that time. As to what we're doing in your house - I just needed some privacy to talk to you," Grey said.

"Alright then," I answered uncomfortably. "What is it?"

"I've been doing some research and gathering some answers, and I think I have an idea as to who may have captured your mother."

My eyes widened and my adrenaline began pumping. I hadn't heard such good news in days.

"So we're going to find my mother?"

"That we are."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And that's chapter nine! I hope it was enjoyable and I hope you guys are as excited for the next chapter as I am!

I'd also like to thank each and every one of you who has stuck with my book this far. Things should be getting fairly interesting after this point!

Thanks for reading!

# Chapter Ten

"So where do we start?" I asked, completely unsure of his plan.

"Well, Ryder, it won't be that simple. Where she is, we can't just poof ourselves there like you're used to. We're going to have to use some advanced, complicated magic. And you're going to need to help me."

"What do you mean when you say advanced magic? Are you implying that there are different levels of magic, and that I use an easy one?" The thought infuriates me. How could he imply that? People have died from me using magic. There may be a more advanced magic, but mine definitely was strong.

"Yes. There are levels of magic so to speak. And you have used fairly simple magic, but your 'simple magic' has proven to be much stronger than I've ever seen," Grey explained with a tired look on his face.

"Okay, okay. Go on," I said picking up on his annoyance.

"Thanks. So as I was saying, you're going to need to learn to harness your more advanced magic, before we go to try to find your mother. So, if you want your mother back, or at least a chance to get her back, you need to work hard to do this quickly but still learn it."

"Deal," I answered immediately. "When do we start?" I would do anything to get my mother back, whether it be kill people, or burn down a building, I'd do it. Learning more advanced magic seemed an easy and quick way to get her back.

"If you're ready, then now," Grey said. "You won't be able to learn everything right away, but we can start."

I nodded eagerly and Grey looked around the kitchen as if trying to find something he had in mind. His eyes lit up when he saw a

pillow case lying on the counter.

"There," he said. I looked, but still didn't understand my task.

"What about it?"

"You see the pillowcase?"

"Yes, Grey, I do. I see the pillowcase in the middle of the counter covered in dust. What am I supposed to do with it though?" I asked, clenching my hands to fists.

"I want you to light it on fire. Burn it up completely. Not using the stupid imagining magic. Use your emotions, your inner thoughts. Let your soul do this," Grey said, his eyes alight with excitement and his mouth curled into a smile.

I focused on the pillowcase. I didn't imagine it burning at all. I squeezed my eyes shut and pointed my finger toward it, waiting. The time ticked on, and I still felt no rush of magic, no heat engulfing it.

"I don't know how to do this!" I exclaimed, opening my eyes and stomping my foot like a child.

"Ryder, to put it simply, use your emotions to make it happen. You can do this, Ryder, you can. Just focus your anger and annoyance into the fire that will burn the pillowcase," Grey explained, folding his hands and hopping off the counter to make sure the fire doesn't hit him. I nodded, and held out my hands.

I closed my eyes once again, and focused on the anger that was overcoming me. I could feel my emotions swarming around. I took the anger, and I knew at that moment that I had a choice. I could keep it in and let it sizzle. Or, I could release it in the form of magic.

I took the anger, and channeled it towards my hands. I could feel it coursing through my veins; it felt just like magic does. When I felt it get to the tips of my fingers, I took the power that anger had, and sent it rushing towards the pillowcase. I felt the magic leave my body, and my anger was gone. I opened my eyes, and laughed with

delight when I saw the pillowcase engulfed in flame.

"I did it!" I exclaimed, pumping my fist in the air and high-fiving Grey.

"I knew you could!" he exclaimed, a twinkle of pride in his eyes. The smell of burning fabric filled the air and wafted up into my nose.

Ash floated around the air and smoke filled the house. Beads of perspiration rolled down my face slowly.

"Now put it out using the magic you just did!" Grey shouted. The fire alarm had yet to go off, which I guessed was Grey's doing.

I nodded, and closed my eyes once again. I took the happiness and accomplishment that I was feeling from having done the advanced magic Grey wanted me to, and I urged it along towards my hands again. I could feel it turning into magic as it went, causing my adrenaline to pump through my body. When I felt the happiness seemingly pool in the veins of my hands, I focused on turning it into magic. When I felt alive with power, I thought of water putting out the fire I had just started. I didn't imagine an image of it, I just thought about it.

When I felt ready, I released the stored up magic.

The sound of sizzling filled the air, and I opened my eyes once again to see the fire put out, and the entire island soaked in water.

"It happened again! I used that type of magic twice!"

"I know!" Grey exclaimed, matching my excitement. "You learned that extremely fast, if it makes you feel better."

"Is that all that's too it?" I asked, my heart beating faster.

"There's a little bit more, but you got the basics down," Grey explained. "Now, I have to take you somewhere."

"Okay. Where?" I asked. The kitchen still smelled of smoke, and there was water all over the counter.

"I don't have coordinates, but you'll be fine," Grey answered mockingly.

"Ha-ha. Can we get this water cleaned up first? I think I should do that before I leave. And will I ever have time for those questions that I want to ask?"

"Soon. You can ask them all soon. And true, we should dry off the counter." He raised a hand and the water flew up into the air and shot into his hand. I felt the counter that had just been soaked. It was bone dry.

"Did all that water go into your body?" I asked mystified by his little trick. I'd never thought of trying something like that, and I'd never seen it done before.

"Not into my body. It evaporated when it touched my hand. I can teach you how to do it sometime, if that's what you're getting at," Grey answered, smiling.

"Cool! I'd love that."

"Great. Now, lets go to the place I needed to take you. You can learn that trick later, but this needs to be done now," Grey said, grabbing my hand. There was an urgency in his tone that showed me he had a reason to be there.

"Just two more seconds," I muttered, and raised my right hand. I imagined the smoke disppearing, and when I opened my eyes it was gone. The smell still lingered, but the air was clear.

"Okay. Lets go."

With that, I felt my body transporting, and when I opened my eyes, I was surrounded by dense forest. All around me, birds chirped. The sunlight fought it's way through the leaves, illuminating bits of ground around me. The smell of wet earth wafted up into my nose.

We were standing in a clearing in the middle of the woods.

"Don't ask questions, just come with me," Grey ordered.

"Okay?" I answered unsure whether or not I should follow.

Grey swiped his left hand from one side of his body to another. At the same time, a huge patch of leaves were blown out of their spots like startled birds.

What was left on the ground was what seemed to be an aluminum ground tarp.

"What is this?"

"This," Grey said as he pulled open a hidden door, "is the base for war strategies."

~+ **Uncontrollable** +~

Hey guys! Sorry this chapter wasn't very action packed. I didn't love the ending either, but the next few should be a little bit more exciting.

Hopefully I didn't bore you too much though. Although things will settle down for a little bit with people going after Ryder, his training is just getting heated up, so you can get excited to read more about that!

I'd also just like to quickly thank you all for the support you have given me on this story thus far. It means a lot and I'm glad so many of you are enjoying it!

# Chapter Eleven

"The base for war strategies?" I asked, shock resonating in my voice, my jaw hanging slightly open. I was slightly anxious to do this, thinking it might set off a whole other mission, and finding my mother would become a side thought, but I kept my mouth closed for the time being.

"Yes, Ryder. The base for war strategies," he said slowly as if he thought I didn't understand what 'war strategies' was.

"Grey, I get what war strategies is. But why? Is there some magical war brewing?" The worry I felt was evident in my voice. I did not want to get involved in some war; I just wanted to find my mother, and then be done with this stuff.

Grey's face turned dark. "No one can be sure, so don't go freaking out, but it is predicted that a war could be coming, so we made a base for war strategies."

"Well lets just hope that it isn't then," I answered, relaxing a bit. As long as this war wasn't like water about to boil over the edge of the pot, I was safe for now.

"Okay, lets go." Grey pulled open the hatch, but I stopped him.

"No, Grey. When am I going to be able to ask my questions? You keep saying later, but it looks to me like there won't be a time for them, because things will just keep coming up," I stated, my mind straying from just my mother. Exasperation laced my voice, and I could tell fury was strewn onto my face, because Grey looked taken aback, but then nodded.

"You're right, Ryder. Go ahead." He dropped the hatch to the war strategies bunker.

"Thank you!" I exclaimed, relieved. "The first question I have to ask, is why were those people going after me? I mean why was it just

me?"

"That one is tough for me to explain to you. But, in short, the reason that they were singling out just you is because you are a big threat to them. I can explain this bit to you more a bit later but you are a threat to them, and they want you as powerless as possible." Grey inhaled deeply.

I comprehended the answer. What made me so special? I chose my next question carefully, prioritizing my questions in my head in case we ran out of time.

"Why did all of this just start now? I mean, I've known about and used my magic since I was eight. Don't you think it's a bit weird that only just started?" This one had perplexed me for a while.

"That one is partially my fault. I was being far too obvious that I had taken an interest in you. I wasn't covering up tracks, and some of my random disappearances to the other side of the United States was a bit bizarre. And I'm sorry for that, but there is also more to it that isn't my doing it. Part of it, is this war that is potentially brewing. Since things are heating up, and they are on the opposing side of the war, I suppose that they wanted to take away your powers so that you couldn't influence the tide of the war."

"Wait a minute. What makes me so important? Why am I such a threat? How could I change the tides of a war? I'm just one person, most likely a minuscule number compared to the population of magic-wielders alive and involved in this. Why me?" The way that I was supposedly a big threat was beginning to bother me. I would make no difference if there truly was a war involving wizards. The whole chosen one thing only happens in movies.

"I can show you sometime later. It has to do with your families, and what you are able to do. Even just watching you perform magic was a privilege for me," Grey admitted, his cheeks tinting a light shade of red.

"But why? Could I really change the outcome of a war? What makes me so powerful and important?" I asked.

"Ryder, I know that you want to hear the answer no. I know that you don't want to be involved in a war. I know that all you want is to get your mom back, then resume life as usual. But that's not it. You are important, and powerful. And to be honest, yes, you could change the outcome of a war. Now lets go inside," Grey ordered, pulling open the hatch. The noise it made resembled nails being scratched across a chalkboard, sending shivers down my spine.

I still couldn't let go of the fact that I have the power to do something like change the outcome of the entire wizard war. I had more questions for Grey about the war, but I decided to just go in a hear the people inside out. Besides, he'd answered enough questions for now.

As I walked down the stairs and deeper into the bunker, the smell of dust and mold grew stronger. I scrunched my nose in disgust.

"I know, the smell is a bit much. You'll get used to it, though. It's just one of the small prices we have to pay to hide this place," Grey explained, noticing my face.

"True. It is well hidden. Sorry about the face. The smell was just intense at first," I said, bits of guilt eating at me for making that face. In a way Grey seemed somewhat hurt by it, so I figured it best to apologize.

"Okay, come with me."

I nodded, and followed him. We stood in a small hallway with seemingly aluminum walls surrounding us on all sides. A lone, wooden door stood at the end. The air underground was hot and muggy.

Grey raised his right hand and muttered something I couldn't catch, and the door swung open.

"After you," he said, stepping aside and pointing through the door. This hallway wasn't really meant for two people to fit side by side, so I mumbled thanks and squeezed by him, trying my best not to squish him into the wall.

I stepped through the door into another hallway, this one wider. The air was more breathable.

Lining the sides of the hallway were doors on either side. It extended for about one hundred feet in this manner.

"Take the second door on the left," Grey commanded. I nodded and walked forward, yanking open the door, and walking in.

Inside is a room slightly wider than the second hallway with a staircase going downwards.

"I'll lead you from here," Grey said, taking the lead.

"Go for it," I answered, growing tired of the switching roles.

"It's not long now," Grey said. I stayed silent. All I wanted to do was figure out why I was here, and then go to find my mother. It made me anxious to be seemingly wasting time while my mother was being held captive.

After descending the stairs, we turned right, and walked through another hallway. The walls around us were still the aluminum-like material, but the hallways were much wider.

"What are the walls made of?" I asked, finally breaking our silence.

"It's a secret how they're made, but it was made to look like aluminum. It has magical properties that make it so sturdy. They are also made to do some other things, although those are kept under lock and key," Grey said as if it was his own personal accomplishment.

"Okay," I mumbled. We made a sharp turn, went through another door, this one heavier than the last two, and we entered a large open room, with one white table at the middle.

Ten, maybe fifteen people were huddled around it, arguing loudly about something.

"How could you be so arrogant? It's clearly a problem you pretentious idiot! Not everything you say is correct!" A masculine

voice screamed, exasperation and anger lacing his voice.

"Are you kidding me? Look at the facts. Overthrowing us is clearly a-"

"I brought a guest," Grey said loudly. All the conversation stopped, and all the men turned toward Grey, bowing slightly and looking at him. I stared in confusion. Was Grey some legend in the world of magic?

"So everyone, this is Ryder." They all stared in amazement and excitement.

"Is it really? I thought he'd be nicer dressed," one man said. He had dark hair that looked like it had been dusted with blonde streaks, and scarlet eyes burning into mine. A murderous look was written on his face, causing my heart to pump and my palms to sweat.

I felt heat in my cheeks, and averted my gaze to the ground so as not to make eye contact. I supposed my black leather jacket, tattered jeans, and combat boots were a little bit informal. But, after picking my head up and getting a good look around, none of them were dressed any better.

"Bruno! Keep your mouth closed. You aren't looking too hot yourself," Grey exclaimed. The other men around the table doubled over with laughter at Grey's statement.

I cracked a smile myself, but didn't find it particularly funny; more a waste of valuable time that we could be using to find my mother.

"Okay, okay. Settle down, and tell Ryder why he's here. We have a schedule."

I was grateful to Grey for saying that.

"Alright, Ryder, I'll just say it bluntly. There is a war waging and you are a very important factor in it."

"What do you mean? Are you trying to tell me that you have a plan to win a war but I'm some pawn?" The words flew out of my mouth before I could stop them. The fury I felt inside of my body shone

through into my voice.

"Yes. You are the most important piece of the puzzle."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

Hey guys! I hope this chapter was enjoyable for you! I know that this was a kind of filler chapter again, but I'll try to add more action into the next chapter.

As you can see, though, things are getting a bit more intense.

# Chapter Twelve

"No." The words came out of my mouth having a finalizing tone. I'd made my decision, and I was going to stick by it.

"What do you mean?" a man asked from the other end of the table. I looked toward him and was immediately taken aback by his eyes. They were a fiery mix of red and orange. It was as if someone had taken fire and and put bits of it in each of his irises.

It startled me, but I quickly regained my composure.

"I am not fighting in this war. I am not going to become a chess piece for you to play in a war that is your problem," I stated in a matter-of-fact tone. And when I said it, I meant every bit of it. I was not going to get involved in a war that wasn't my problem.

"Our problem?" another man yelled in outrage, veins on his neck bulging.

"Yes," I answered calmly, clasping my hands together. "I didn't even know that there was some magical tension around the world until Grey here told me about it. I have never come across another wizard before, and I have never done anything to harm a wizard. In my book that shows that it isn't my problem and I don't have to get involved."

"And what about the others who have been chasing you around and trying to steal your powers? You remember that group? Do you think that they will just one day decide to stop trying for no reason?" Grey asked in a tone so condescending it took all I had not to freeze him then and there.

"So this was your plan all along, Grey? To bring me here and try to coax me into joining a war with you?" I shot back, defiance running through my boiling blood.

The men around the table looked shocked that I would address Grey

in such a way. I still never figured out  what important role in the witch and wizard society Grey played, but at the moment, I could care less.

"Do not speak to me that way," he commanded.

"Or what?" I asked. "Grey, I'm not one of the people who will bow down to you every time you enter a room. I'm also not your child. So stop living in some insane fantasy that I will help you because you're some important figure. The world isn't like that, and I hope one day you wake up and smell the coffee, because living in a delusion like that will get you no where."

My voice had risen to a shout.

Grey looked taken aback, and kept his mouth closed. It was one of the men at the table who spoke.

"Who do you think you are? Not one person, not matter how important you are would speak to the king this way."

"The king?" I asked, looking at Grey questioningly. "He just looks like a remarkably old buffoon to me."

One man stifled a snicker at that comment.

"Ryder, you need to leave," Grey said, his voice deadly.

I shook my head.

"Grey, are you sure that this is the correct one? He doesn't seem that powerful to me; just stupid."

The men around the table howled with laughter.

"I couldn't agree more. This kid is stupider than a pole," another man choked out between laughs.

I don't think I'd ever been so angry yet embarrassed before in my life. But at that moment, I knew exactly what to do with those emotions.

I tuned out the loud laughter, the insults being shouted at me. All I focused on was the anger and mortification that enveloped me.

I urged it toward the tips of my fingers, and this time I could feel the anger itching to get out of my body and do something. The feeling was bizarre.

I felt it growing and getting closer to my hands. I felt the anger practically transforming into magic. I pointed my finger towards the man who first called me stupid.

The thought of ice filled my brain, and I took my emotions and sent them flying towards the man I was focused on. A frosty tendril of light blue shot from my hand. It went flying through the air and hit the man directly in the face.

The force of my magic sent him tumbling backwards against the wall, and his entire face was covered in a blue colored ice.

But I didn't stop there.

I kept myself focused and urged the ice to continue spreading. It moved slowly, expanding down his body. I had the entire room's attention by the time it had reached his waist.

Some of the men stared in horror, others in amazement.

I smiled, seeing that it had the desired effect.

The ice seemed to sense my change of emotions and feeling of closure, because it slowly receded until it had disappeared of the man like it had never been even been there.

After a few seconds of silence, the man gasped and fell to the ground.

"G-G-G-Get me a b-b-blanket," he uttered, his teeth chattering.

One man sprinted out of the room. I turned my attention back to the men.

"Do you guys have any other insults for me? Or can I go?" I asked,

ushering my eyebrows skyward as if to challenge them to answer.

I smiled, and walked out.

"Thanks for nothing, Grey."

Before I could hear a response, I imagined myself appearing just outside the hatch where we first came in, and when I opened my eyes again, the forest was surrounding me.

I dropped my fake smile, and walked off into the woods, inhaling the crisp, October air. The trees were hanging on tightly to the leaves left on them, the rest littering the ground.

As I walked, the leaves crunched under my combat boots. The woods calmed me, lulling me into thinking that things may just get better from this point on.

I kept walking with no sense of direction. Time ticked on and my legs grew sore, and complained every time I took a step, but I kept walking.

Eventually I arrived to a large, open field. It looked as if it was a field full of wild grasses in the summer, but the cold killed them all off; it was remarkably cold this fall.

"This will do," I muttered to myself, looking around at the treeline surrounding it, searching for a suitable tree to sleep in.

After some time of looking, I find a large oak tree with a thick and sturdy branch; one I could easily fit on.

I trudged across the field and over to the tree.

Imagining myself appearing on that branch, I raised my right hand, and moments later I was sitting in the branch.

I breathed a sigh of relief, and then imagine a sleeping bag appearing on me. After I was wrapped in my sleeping bag, and all warm, I imagined a rope forming around my waist, tying me to the tree.

I laughed for a moment, feeling like I was Katniss in The Hunger Games.

"What's so funny?" a female voice rang out from under me, making me jump. Had I not taken the precaution of binding myself to the tree, I may have just fallen about twenty feet.

"Who are you? You've ever been 'round these parts? I don't recognize you," the voice said again. This female happened to have a slight southern accent.

"I've never been here before," I answered, looking down.

At the base of the tree stood quite possibly one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen in my entire life. She had high cheekbones, and a smile that was contagious. Wavy, blonde hair cascaded down her back like a waterfall. Despite the winter-like weather, she wore a tight tank top and jeans. The sun shone down onto her, making her even more stunning.

I found myself staring at her uncontrollably, my mouth hanging open slightly.

"Hello? Are you okay up there?" Her voice broke through to my thoughts, reminding me that I couldn't just stare and drool.

"I'm fine," I shouted back, my voice becoming unnaturally low.

"What brings you out here?"

"Nothing," I answered, not willing to reveal any information to her.

"Then why aren't you getting ready to fall asleep safe and sound in your bed?" she asked, as if taunting me.

"Because they would know to look there," I shot back. I instantly regretted it. That would surely raise questions.

She laughed.

"What?" I asked my exasperation getting the best of me.

"You're just trying to pull off that whole rebel, on the run, bad boy thing. You're name, Ryder, fits it too," she said between laughs.

"Why are you even here? And how do you know my name?"

"I always come out here around sunset. And how would I not?" she answered.

"Yeah, well it's about done setting. How about you get out now?"

"You want me outta here? Fine then," she said with another chuckle.

"Tell me your name first," I commanded.

"Vanessa," she answered.

And seconds later, she was gone. Disappeared into thin air. I sighed and leaned my head back against the trunk of the tree. I had just met another wizard. She was a pain; no matter how pretty she was, she was still annoying.

Slowly, I drifted off to sleep, all the while thinking that I had dealt with Vanessa, and thinking that I was safe from Grey and his friends at least for the night.

Oh how wrong I was.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And there's chapter twelve! I know that it's a bit rocky, but hopefully you guys liked it! You all may be confused, but things should clear up in the next few chapters.

Thanks so much for all of your support this far!

# Chapter Thirteen

I awoke with a start to frigid cold chilling me to the bones.

I gasped and looked down, feeling my clothes and the sleeping bag. I was sopping wet.

I looked down, to see Vanessa and Grey laughing hysterically.

"Grey!" I exclaimed in exasperation. I imagined myself appearing on the ground, free of my sleeping bag and rope.

Vanessa fell onto the ground in laughter. She was annoying me more by the minute.

"I'm- I'm sorry! This is just too funny!" Grey chocked out between laughs.

"Are you sure you're not going to die from this? I don't think someone as old as you should laugh so hard," I commented. This just sent the both of them into another wave of laughter.

"Have you been drinking?" I asked, truly wondering.

Their laughs had gotten so hard that no noise was coming out. They were just rocking back and forth, clapping or slapping the ground.

I looked, and the sun had just risen - something that was not helping me keep warm.

Suddenly, I felt the feeling of my body transporting and the next thing I knew, I was inside and covered in blankets, Vanessa and Grey next to me still laughing.

"Really? You're still laughing. That's just childish," I remarked. But, I was grateful for whichever one of them had brought us inside and given me blankets to keep me warm.

Grey breathed hard, trying desperately to calm himself down, but

failing horribly.

"What's with them?" a masculine voice asked. I nearly jumped out of my skin in terror. I snapped my head to the left and saw a man whom I recognized from yesterday walking through the door.

"They played a trick on me. What're you doing here?" I asked, still holding resentment for how they made fun of me.

"I work here," he stated, a confused look plastered on his face.

I looked around and took in the surrounding. To my despair, I realized that it was the same room I was in yesterday.

"I'm not joining in your war!" I screamed at Grey like a child being forced to eat vegetables.

Grey was breathing hard, his face flushed red and tears streaming from his eyes.

He looks toward me, face regaining normal color. He took a finger and wiped the tears from his eyes. "You don't have to. We aren't going to require you to do anything, but we would like your help."

"But the way that you first described it to me, it sounded like it wasn't even a war that is about to happen; it's just an unrest which I'm sure you can deal with on your own. You told me we were finding my mother, and that's what I want to do. I'm done wasting my time with this 'war' stuff," I answered, crossing my arms across my chest. It angered me that I hadn't even been told a plan to find her.

"That's completely fine. I promise you we will try to find her. And I'm being sincere, I just have some business to do here dealing with the war. It'll be probably a week," Grey said. The truth of the sentence laced his voice, but the idea still made me angry.

"One week! She could be killed in that time! You're useless," I accused, raising my right hand and imagining myself appearing back in my home.

Just a second later, I was standing in the comfort of my kitchen. If

Grey wasn't going to help me, I would find her myself.

Grey and I had left the lights on from the last time we were there. I walked across the kitchen, and flicked the switch off. After that, I walked over to the fridge in the corner, and scanned the contents. I settled for some leftover pasta.

While it heated up in the microwave, I went upstairs to my room to change my clothes. It had been at least a few days until I'd gotten knew ones. I looked through my closet, and decided on a gray t-shirt and some blue jeans.

As I walked across my room, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror, and jumped back, horrified at what I saw.

In the days that I had been gone, or not worrying about my appearance, layers of dirt and grime had piled up on my face, and stubble had grown all along my jawline and around my lips, ending just under my hooked nose. My brown hair had grown longer, and was sticking up in all different directions. I undoubtedly smelled foul. I needed a shower.

I grabbed a towel and washcloth and walked across the hallway into my small bathroom. The moment I turned on the water, it was warm. My shower never got cold.

I peeled off my dirty clothes that I had been wearing, and hopped in the shower. The warm water calmed me, and the dirt that had been on me flowed off with the water.

When wet, my hair flopped down just over my eyebrows, forming a small line of hair at the top of my vision; I definitely needed to cut it.

I took the washcloth and slathered soap onto it, then began scrubbing at my skin furiously. A steady flow of dirt came off of my body.

Once I had scrubbed every bit of my body until the skin turned red, I ran a hand covered in shampoo across my head, and stood for a moment.

Getting out would mean resuming life as normal, and that I didn't want to do.

Reluctantly, I turned off the warm water, and grabbed my towel to dry off. As my skin dried, I walked across the hallway and then threw on the clean clothes I'd picked out earlier. The shaving would have to wait, because I needed to figure out where my mother was, and that was my first priority.

By the time I got downstairs, I had already decided what my initial plan would be; I needed to get back to the place where I was held captive by the people who wanted my powers gone. There was a high chance that she is there, so I needed to get back there.

I walked to the microwave and grabbed the pasta I had heated up. I grabbed a fork, then began wolfing it down.

I was halfway through the container when I heard her voice.

"Don't get too into that pasta, alright?"

"What do you want?" I asked, the words barely coherent between the pasta that was stuffed into my mouth.

"I wanna show you something," Vanessa answered, walking in front of me.

"What would *you* have to show me? And why would I go anywhere with you?" My exasperation towards her shown through my voice.

"Look. I'm not happy with this either, but Grey was begging me to. So your choices are to come with me or have Grey follow you around but not actually help you," she said folding her arms and giving me a condescending look.

"Fine." I put the now empty container in the sink, then turned to face her once again. "But tell me where you're taking me first."

"I'm takin' you to a spot that will help you understand," she said in a bored tone.

"Wher-"

Before I could finish, Vanessa grabbed my hand and seconds later, I was standing on a grassy surface. The air was crisp, and felt clean. Surrouding me was tall grass, mixed with wild flowers.

"Where are we?"

The birds chirped in the distance.

"We're on the outskirts of a town," the girl answered.

I looked around. In front of me, a large, empty field sat, but behind me, the landscape grew uneven. Large hills rose up, so I assumed this town was on the other side of those hills.

"Wait," I said. "This must not be any random town. What is special about it?"

"It's a town where the slave population is high. I'm going to show you what we are fighting for."

~+ **Uncontrollable** +~

Hey everyone! Here's chapter thirteen. Now I know that there isn't much action in this chapter, but it's a good transition chapter I think.

If you guys are enjoying this book, don't forget to vote, comment, or add to your reading list!

Thoughts on Grey? On Vanessa? Any ideas about what will happen with this 'war'? Comment them below! I'd love to hear them.

# Chapter Fourteen

"A slave town? What is it that you guys are fighting for?" I asked, surprised by our location.

"Slaves rights, and fair treatment of 'em," she answered. That was a piece of information the people at the base for war strategies forgot to give me.

"Oh," I said, taken aback. Not even one peep of this had come up.

"They didn't tell you what this war was 'bout did they?" Vanessa questioned, raising her eyebrows.

"No," I whispered, trying desperately to figure out why they wouldn't tell me. If they were campaigning for me to join the war, why wouldn't they use the most compelling piece of evidence to try to sway me?

Something was not right, but I didn't say anything. Instead, I exhaled for a long time.

"You ready to head on in?"

"Yes," I answered. "Where is this town anyway?"

"It's just over the hills," Vanessa stated, turning around and pointing. I nodded, and we began walking up the grassy hills.

The grass was tall; it almost reached my knees despite it being October. And summer seemed to be giving one, final push, because as the sunlight shone onto my bare arms, heat enveloped me.

The natural heat mixed with the heat my body was producing from hiking up the hill had me fairly hot when I reached the top.

"It's there," Vanessa said pointing in the distance. I could barely make out what looked like a cluster of gray buildings surrounded by high, concrete walls. Around it, the landscape continued hilly and

unaffected.

"Don't worry, it's mostly downhill from 'ere on," Vanessa uttered, noticing my heavy breathing, and clutching of my abdomen.

"You really don't exercise too much." Vanessa was laughing as my face flushed red.

"Lets just go," I shot back, and started down the hill I just climbed. Vanessa ran up next to me, still laughing.

"Learn to take a joke!" she exclaimed playfully punching my arm.

I smiled, not able to hold it in.

"I am pretty out of shape." I hadn't worked out in months. I suppose I'd gotten too wrapped up in stopping mass murderers with my magic that I had stopped worrying about my physical appearance.

"I'm glad you found it funny; it's hard around there with no other kids. It's all adults and all work. It makes it almost impossible to have a good time," Vanessa said with a sigh.

I'd never thought about that. If you spent all of your time at the base of war strategies, there would be no kids to fool around with, and no chances for a good time; just work and stiff magicians. I supposed that was why Vanessa and Grey jumped at the chance to play a prank on me. And suddenly the underlying resentment that I felt against them for that suddenly switched to compassion.

"So, do you permanently live there?" I asked, trying to switch the subject to lighter things.

"Yeah, I guess so," she answered, her voice growing distant and her eyes averting towards the town again.

"You guess so?" I prodded, wishing desperately to find out more about that bizarre answer.

"Y'know what? No questions about me. No what's, no why's, no how's, no if's, nothing." Her voice grew a bit exasperated, but she still sounded as distant as the slave town felt.

I shifted my gaze upwards to avoid eye contact with Vanessa, and my mind quickly shifted subjects.

"Is it gonna rain?" I asked, pointing towards the ominous sky.

Vanessa threw her head back, and then smiled.

"Life changes quickly. We just have to move with it." With that, she took off in an all out sprint towards the village, going so quickly towards the village I was sure she was using magic.

Positive that I wouldn't be able to catch her, I started sprinting after her. My heart pumped faster and my legs began to burn, but I kept running; I found the feeling comforting in a way that I couldn't describe.

She sped on at a steady speed, but I was gaining on her by the minute, the clouds growing darker as we ran.

When she was about thirty feet away from the wall, she skidded to a stop. I slowed to a jog, and stopped next to her.

Her mood had turned as dark as the clouds above us.

"Now, Ryder, I have to warn you. It's gonna be gruesome and terrifying in there, but you need t' see it. You can't help the slaves, and you can't stop it - yet."

I nodded.

"When we enter, carry yourself in a professional manner," she commanded, her vocabulary seeming to grow just by being near the city.

"Alright," I answered, standing up as straight as possible and following her toward the huge wrought iron gates that were looming in front of us.

"Wait!" I exclaimed, grabbing Vanessa's arm.

"Yes?"

"You never told me what these slaves are slaves to. Because it would only be logical that they would be slaves to the king, which Grey. So why would he be fighting himself?" I asked. The question had been picking at my brain for a while now.

"They're not slaves to Grey. Farmers - some small, some large - decided that their work would be easier with slaves, so they basically attacked the poor until they succumbed to the demands. Their treatment of the slaves started out bad, but has just gotten worse and worse over the years. It's gotten to a point where we decided it needed to be stopped," she explained, worry overtaking her face.

"Don't they all posses magic, though?" I inquired, tilting my head slightly to the side. "I mean if you think about it, they could do it all without magic. There is no need for slaves, and for that matter, farming."

"There's one thing not totally correct about that statement; they don't all posses magic. Many people who are part of the magic society aren't necessarily wielding magic, but have some link to it, whatever it be. All the people with magic are the wealthiest out of everyone. And the farmers are poor, but not nearly as poor as the ones they attacked. The people they coerced into being their slaves were even less fortunate than farmers. They literally had nothing to begin with," Vanessa explained. She inhaled deeply after.

Her statement shocked me.

"You mean there's inequality?"

"Significant inequality," she confirmed with a gloomy nod of her head. The sky above us broke open, and rain poured down, slamming into the ground around us, and soaking us within seconds.

"I can explain more later," Vanessa screamed over the noise of the rain. I nodded, and followed her as she sprinted towards the gate. There was a man in a small shack operating it, and he seemed to recognize Vanessa immediately for the gates swung open after only a second or two.

We darted on inside.

The huge gates slammed shut behind us, locking with a series of clicks louder than the rain. I was standing at the top of a hill when I entered the town. The streets were gray cobblestone and snaked their way around the town, going every which way. Navigating this town must take tons of practice.

Dull, gray buildings lined each side of the street. Some were taller than others, but there was no remarkable difference. The only discrepancy in the dullness of the town was the extensive, green grassy areas. Everywhere that was not taken up by buildings or streets was grass. Some areas had benches like they were parks, but most of it was just grass. The farms, I could tell, were outside the large walls, stretching over the vast expanse of land outside of the town.

I felt a tug on my arm as Vanessa took off down the street, tugging me along behind her.

I almost slipped about four times as I tried running across the wet stones, but eventually I found my footing and jogged alongside of her.

I couldn't pin-point exactly where we were going, but I could tell we were getting closer and closer to the heart of the town.

All I could see was sheets of rain pouring down, and a large gray building, but after we turned around the corner of the building, I could tell we were standing in a town square, seemingly at the center. It must have been blocked from view by buildings when we had just entered.

"We need to get in here," Vanessa muttered, barely audible. She grabbed my wrist and before I knew it the rain wasn't slamming against me anymore.

A stench of feces and rotted food wafted up into my nose, making me cough, hard, my body not wanting to inhale the smell.

I looked around. We were standing in a large room with a layer of

hay covering the floor.

"Where are we?" I whispered to Vanessa who was looking out a small window in the structure, a worried look plastered onto her face.

"In an old horse barn. Now shut up, will ya? And watch," she said pointing toward the window. I squish my face up against the small window, sharing half of it with Vanessa.

Outside, through the pouring rain, I could just make out a large wooden post that was erected in the middle of the square. Just in front of it, a silhouette who was clearly a figure of authority was lining up people clothed in tatters just behind the post.

I gasped as I realized what was going to happen.

"You brought me here to watch them getting disciplined?" I nearly spat out the last word. Why would they do that?

"Shut up and watch," she ordered again, ignoring my question. I could feel a lump forming in my throat as the first slave was shackled to the post, and the guard forced the rest back.

He pulled something out of his pocket, and although I couldn't decipher exactly what it was, I was certain that it was a whip.

"Vanessa," I started shifting my gaze to her, but she slapped me, signaling I should stop talking.

Reluctantly, I refocused my eyes on the scene.

The rain let up to a light rain, so it was easier to see things clearly.

The man with the whip began to unravel it, and then he raised it. I was just able to make out the sadistic smile plastered onto his face.

He brought the whip up, and then yanked his arm down, the whip flying with it.

The second it made contact on the slave's back, the slave lurched upwards. Blood trickled down his back and onto the wet

cobblestones.

The other slaves in the line just stood and watched.

A burning hatred inside me exploded, overtaking me and making my blood boil. My hand was shaking and my temple pulsing when I turned to Vanessa.

"How can they just stand here and watch?" I asked Vanessa angrily. She just shook her head.

"The same way you can."

"It's taking all I have not to sprint out there and help!" I exclaimed.

"Then do it! But if you do that it would be insane not to join in our efforts. We're not even asking you to fight a war. It isn't certain there will be one! We just want you to help us in our efforts to make conditions of slaves better, and if it leads to a war then so be it! We are ready to fight!" Vanessa was getting angry now, a scowl on her face as she stared at me with deadly eyes.

I opened my mouth to answer, but my train of thoughts was interrupted by the slight crack that I heard.

"He's going in for another," I whispered in horror. The same slave was tied to the post, a second lash scarring his back. My horror was only heightened by the fact that I could hear the whipping in the horse barn.

More blood trickled down the slaves back.

"I need to do something," I muttered. Vanessa shot me a look of exasperation, but I ignored it.

I imagined myself outside the horse barn, and within seconds I could feel the rain pounding down onto my head.

I heard slight gasps from some of the slaves who had seen me appear out of nowhere, but the rest just continued watching the whipping in horror.

Just before the official could go in for another lash, I closed my eyes imagined him flying into the building behind him.

I frantically outstretched a finger, and pointed it at him.

When I opened my eyes, I saw him soaring through the air, horror yet realization in his eyes.

He hit the wall hard, and then slid to the ground, looking as if his bones and had been turned to jelly. A chorus of cheers rose up from the slaves, but I didn't savor them - I wasn't done yet.

I ran up to the slave who was tied to the post, and quickly untied him. He thanked me, but I had already turned my attention the guard who was on the ground.

I could see him better now. The whiskers on his face, the haunting green eyes, the curl of the lip; I recognized all of that from somewhere.

Instead of dwindling on it, though, I picked up the whip that he had dropped when he was being thrown back.

"Lets see how you like it," I snarled, raising the whip and slamming it down. I felt the impact.

A triumphant smile crept it's way onto my face, but moments later, it fell right off.

The whip had not hit the man, but a shimmering blue shield that had formed in front of him. I looked from the shield to the man's face, and slowly put the pieces together.

I threw the whip aside quickly, knowing that it would do no good on a wizard, and instead took the bubbling anger I felt at him for what he'd done, and urged it towards my fingertips, just like Grey taught me.

I closed my eyes, focusing it into magic, and preparing to release it.

And that was my mistake.

I felt something hit my chest, and my feet leaving the ground. For a moment everything felt blissful almost. It felt as if I would never fall, and I could just hang in the air forever.

And then I slammed into the cobblestone.

My back to the most impact. A sharp and shooting pain enveloped that area begging me not to move. I opened my eyes and tried to stand up, but groaned and fell back down as even more pain shot through me.

I looked up weakly, and saw the guard towering over me.

"Nice try," he whispered. My vision began to swim and black dots began filling up my eyes.

With the last of my energy, I tried urging my stored up magic towards to leave my body, but it didn't work. It seemed to recede back into anger.

I felt something slam into my chest once more.

I screamed out, writhing in pain. It had now enveloped my entire body, searing into my brain, making my eyeballs feel as if they were melting.

"Stop," I begged.

A laugh rung out, and then I felt my body transporting somewhere.

There was shouting all around me, but I was clearly in a new venue.

The next thing I could decipher was the barrel of a gun being placed against the temple of my head.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

Hey guys! So here's a much longer chapter than some of the ones that I had been posting! I really hoped that you enjoyed it, and that the ending wasn't too confusing. It will be cleared up in the next chapter or two.

So now that you've read this chapter, have your thoughts changed on what could happen with Ryder and the war?

And, in the next chapter, we will meet some new characters, and a new problem will be introduced, so get excited for that!

I would also like to thank each and every one of you for all of your support on this story thus far. I started this as a NaNo project, and then decided to post it to Wattpad. I never, in a million years dreamed that it would do so well, and that it would have so many wonderful fans supporting it, and I can't thank you all enough for it. I never dreamed to get more than 5K reads, let alone 15K! And over one thousand votes! I'm truly and seriously blown away. I hope that the rest of the book continues to appeal to you all. Thanks a million!

I'll see you all next update.

# Chapter Fifteen

**Hello everyone. Just as a quick heads up, there will be a point of view change in this chapter. The stars signal that it is changing from Ryders point of view, to third person Vanessa and Grey scene, and then back to Ryder's point of view.**

~~~~

"Don't move," a deep, masculine voice commanded. He sounded like a police officer of some sort.

The barrel of the gun was cold against my temple. The ground around me was soft as if I was laying in sand. Rain had ceased to pound down onto me; I felt the intense sunlight shining down onto my wet body. The crash of waves didn't sound too far off.

I was too tired and devoid of energy to do anything, let alone preform magic to try to save myself.

"Are you Ryder?" It was the same voice who told me not to move. I wondered why they didn't add my last name to that question.

I nodded slightly, not sure if they could tell, but not caring either. Why did they want to know my name?

"Who are you?" another voice in the distance asked, although the question didn't sound directed toward me. A few seconds later, a scream rang out, piercing into my ears, and jolting me into a frazzled state.

Suddenly, energy began to fill my body. I started fighting against the man holding me down. I must have caught him off guard because he fell off of me with after one gentle shove.

My surroundings swam, but I could still make out Vanessa in the swarm of officers.

We were on a beach, although I had no idea how we got there. I
~~~~

stumbled across the sand, pushing through all of the officers to get to Vanessa.

I didn't know why the officers didn't grab me, but it seemed like they couldn't.

My outstretched hand was only inches away from her when I collapsed. A hand grabbed my shirt, and I felt my body being transporting once again.

Screams of the police officers flooded back into my ears, but only for the slightest instant.

Then, I was on on a hard, cold surface.

"I need a healer in here!" Vannesa's voice screamed. I tried sitting up, but the world around me shook, and black veil covered my eyes.

****

"How did it go?" Grey asked Vanessa, making sure to have cast a spell to prevent the people from listening to their conversation.

They were walking in the field that Vanessa and Ryder had first met in. The ground around them was hard and frozen, the cold air surrounding them was howling. Vanessa sighed before answering.

"It went fine. The guards were cruel, the slaves helpless," Vanessa said. The look of remorse on her face made her look far older than she was. Her fake southern accent had ran away. She had no reason to keep it if she was only speaking to Grey.

"What went wrong?" Grey asked, picking up on her discomfort.

"Nothing went wrong," she answered. "It's just, this doesn't feel right. It feels dirty, and fake. No one deserves to be swindled like this."

"My dear, Vanessa. You've developed feelings for our friend, Ryder, haven't you?"

She did not answer.

"It's of no matter. They'll fall away as he slowly reveals his true self. His soul is as barren as the earth beneath us."

Vanessa looked up at this.

"I think you should get to know people before you make judgements like that." Without another word, Vanessa had disappeared into thin air.

Grey laughed a callous laugh.

****

The world around me came back into focus. I sat up quickly. I looked around, and saw that I was in the same room where I was healed for the first time.

The door opened before the voice came.

"Oh, you're awake." It was a different voice than the first time. I turned my head towards the noise. The woman whom it came from looked calm, her brown eyes surveying me carefully, her short, amber hair sliding slightly as she changed the position of her head.

"I am. What happened?" I asked. My head was pounding like the beat of a drum, but besides that, I felt fine.

"I'm not told what happened. I'm just asked to heal you," the woman responded. She pulled a small flashlight out of the pocket of her white lab coat, and  held it up to my eye.

"I'm just going to see how you react," she explained quickly before holding my eye open and clicking on the flashlight.

Just seconds later, she turned it off.

"Your pupil contracted. That's a good sign. You'll be fine. But someone wants to talk to you first," the healer said. As if on cue, the door swung open and Grey walked in.

Concern twinkled in his caring eyes.

"Ryder! How are you doing, my boy?"

"I'm fine. What happened?" I asked, eager for the full story and not able to contain my curiosity.

"We'll get to that later. First, I want to talk about what you saw. With the slaves."

"It was gruesome," I answered quickly. "It was one of the worst things I've ever seen."

"Was it?" he asked, his voice rising at the end of the sentence.

"I don't think I'll ever be able to erase the horrifying image of those slaves being beaten from my mind. I couldn't keep myself from intervening," I said. My voice had turned to a whisper as I recalled the terror I felt.

"So. That being said, will you join the war now that you know what we are fighting for?" His voice was extremely hopeful.

I sighed. I had known my answer for a long time, but was reluctant to share it.

Grey met my eyes, a smile plastered on his face. I spoke my answer quickly, averting my gaze toward the tiled floor.

"No. I won't join the war."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And there is chapter fifteen! I hope that you liked the ending and enjoyed the little point of view switch.

I also am crossing my fingers that you guys followed what happened when it shifted to the scene with Grey and Vanessa, and then back to Ryder.

Any thoughts on what Ryder will do now that he said no to the war?

Until next update!

***Note: Dedicated to @LeighUre for giving a very inspirational and informational interview in the book "Cracking the Wattpad Code: Insider Secrets the Pros don't want you to know!" It's a wonderful interview and some of the things she said kept me inspired for this story.***

# Chapter Sixteen

Grey looked taken aback at first. His face flushing red and his eyes taking on a look of anger. And then all the emotions dropped away, as if he had used his magic to wipe them away.

"Alright," he answered, standing up and clearing his throat. "You can just go then."

"Wait, Grey. You still promised me you'd help me find my mother. That still stands true. That is what I'd like to do. And, I want an explanation for everything that happened. I want to know why there was a gun put to my head. You don't get to just drop me," I said. I also stood up, furious as to why he thought he could just walk away, putting in no more work on me just because I wouldn't do what he wanted.

"Fine. I'll do all of that. But then, I'm done protecting you from people trying to kill you, I'm done helping you when you can't do it yourself. I'm done giving you opportunities to *thrive* in the world of magic. You're on your own after that," he stated. It sounded calm and thought out, but you could hear the underlying anger in all of it.

"That's fine Grey. But just as a heads up, the next time you give someone a choice about something, don't get your hopes so high up that you fall if they choose the other side." I knew that I was walking on thin ice, but I couldn't resist not saying anything.

"You are in no position to tell me what to do. I am much older than you," he said before storming out of the room, emphasizing each step.

The immaturity of Grey was starting to drive me insane. He was right; he was older, and more experienced. But he most definitely wasn't as mature.

I imagined myself appearing in the field where I first met Vanessa,

hoping that it would be sunset. I lost myself in the memory and then raised my right hand.

I opened my eyes to the birds chirping, and a bright orange sky. Hues of pink and purple were mixed in with the rising orange and yellow sun.

After watching it for a few minutes, and concluded that the sun was rising, not setting. I was wearing a light white tee shirt, and shorts that could barely be considered shorts. That combined with the cold air did not form a good combination.

I scanned my eyes quickly across the field, and then began imagining the war strategies room.

"What do ya think you're doing?" The southern accent ran through my mind and pulled me back to reality.

"Vanessa," I whispered, relieved.

"Why're ya so excited to see me?" she asked, skepticism lacing her voice, her eyebrows raised.

"Because I want to know what happened to me!" I exclaimed. "I mean after I got attacked. What happened?"

"Well, you were clearly losing the fight right off the bat 'cause of your deadly superhero syndrome. And after that, things went *downhill*. Ya got thrown across the square, and then the guard who did it got up and came to you. He was doin' some kind of spell - a torture spell almost - and it was disfiguring yer body. You began screaming and begging for him to stop, and that was when I ran out of the horse barn. I transported us to a small beach town I know about. It's not a town with magic, so I expected nothing bad to happen. We landed on the beach, but there was a whole group of police officers right there. When we landed. They screamed to each other, and then tackled you. Somehow they knew your name. They put a gun to your head, and then one ran and grabbed me. He was threatening me, and tellin' me that they were gonna kill both of us. I used my magic to get us out of there too."

My head spun with all of the knew information. After taking a few seconds to process it, I looked up.

"What was that spell that you used? The one that kept them from touching me?" I asked, remembering how I stumbled to Vanessa without any of the officers ever grabbing me.

"Oh, you mean so that they couldn't snatch you while you were running towards me. That was a special spell I learned from Grey. We'll teach you all of these spells eventually," she said, crossing her arms.

I opened my mouth to answer, but was interrupted by someone else.

"Guys! You have to come see this." It was Grey's voice. Anger, exasperation, and interest all laced his voice.

Neither Vanessa nor I got a chance to answer before we were back in the warm room of the war strategies. There was a TV set sitting at the middle of the table, and everyone was huddled around it.

I began to question the reason for us being brought here, but I decided instead to follow Vanessa's choice and just go and see what's going on.

The group of men huddled around the television was too thick for Vanessa and me to get through. We tried pushing them out of the way, but they wouldn't move. I imagined them all disappearing and then reappearing five feet back. I pointed my right hand toward them, and then watched as the exact image played out in real life.

They looked confused for a moment, but I took it as an advantage and ran up to the TV. On it, was a new channel. The news reporter was standing on a beach interviewing police guards.

"-were gone. Just like that, they were gone," one officer said. I knew immediately that they were talking about us, and my heart began pumping faster and faster. What had we done?

"And you are sure this was Ryder?" the reporter asked, holding the microphone out to the officer. The question shocked me. Why were

they looking for me? Why were they referring to me by my first name? Vanessa inhaled sharply next to me.

The other men had gathered back around the TV, all muttering at the question the reporter had just asked.

"Positive. He was a perfect match with the picture we found," another officer confirmed.

My heart raced faster and faster, and I began to worry about the speed of it. My hands were shaking and sweaty.

"How did you get a picture of him?" the reporter questioned further.

"We had a sketch artist draw one based on the description a man gave us," a different officer answered.

"For those of you who don't know, the man they are talking about was assaulted, but saved by Ryder."

The screen flicked black.

"That's enough of that," Grey said, and the TV disappeared from the table. "Do you see what you two did? You both revealed magic to the entire world! You have just exposed what we can do. They will now begin to hunt down people like us. I can't believe you!"

Grey was clearly furious. Spit was flying from his mouth, and his eyes sent a look of death searing into my brain. Even without looking at him, I still would've been able to tell he was furious; it was clear from his voice.

"This is your fault!" I exclaimed, my blood boiling. "You told them my name that night! You gave them an account of what happened, you told them who to go after, you described me! You clearly turned it off so that we wouldn't have to hear about how you practically led them for me. Sure it may have made the news if they saw what they did, but not like this. And, I would not have been nearly killed. So don't even start blaming us when this all goes back to you."

The anger in my voice was clear. The people around the room

stared at me in shock once again, not able to comprehend how I could speak to the king that way.

"I'm done with you Ryder. After I help you get your mother back, I'm truly done with you. I don't want to take your teenage crap, and I don't need to. I won't protect you."

"I don't need your protecting! You can finish helping me and then leave me in the dust! I don't care!"

"You don't understand. I will stop protecting you, but once I do, it's done for you. Once I stop protecting you, you're dead."

~+ **Uncontrollable** +~

I hope you all enjoyed this chapter.

So, do you believe Grey? Do you think Ryder is in trouble once Grey stops helping him, or do you think he'll be fine?

I'd once again, just like to thank you for all your tremendous support. I can't believe it. Thank you so much.

# Chapter Seventeen

I stormed out of the room before I could hear anything else from Grey.

I didn't want to listen to his threats, and I wasn't going to let him manipulate me into becoming a pawn in his 'war'.

Realizing I didn't remember the way to get out walking, I transported myself back to my house.

When I appeared in my warm kitchen, I realized something; I had no idea what day it was.

I sprinted upstairs and grabbed my cell phone - I was never big on cell phones and never brought it anywhere because I always had magic. Regardless, my mother insisted on buying me one anyway. I turned on the screen and looked at the date.

October 31st.

Halloween.

I laughed. Maybe I'd go out and get some candy; act like a normal teenager.

I scrolled through the contacts on my phone and clicked on the name of one of my close friends: Tommy.

The phone rung for about two seconds, and then he picked up. Always on his phone.

"Ryder?" His voice was almost frantic.

"Yeah, Tommy? What's up?" I asked, plopping down on my bed and crossing my legs.

"Where the hell have you been? You disappeared without any warning. No one has been able to find you!" he exclaimed. The

distress laced his voice.

"I- I-" I stopped talking, not knowing what to say. I hadn't thought any of this through.

"What?" Tommy said, his tone becoming exasperated.

"I have been really sick," I answered, hoping that it would suffice.

"Sick? It's been nearly two weeks! And why wouldn't you answer your phone if you were sick? And where is your mother. No one has been able to find you or come in contact with you! What is going on?" he asked. He sounded truly and utterly worried. And then something occurred to me: why wouldn't the police come looking? Why wouldn't the police get involved in any of this? My mother has been gone for weeks now, and I have been disappearing on and off - why wouldn't someone call it in and the police get involved? It didn't make any sense.

"Don't worry about me," I answered, my voice sounding distant and distracted. "Hey, you wanna go out tonight?"

"You mean like trick-or-treating?" He laughed, letting go my disappearances far too easily. "Dude, that's like a kid thing. I'm goin' to a Halloween party!"

Tommy sounded far too proud of this.

"Alright," I said, a hint of disappointment peppering my voice. "I'll find someone else to go with. Have fun."

"Hey, man, you can come if you feel like it. It just doesn't seem like your type of scene so I figured you would decline," Tommy said, as if trying to save our friendship.

"Maybe I will. I'll think about it. Who's is it?" I asked, my tone sounding bored.

"It's at Sarah's!" he exclaimed, not able to hide his excitement. He'd had a crush on Sarah for as long as I could remember.

"Congratulations," I said, sarcasm dripping from my tone. "Maybe

I'll come. Is it alright if I just show up?"

"Yeah, it'll be fine. I hope you go. It's been a while, Ryder," he said, sincerity shining in his voice.

"It has. I'll think about it." I hung up the phone quickly. Tommy could always put on his cool facade, but on the inside he was a sentimental figure. And when he went sentimental on you, it was like the Niagara Falls of emotions.

I tossed my phone on the counter, still trying to figure out why the police hadn't gotten involved with my mother's disappearance, and I could only think of one logical answer. Grey.

I made a mental note to talk to him about it, but for now, I decided to go out. It was 7:00 by now, so it would be dark enough.

I ran upstairs and threw on clean clothes, slathered deodorant on my underarms, and then flew back downstairs.

Grabbing my leather jacket, I made a bolt for the door.

Although I didn't like the sentiment pent up in Tommy, I really did want to hang out with him; it had been so long since I'd seen him and he was one of my best friends.

I pulled out my phone quickly, and dialed his number.

"Already?" Tommy asked with a laugh.

"Shut up," I shot back, cracking a smile. "Where is this party?"

"Just come over to my house, and I'll drive you there," he said, and before I could say anything, I was met with two beeps signaling that he'd hung up.

I laughed to myself, and began the short walk to his house. My feet took me there without my brain having to think about where to go; I had done the walk so many times I could have walked there in my sleep.

Cold air surrounded me, biting at any exposed skin, and trying to

find a way through my jacket, but I didn't mind. Fall had always been my favorite season, and the way that cold air seemingly traps you had always fascinated me.

In the distance, the laughs and screams of kids out trick-or-treating could be heard. The smell of wet pavement mingled with my nose as I walked.

I began to get lost in thoughts of my mother. All the good times we'd had, and everything she'd helped me get through. I brushed it all off as it was happening, but now, I could use her guidance more than anything; I was like a blind man in a maze.

A meow from in front of me pulled me back to reality. My heart began beating faster.

I focused my eyes toward the noise, and two large, beady yellow eyes stared at me in the darkness. I squinted and looked closer.

A black cat stood in the middle of the street, hissing at me.

I took a step back, and raised my hands in defeat. The cat seemed to get the message because it scuttled off the road and into the bushes nearby.

My feet began moving forward once again. I looked around me, and noticed I'd already made it to Tommy's neighborhood. I was only a few houses away from his.

I picked up my pace and was at Tommy's porch within a minute. His small yellow house stood out against the dark night, looking warm and safe, like nothing could hurt me in it. Like none of these magic problems could follow me in.

I knocked on the door, and Tommy had opened it within seconds. I stepped in, and then Tommy grabbed me and pulled me into a short embrace.

"How've you been?" he asked, smiling. I surveyed him; his brown hair had grown out longer, flopping over onto his eyebrows, but not going much past the middle of his forehead - much shorter than mine. His eyes were still a dull blue. Facial hair had begun popping

out at various spots on his face, looking awkward and unwanted. But his smile had not changed one bit. It was still big, showing many of his bright white teeth, and feeling contagious.

"I've been good! You?" My mouth curling into a smile just like his.

"School has sucked. So much harder than sophomore year," he said, rolling his eyes. I laughed.

"I bet it would be even harder if you actually did your work," I answered. Tommy had never been the best student in school, but everyone loved him nonetheless.

"Hey, wait, your birthday is soon!" Tommy exclaimed. "I totally forgot with you being gone and all. I'm gonna throw you a party, and it'll be the biggest, baddest party known to the state of Connecticut!"

"Shut up," I said with a laugh. "It'll probably be the wimpiest party known to man."

"And I don't even get a thank you," he screamed dramatically, putting his hand on his chest. I began laughing even harder.

"Thank you." The sarcasm was clear in my voice.

"Now are we gonna go to this party, or were you lying about being invited?" I asked. "And where are your parents?"

"Not home. And yeah, lemme just change first," he said, and then ran upstairs. He went up in athletic shorts and a tee-shirt, and came back about a minute later in a button down shirt, and jeans.. His hair was done up a bit to look nicer too.

"Wow. You really wanna impress her don't you?"

"Shut up or I won't drive you," he shot back a large smile playing on his face. "Now lets go or we'll be late."

We ran back out into the cold night, and hopped into his car. It was a beat up, old Suburban, but it still turned on, so it would do.

The car ride to Sarah's was spent laughing and joking the whole way.

By the time we had gotten to Sarah's, I felt like I had never left.

We ran up to the door of her house, and knocked. I could hear the loud, booming music from the outside.

After we waited a minute and no one answered, we tried opening the door. It was unlocked.

Tommy walked in, and then I stepped in after him. The second I stepped in, the stench of alcohol forced it's way into my nostrils, and the smell of smoke was nauseating. The music blared so loudly I thought my eardrums would burst.

"Maybe we shouldn't be here," I screamed over the music to Tommy.

"Chill. It'll be fine," Tommy responded, walking into the sea of people. I couldn't even see the walls of the room. All I could see was people.

The amount of intoxicated people were causing beads of sweat to form on my hands, and my breaths to shorten.

I took a step forward into the crowd of people, desperate to find Tommy, and then get out of here. As I immersed myself in people, I began to feel claustrophobic. The closer I got to people, the stronger the smells got.

"Tommy!" I screamed at one point, when I was so desperate. Of course, I got no response. After about fifteen minutes of looking, I decided I'd just leave; I wasn't going to stay just because Tommy wanted to stay in this scene.

I began pushing my way through all the drunk teenagers towards the door when I heard the screams. At first it was only one, and then slowly they spread. I looked toward the noise, and saw a large fire had erupted. People were pushing back toward the walls to get away from the fire, and shoving into the intoxicated teens around them.

Drinks were being spilled everywhere, and no one knew quite what to do. Except for me.

I took my exasperation at Tommy and urged it to go towards my fingers, subconsciously turning it into magic.

I could feel it ready to be released, so I thought of water, and outstretched my index finger. Then, I released it - coerced it out of my body almost - and water shot from my finger, blue tendrils surrounding the water all the while.

The fire went out with a sizzle, and everyone turned towards me in shock, but I didn't even try to erase their memories. If any of them remembered anything, they'd just blame it on the booze.

I let out a long breath, and then continued to wade through the now extremely confused people. It was then that I was blasted by something in the side, and then felt myself flying through the air, a sensation I was all too familiar with.

This time, though, instead of landing hard on the ground, I landed hard on a group of people. Groans exploded from under me as I shook my head and looked around.

The man who it came from was clear; a huge crowd of people had cleared around him, and he was the only person here who looked sober, and past their twenties.

I scrambled to my feet, my shirt pulled to the side. Everyone else at the party stood, watching us, not sure what to do.

Imagining this man exploding, I closed my eyes, and pointed my index finger toward him. It felt as though electricity was pulsing through my veins; I could feel the magic just waiting to be used.

I could feel it when it left my body, so I snapped open my eyes and observed the man. A bright, yellow-white ball of light was glowing, obscuring his abdomen. A miniature version of the white sphere was formed on the front of my index finger.

I fed the ball more and more energy, not allowing myself to focus on anything else.

The more energy I gave the ball, the larger it grew. The man was screaming pain, as if the ball was eating his flesh.

I kept urging it relentlessly to get larger, giving it more and more of my energy.

The mans screams registered through my brain as if they were encouraging me to continue.

The ball was now covering his his entire torso, and spreading down his legs and up his face. It had almost reached his mouth when I heard the bang in the back.

It jolted me out of my focused state of mind, causing me to swivel my head around to see where it had came from.

Shoving through the crowd were policemen, all screaming at me to put my hands up.

The ball that had been covering most of the man's body was rapidly shrinking as my attention and energy was focused away from it.

His screams had turned to grunts of pain, but his eyes were gleaming, as if becoming excited to make a kill. A fiendish smile was plastered on his face. I knew that there was no good way to get out of this.

I kept putting my energy into the ball, but I was getting more and more tired, and the guards were getting closer and closer.

I began to imagine myself appearing back at my home, and then I pulled my finger back, raised my right hand, and closed my eyes.

When I opened them just a second later, I was at my house, with only one thought stuck in my head.

I may need Grey more than I thought.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And here is chapter seventeen!

I hope you all enjoyed the action and seeing Ryder try to be on his own, even though Grey was supposed to be protecting him!

Now that you have read this far, any thoughts about whether or not Ryder will change his mind on the war? Any thoughts on why the police are after him?

Thank you all for reading and all of your tremendous support on the story so far!

# Chapter Eighteen

I didn't have much time until either the magician's group or the police would be here, so I ran upstairs to my room, grabbed a spare shirt and jeans, and then imagined myself appearing outside the base for war strategies.

Within seconds, I was standing in the middle of the woods, the soft soil beneath my feet.

It smelled as if it had recently rained. And at that moment, I realized I didn't know where this was. I could've been anywhere in the world right now, and I had no clue. I made a mental note to ask someone once I got in.

I looked to the ground and found it covered in leaves. I'd seen Grey move the leaves to get into the base, but I wanted to try it in a different way.

I closed my eyes and emptied my brain of thoughts.

Then, I looked deep into myself, at my spirit and soul, and focused them towards the wind.

A warm feeling spread throughout my body, and my long hair was blown back as the wind picked up around us. It felt as if deep inside me, there was a connection to the wind that would control the oncoming burst.

I urged the wind forward, running it across the top of the bunker. It picked up even faster, blowing against my clothes and sending a chill through my body, counteracting the warmth I felt just moments earlier.

But nonetheless, the wind was moving towards the top of the bunker, making a mess of the woods around me.

The closer it got, the stronger the connection I felt to it. When the

connection was so strong I felt as if I was one with the wind, I tugged at it with my mind, encouraging it to move to where I wanted it to.

It flew across the top of the bunker and in a quick movement, scattered all the leaves around it, and then dissipated into the tiniest of a breeze.

I laughed, and then made for the hatch, pride spreading throughout my body.

"How did you do that?" an extremely familiar voice came from next to me. I nearly jumped out of my skin. He must have appeared here while I was focused on the wind.

Just the sound of Grey's voice sparked anger in me, but with a deep breath, I calmed myself.

"I dunno. I just did it," I answered. He rolled his eyes and folded his arms.

"Explain it," he ordered.

"Fine. I just 'connected' with my soul and used the connection to move the wind." It sounded awfully simple, and it didn't even feel like a satisfactory explanation, but I left it, figuring he understood what I meant.

"Wait. Can you try something for me?" he asked. It seemed as though he wasn't out to get me anymore.

"Sure." I suppose the only reason I came here was to talk to him, so I might as well try to get back on his good side.

"Thank you. What I want you to do is try using the earth to your advantage," he said calmly.

"Sorry, what?" I figured I must have heard him wrong.

"Say you were in a fight with another wizard and you couldn't use fire or ice to counter him," he began explaining. I opened my mouth but Grey quickly cut me off.

"I know that most likely wouldn't happen, just pretend. Anyway, if that were the scenario, you could use the earth to fight. And I want you to try it."

I was understanding what he wanted but had no idea to go about it.

My baffled expression must have shown because moments later Grey reassured me.

"Don't think too much about it. Just do it, the same way you did with the wind."

I nodded, and thought for a minute, then decided I'd try using my magic the way I did with fire, and if that didn't work then I'd try it as it happened with wind.

I still felt an unrelenting anger toward Grey, so I took that and forced it towards my fingers, feeling the power of it as it turned into usable magic inside of me.

I focused on the earth beneath me, and then released the magic. I felt it leave my body and despite my efforts at concentration, I saw nothing happen. Not even a weak tendril of magic snaking out.

That wouldn't work.

Next, I decided to try doing it with my soul.

I closed my eyes, and focused on the soil beneath me, trying to feel the earth beneath me.

As I concentrated on the moist soil and aged trees, my body felt alive with power. It was like I could feel the earth buzzing beneath me.

"This is it," I muttered aloud.

Not breaking my attentiveness, I spoke to the earth through myself, pulling it up with my thoughts, and creating a controlled wave of it behind me.

When I could feel it physically forming behind me, I decided I'd

take this experiment a step further.

I now called the soil, urging it forward. It felt it curl around me and shoot forward, parting so as not to hit me, but then merging together again.

I opened my eyes in time to watch the last bits of it slam forward. Bits of smaller dirt still lingered in the air and worms squirmed over the upturned soil, trying desperately to rebury themselves. Birds chirped all around, fluttering through the trees as if startled by the amount of unnatural motion in the forest below.

Directly in front of me, Grey stood buried to his waist in dirt. An overjoyed smile was plastered onto his face, stretching from ear to ear.

"You're amazing," he said in awe. I smiled.

"Thank you."

Grey raised his hand quickly and the dirt from around him fell away, and he walked up to me. His clothes were completely clean, looking as if he'd just taken them out of the wash.

"You are seriously remarkable," Grey whispered in that same awe-struck voice. I looked at him quizzically.

"Thanks again, but why is that?" For my life, I couldn't understand why it was so impressive that I'd figured it out. Maybe cool, but not that awe-inspiring; every other wizard could do it.

"Well, for starters, you seem to be able to control multiple elements, which is exceptional on its own, but you do it with ease. Not even breaking a sweat. And you can manipulate them much better than many people I know - wizards who have been at it for years. Being so in touch with your emotions, soul and the world around you that you can influence them into doing what you want is what wizardry really is. But you--you are so much different."

"How?" Grey was still staring at me with huge eyes, his mouth hanging open slightly.

"You can control it in ways different than other people. You can take it and mould it to your will. And you have so far shown your ability to use four different elements which is practically unheard of in the world of magic. People just can't do that," he answered. I was beginning to understand the extent of my power.

"But how? How did I even gain my powers?" I asked. If I was *this* powerful, I must have gotten it from somewhere.

"I'm not sure. You must be a descendant of powerful wizards. Maybe the magic skipped your parent's generation. But somehow, you received it from someone in your family. I'd love to know who it is."

"Me too. I have a question, though," I said, desperate to get it out of my brain.

"Okay. But then we need to talk about other things," Grey answered, gesturing for me to continue.

"Agreed." A frigid breeze blew through the woods. It bit at any uncovered skin on me. "So, my question is why do you need to perform magic in a different way for wind and earth?"

"I see what you're getting at. It has to do purely with the fact that you need more of a connection and more power to the earth to use those elements. Fire is something that can be man-made. Water is something that is all around us, therefore it's easier to use. Your emotions can be used to create those because they are very common. Wind and earth, however, are much more free-spirited and you need a much stronger tug to get them to obey you. You can't create a wave of soil the way you did without a significant amount of power. And men cannot create a funnel of wind the way you did as well. I can elaborate later."

I nodded. The wheels in my mind were beginning to work for magic a bit more, but I still had a lot to learn about it.

"Now let's get inside."

I agreed. We walked to the hatch, yanked it open, and then went

into the bunker.

The moment the hatch closed and we began descending the stairs, the temperature rose dramatically.

We walked through the same sequence of hallways that we did the first time I was taken here.

Eventually, we arrived at the same room I've been to countless times. Except this time, it was empty.

"Where is everyone?" I asked.

"They're all . . . out. But don't worry about them," he said. His tone of voice raised suspicion in the back of my mind, but I pushed it away and focused on what Grey was saying.

"We had a deal. I'll protect you and help you find your mother. And that's what I'm going to do. I truly do believe that I can help, but first we need to do a few things."

"Which are?" I asked, the thought of being with my mother again causing my heart to pump faster and faster.

"You are going to need to train vigorously. And, I need to teach you about the place we're going."

"Sounds simple enough," I answered, willing to do anything to find my mother.

"There is also one condition," Grey said, his eyebrows raising. I motioned for him to proceed.

"You must do everything I tell you to," he stated. I nodded slowly, not seeing a problem.

"Shake on it," Grey commanded, outstretching his hand.

Slowly, I outstretched mine until our hands were touching. He grasped mine firmly.

We shook once, and then a white, mist-like substance exploded out

in all directions from our clasped hands.

Wind picked up, blowing papers off the table, and forcing Grey's hair and beard backwards.

A shudder shook the earth around us, sending me flying against the wall.

And then everything turned a blinding white.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And there's chapter eighteen! I hope you all enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it.

Any thoughts on what was going on right at the end? And new feeings toward Grey?

Please don't forget to vote if you enjoyed to support the story further.

Thank you all for your support on this book. It's been a great journey so far, and I'm looking forward to sharing the rest of it with you all!

# Chapter Nineteen

A loud boom exploded from what I guessed was the center of the room.

I squeezed my eyes shut to try to block out the light, but the brightness was shining through my eyelids. The wall against me was shaking, sending my body flying to the floor.

"Grey!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. There was a ringing in my right ear from the boom.

"Sit tight, I'm trying to get it to go away!" The old man's voice screamed back, barely audible over the trembling of the room and my ringing ear.

I squinted my eyes shut even further, trying to block more light out, but it did not help; the light still pushed through them.

The ringing in my ear did not go away; it only increased.

The shuddering of the floor did not stop; it only strengthened.

"It'll only be two more seconds! I figured out how to stop it!" Grey screamed. The movement of the earth caused me to fall from my sitting position onto the floor.

I brought my hands up to cover my ears, but my entire body was quickly thrown up into the air once more as the floor gyrated beneath me.

It felt as if the world was concaving and bringing me with it, spiraling into nothingness.

I slammed into the tiled floor hard, sending pain shooting through my body, little explosions of it pumping it out from the small of my back.

A scream escaped me as the pain intensified. I imagined the pain in

my back going away before raising my right hand, it shaking along with the rest of the world.

I didn't see anything happen, but just moments later a warm patch began emanating throughout my body. It started on the surface of my skin, right over where I landed on my back, but it quickly spread over the rest of my body, seemingly sinking through more and more layers of my body. The pain was alleviated, but the spell pushed me even further, sending me into a state of utter bliss.

The world around me seemed to have quieted. The bright white light was still there although it felt less invasive and out of place. It felt as if it was soothing my mind instead of hurting it.

And then the pain came slamming back like a baseball bat.

"Ryder," Grey's voice said. Slowly, I opened my eyes, groaning. All of the light was gone. The world around us shook slightly, although it was nothing compared to what it was just seconds ago.

The ringing in my ears still remained.

"W-what happened?" I choked out through the pain that was threatening to suffocate me.

"Don't worry about it," Grey said in a frantic tone. His eyes were squinted with worry as he stared down at me. "What happened to you?"

"I- The- I was thrown into the air from the shaking, and then I landed on my b-b-back," I managed. Beads of sweat were forming on my face and my breaths were coming in short, desperate puffs.

"Damn it. I need to get you a healer," Grey muttered to himself, placing a hand on my arm. "This may hurt."

I felt the familiar sensation of my body being transported from one place to another, and the moment my body touched the floor of the other destination, I began convulsing on the unfamiliar, cold ground.

"I need a healer in here, now!" Grey's voice came, stronger than

you'd expect from such a brittle old man. A door slammed behind him, but all I could focus on was the unbearable pain overtaking my body. I didn't think I had the energy left to make my back feel better.

Moments later, I felt a new hand on my arm.

"That was quick," I muttered, my vision beginning to black at the edges.

"The perks of magic," the unfamiliar, deep voice answered back quickly before I felt my back slowly beginning to heal, although the process just added to my pain.

I was writhing in pain and groaning when Grey whispered something that I couldn't make out, and the pain began going away slowly as well.

After minutes that felt like hours, my back felt fine, and I was out of pain, although I still laid on the ground panting, my shirt glued to my torso by sweat.

The speed and success of this healer's magic amazed me.

"What now?" I asked in between breaths.

"Now we train," Grey replied.

"For what?" I asked, my memory a haze from the white explosion.

"To get your mother back," he answered like I was the biggest idiot in the world.

"Oh, right! But first you need to tell me what happened back there," I said. Whatever it was, I suspected it was much stronger than I could fathom. Something with that power was also definitely best not to be messed with.

"It was nothing," Grey answered in a much quieter tone. "But don't focus on that. We need to focus on your training because that is what will help you succeed in getting your mother back."

"No, Grey. It wasn't nothing at all. You were there you saw the power it had. What was it?" I asked. My voice sounded surprisingly commanding.

"I can't explain it myself," Grey shot back, his face scolding me without having to use words. "When I figure it out, I'll tell you."

I tilted my head slightly and stared at Grey for a moment. His face didn't seem to agree with the words coming out of his mouth. It told me that he was hiding something, but I decided not to press. I'd just keep my eye out for anything suspicious.

"Alright then," I began. "So where do we go to train?"

"Let's start in the woods. I want you to practice the wind and earth magic," Grey answered, his face brightening considerably at the change of subject. Something was definitely going on that I wasn't supposed to know about.

"Le-" My sentence was cut off by the feeling of my body transporting, and once again I was standing in the forest.

"Go," Grey ordered.

"Excuse me?" I asked raising my eyebrows. He might be the king but just because a man is superior doesn't mean he can talk to his inferiors in such a way.

"Practice," he said in a plain voice.

"First off, don't order me around like that. Second, is that all I'm going to do? Just use the wind or earth over and over again until you deem me ready to fight whoever it is that's holding my mother?" My face was flushed red with anger, though I felt tired from exasperation.

"No. That's not what is going to happen. What is going to happen, had you let me finished, was we would 'fight' and then you would have to use a specific force to take me down," Grey explained.

"Had I let you finish? You said two words. But whatever. Let's do this," I said, my voice lacking any excitement.

"Good."

I began preparing to summon the wind to me when I was lifted off the ground and thrown across the forest. There was a moment of weightlessness, and then I slammed into the earth, my shoulder buried. I shook my head and then pulled myself up to a standing position.

"You can't expect me to just sit here and wait for you to knock me down," Grey said as he lifted his hand, a red tendril of light snaking out of his hand.

It shot toward me faster than I expected. I raised my hand and a shield shimmered before me. The light slammed into the shield with such a force that I was thrown backward although I kept my concentration on the shield.

When I looked back towards where I had been, the shield had flickered but not gone out, and Grey's spell had dissolved

I reached in towards my soul, just like I had the first time I used the wind, and focused my energy toward it.

The wind responded better than the first time, picking up almost right away. I then pulled it towards me, aligning my energy with it.

It came in a wave almost, and I had to force it into a small column. It buzzed with power as it blew the leaves and trees around it.

Closing my eyes, I sent the wind flying towards Grey. I could hear it tearing up the earth as it sped toward him, but then I felt it shudder, causing my body to go with it. I fell to my knees as the wind dispersed across the surrounding area, just blowing a slight breeze in my direction. No way that could take someone down.

"You're going to have to try harder than that," Grey shouted as he sent a pillar of flame toward me. The way he kept on going and going was making me more and more angry.

Instead of using magic, I dove out of the way.

The amount of magic I had been using was making me sweat, and I

wasn't going to waste any more of my energy on blocking that.

I decided I'd try to fight Grey off with fire instead of trying to use the wind again.

Taking the anger that I was feeling toward Grey, I closed my eyes, and shoved my emotions toward my fingertips, my body naturally making it become releasable magic.

The magic was waiting at the tips of my fingers, almost begging me to be used.

After a second, I forced it out of my body, throwing my hands forward and thinking about fire.

I felt it release through my fingers, the emotion of anger dissipating inside of my body, and I opened my eyes.

The flame was sailing through the air in a spiraling motion, and slammed into Grey, engulfing him for a moment, and then it disappeared. Grey was unharmed, his clothes untouched.

My breaths were coming in puffs, my hair wet and sticking to my forehead.

"I just went easy on you," he began. "There has not been one fight, in the history of the world, that the opponent would stand idly waiting for you to create flames to kill them."

"Y'know what, I didn't ask for you to do this!" I exclaimed.

"Shut up," Grey screamed, his face flushing red and his hand shaking. "Just shut up! I am *helping* you. You may not think of it that way or believe me but I am helping you. With what your future holds this will seem like child's play. You will be begging to come back to this moment and time. And if you keep whining like a sissy and complaining, going off of your irrational thoughts then I won't be able to help you and that will cause you to *die* so just shut up! I don't wanna hear it."

Grey was furious. His hands were flailing while he spoke, in turn throwing his insanely long, gray hair everywhere, his face still beet

red. Flecks of spit lodged themselves around the outside of his mouth, sticking there and moving rhythmically with the opening and closing of his mouth.

I stood in complete silence for a moment, taking in everything he'd just said. My mouth was hanging open slightly and no words could come to my brain.

"Close your mouth. We have more work to do," Grey commanded, not even trying to hide his anger or vexation.

I pulled my mouth closed and stood up straighter, squaring my shoulders.

"What're we doing now?" I asked. Grey was right. He *was* trying to help me. And many of the skills he was trying to build up for me would most likely come in handy when trying to get my mother back.

"We're going to b-" Cutting his voice off was a blood-curdling scream echoing through the entire forest. It pierced into my brain, sending shivers down my spine.

Grey and I locked eyes.

"Le'ts go," he said in a stony tone, and then we began sprinting in the direction of the scream.

As we ran through the dense forest, branches cut my cheeks, stinging each time a new one was formed.

We dodged trees and hopped roots or rotten logs as we ran toward the scream, never stopping once to take a breath. Even worse, we couldn't use our magic to transport ourselves to the site because we didn't know where exactly it was.

After what felt like hours of running, we skidded to a halt where the forest opened up to a field, although not the one where I'd first met Vanessa.

Laying in the middle of the field was a huddled mass. Blonde hair was sprawled on the ground around the figure, vibrating slightly.

No face was visible. All that I could tell was the figure was clearly female.

Just beyond her was what seemed to be a shimmering forcefield.

We ran up to get a closer look at the girl. About halfway to her, it became clear that those "vibrations" were from the female thrashing on the barren ground.

Despite the cold air, my shirt was, once again, soaked with sweat.

"Oh no," Grey whispered aloud as we reached the girl.

My heart dropped and a lump formed in my throat as I recognized the face seemingly too pretty to be real. Vanessa.

Her eyes were jerking frantically, her hair a mess. Now that we were closer we could hear what we couldn't before. As she thrashed on the ground, she repeated one phrase over and over again.

"They're coming. They're coming. They're coming. They're coming. They're coming."

# Chapter Twenty

I was in shock.

"Shit!" Grey exclaimed out loud. "Vanessa, keep doing what you're doing right now. Just keep holding on and keep powering the force field. I'll get you help."

With that, Grey disappeared into thin air. Vanessa's constant warnings began to trail off, her voice dying completely.

I felt helpless as Vanessa's eyes rolled into the back of her head, all motions stopping. The force field was still flickering.

Falling down to my knees, I grabbed Vanessa's hand. I was desperate to help, I just couldn't figure out how.

"It's gonna be okay," I began whispering over and over, regardless of how I didn't believe it. There was something very wrong, although I couldn't place my finger on what.

A bitter wind blew over the field, attacking any of my exposed skin. While the breeze passed over the field, the force field went with it, bits of dust that it crumbled into the only reminder it ever stood.

I stood once again, releasing Vanessa's hand. With the cloud cover overhead, it was hard to tell, but it looked almost as if figures were coming toward us from across the massive field. Wherever they were coming from, they were still a far distance away. If they were coming to kill me, I still had time to get out of here.

Vanessa groaned on the ground beneath me. It was the first sign of life she had shown since her lull in motion.

I averted my gaze down toward her, and my eyes widened immediately. Her chest was rising toward the sky and then slamming back into the ground as if being yanked up and then thrown down.

The sound of my heart beating filled my ears. My temples throbbed. Adrenaline pulsed through my veins.

Her eyes flew open, wider than a scared cat, and then she began breathing heavily.

"R-Ryder?" Vanessa's eyes were filled with fear. I surged forward, grabbing her body and pulling her closer to me.

"W-What are you doing here? Why would you stay here? Leave me! I'm not as important as you! Go! They're c-c-coming."

Her eyes began to close again, her body sinking down into my arms like a drunk woman passing out.

"Vanessa?" I asked, a weak tone in my voice. She was clearly unconscious, her chest barely rising and falling.

I switched my focus towards the figures again. They were much closer than before. Another breeze blew over the field, ruffling the small bits of yellow-brown grass left.

I needed a plan. And fast.

The first thing I did, was take my panic, and sent it streaming towards my finger tips. The process of using this magic was becoming more and more efficient. Within seconds, I was ready to release the magic.

I thought of hot, explosive fire, and sent it bursting out of my hand, watching as it rocketed towards the ground.

Once it hit the dead, stubs of grass, I moved my hand over, making a large circle around Vanessa and I.

To my dismay, the flames barely rose off of the ground. The grass was too short, the ground too cold.

I needed a new plan.

"Ryder!" a voice came behind me. I turned and saw a face that was vaguely familiar. The dusty blonde hair, the hooked nose. And his

scarlet eyes - I don't think I'd ever forget them.

"Bruno, is it?" I asked. He nodded, walking toward me and stepping over the small flames.

"You're going to need a better defense than this," he said, gesturing to the flames rising not even a foot off the ground.

"I know. I thought this might work but it didn't. You got any ideas?" I asked. My heart was beating fast, the figures growing closer by the second causing panic to shoot through me.

"Judging by how close whoever they are," Bruno began, gesturing to the people walking in the distance, "I'd say our best chance is to fight. But do something for me: bring Vanessa back to the meeting room."

"The meeting room?"

"It's the same room that Grey brought you to the first time you came here," Bruno explained, keeping his sight fixated on the people walking toward us. By now, I could clearly tell that there were fourteen of them.

"Okay," I answered.

"And the rest of them inside there are coming to fight too. We're gonna win this," Bruno said.

"Yes. We will." The confidence in my words weren't reflecting on the inside, but I decided this lie was one that was okay to tell.

I imagined myself appearing in the meeting room with Vanessa by my side, and raised my right hands. In the blink of an eye I was standing in the heated room.

Vanessa was laying on the ground at my side, her body limp.

"It's gonna be okay," I whispered. "We'll be alright."

I then lifted her up onto the table. I stared down at her face for a moment, overwhelmed by her beauty.

Slowly, I leaned down and brushed my lips against her forehead. I lifted my lips off and looked down upon her once more.

"I'm truly sorry," I whispered. I'd seen violence in my life, and I had killed people, but I truly felt bad. No one as good and pure as Vanessa deserved to be caught up in something that was because of me. And I was going to stop it right now.

I imagined myself appearing back in the field next to Bruno and then raised my hand, leaving Vanessa alone.

When I was standing in the frigid November air once again, I spotted a furious Grey and a worried Bruno. The rest of the men who had come to fight just looked annoyed.

"What's goin' on?" I called to them. Grey turned to look at me.

"You dumbo's thought that the people going to attack you would just walk toward you, giving you plenty of lead that they were going to attack you? No! That's not it!" He was furious, although I couldn't figure out why.

"What's going on Grey?" I asked, my eyes scrunching. He shook his head and signaled to his left. Towards the edge of the field was a woman, lying motionless. Her hair was long and brown, sprawled out across the earth just like Vanessa's was when we first found her.

"Who is that? Is she dead?" I asked, looking back and forth between her and Grey.

"Yes she is dead! And she is a close friend of mine," Grey said. The gleam in his eyes send chills down my spine. He looked like he could kill someone. But under all the anger, was sadness - the quivering of a lip, the tears forming in his eyes.

"Grey, it's going to be okay," I reassured, walking over and patting him on the back. The people around us stared, unsure of what to do.

The chilled air tried to snake it's way under my jacket.

"No it's not. That's a complete and utter lie, and it makes it all worse

because you know that it won't be okay. This isn't a video game where once you die or get injured you can just regenerate. There's so much at stake, but you don't see it. You just don't see it." His voice wasn't angry. It was tired.

"I'm sorry," I said. "But I need you t' know that I understand what is happening. I know what you are talking about. I've been confronted with so much violence in my life and done terrible things. I know more about it than you might assume."

The others around us still remained quiet, some kicking at the dead grass uncomfortably.

"I know that. But for some reason even though you've seen so much violence, you still are terrified every time you see it. It makes no sense. You've killed so many mass murderer's yet when you see someone whipping slaves, you can't contain yourself and you storm up emotionally, try to stop it, and nearly get yourself killed. It makes no sense and you need to learn to control yourself," Grey said. His face had begun to tint red. I was making him angry.

I opened my mouth to begin to answer when Bruno grabbed me.

"Hey, why don't we go inside and do something productive to find your mother. We got the force field fixed again, so instead of wasting our time fighting and freezing our butts off, lets do something." The people around us nodded their consent

"You got the force field fixed?" I asked.

"Yes. We all take turns holding up the force field for the same amount of time. Vanessa had been keeping it up and invisible when whoever was trying to get in attacked it. The attacks they sent to the force field took a toll on her. It's tiring enough to just hold up the force field. So whatever they attacked her with it was enough to sent her into the state of unconsciousness she's in," Bruno explained. Then, all around us everyone disappeared.

I imagined myself appearing in the room I was just in, and then raised my right hand, doing the same as the rest of them. Bruno's explanation turned over and over in my head the entire time.

When I was once again in the meeting room, Grey and his friends led me out of the room and further down the hallway to a different door.

Inside, the room was small, barely fitting all of us. Covering the walls were screens, each the same size, each showing a different image.

Some showed images of dirt paths, others showed cobblestone streets, and others showed fields or the forest.

"These are all the possible places that your mother may be. We've been watching them for a while now," Grey explained.

"What about Vanessa?" I cut in. He shot me a look before answering.

"Vanessa is being healed right now. Focus on this."

I nodded. The sheer amount of possibilities for where my mother could be was overwhelming.

"So do we just look around to see if we she's in any of these places?"

"Theoretically, yes, she could be seen although we don't know for sure," Grey answered, squinting at one of the screens.

"Okay." It seemed hopeless, but I did it anyway, focusing on the screens attached to the left wall. It was the only thing I had that would help make any progress.

As I studied the screens, I saw nothing. The only movement I witnessed was a rat scurrying across an abandoned street.

"Are you sure this could help?" I asked to no one in particular.

"Yes," Bruno answered. "It could very well help."

I grunted but kept looking.

About five minutes later, a gasp filled the room causing my heart to begin pumping once more.

"What is it?" I asked, my voice shaking slightly.

"It's your mother."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And here is chapter twenty! I'd just like to apologize for the extra long wait. I explained it a bit on my message board, although I'm not sure if you checked it so basically, I have been sick for a while and the past few days I've had these insane migraines, making writing nearly impossible. School was also a bit insane last week, so I didn't have much time to write.

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter!

Any thoughts on Bruno's character? What about Grey? Do you guys believe that Grey is good or bad? Do you think that they will succeed in rescuing Ryder's mother?

Also, just as a note, I'll be adding when the next Uncontrollable update is in my bio, although the best way to find out is to follow me; I usually post things on my message board or status.

Please don't forget to vote or comment if you enjoyed!

Thanks for reading.

# Chapter Twenty-One

"Lets go there," I exclaimed, glee lacing my voice. My heart was pumping, adrenaline and magic rocketing through my veins.

"Okay. But you're going to need to be logical," Bruno said, locking eyes with me. His voice made it sound as if he cared about me, but his eyes told a different story. He didn't trust me.

"I will," I assured. There was a tension forming in the room, much stronger than it should have been.

"Okay then," Grey said, clearing his throat and breaking the silence. "Lets go then."

A scrawny, squat, red-headed man was standing at the screen. On the screen was a dirt road surrounded by forest on either side. In the road, was my mother, her brown hair much longer than it used to be, nearing her waist line. She was dressed in tatters, all gray but covered in stains and rips.

She was clearly conscious, but it looked as if some invisible force was holding her onto the ground. Just seeing her alive brought tears to my eyes, although I fought hard to suppress them.

"Everyone ready?" Grey asked.

"Yes!" The words came out of my mouth before anyone else's.

"Okay then."

I was shaking with anticipation as the man in front flattened his palm against the screen.

A large white sphere appeared, streaming out of the screen and then forming in front of us. As it happened, wind began blowing through the room, getting stronger as the sphere of energy configured.

Once the ball was as large as the screen itself, I felt a tug as if it was pulling me toward it.

"On three, you have to jump into the sphere!" Grey screamed, locking eyes with me. I nodded.

"And then, once you get in you have to imagine the place that you just saw vividly. You need to want to go there," Bruno finished.

I nodded once again. I would do anything to get my mother back.

"Okay," Grey said. Then the countdown began.

"One."

"Two."

"*Three!"*

I used my force and threw myself into the ball of light and energy, everyone else around me doing the same. Our heads all slammed together, but it didn't hurt. It felt as if our entire bodies were condensing and morphing to fit into the ball.

Then I was thrown into a world of white, with no visible or clear boundaries, everyone who had been standing around me began floating away from me, the space between us growing larger and larger. We surged forward in the seemingly endless world, wind pushing against us.

"Grey!" I screamed, my heart pumping. What if I didn't make it out of here? What if I didn't complete the steps correctly?

The people who had been so close to me now felt miles away, some gone completely. The way that we seemed to be hovering surrounded by no hard ground just made me more edgy.

"What?" Grey's irked voice bellowed. It came from somewhere to my left. I swiveled my head but wasn't able to pinpoint the exact spot.

"When do I complete the steps you listed to me?" I asked, raising the

volume of my voice to a point where it hurt my throat.

My eyes darted back and forth, panic overtaking me. I couldn't get lost in this empty world of white; I wouldn't.

"Now!" he barked back, his voice iced in graveness. The way he said it created more butterflies in my stomach.

This was my chance to get my mother back - the only opportunity I had. I couldn't blow this.

Letting out a long breath, I closed my eyes and blocked out my surroundings, just picturing the image from the screen. I let it fill my mind, being the only thing I could think about.

And then I released my emotions. Not just a 'want' to get there; a need; a desire; a drive. I allowed the feelings to flow freely through my body,

The wind picked up, and I felt the cool air snake it's way under my jacket once more. I peeled my eyes open against the increasing wind, and saw the ground coming towards me at a rapid pace.

The sight elicited a scream from me just before I tumbled into the ground, rolling head over heels and getting dirt stuck in my hair.

Around me, men and women alike were screaming. I rubbed my eyes and surveyed the scene. Everyone was fighting one another, desperately trying to win for their side. Off to the side of the dirt road my mother was laying on the ground.

I wanted to help fight, but all I could think about was my mother; it was the first time I'd seen her in weeks and here she was.

My chest puffed with pride and I sprinted over to her, throwing myself down next to her. I'd almost wrapped my arms around her when Grey stopped me. He was breathing heavily.

"Fight now, get her later," he said between his breaths. My mind was torn; what he was saying made sense, but I couldn't bring myself to leave.

"Ryder," Grey's voice was fuller now that he'd taken some time to breathe. His eyes locked with me as he said the next sentence. "Fight now. We will get your mother, but later."

Just like that, my mind changed. My body was suddenly filled with an urge to fight and leave my mother's side.

"Okay," I answered, standing up and brushing the dirt off of my jacket, feeling no need at all to help my mother.

"You see the woman that Kurtis is fighting?" Grey asked, pointing towards the red-headed man who had first spotted my mother. Standing across from him, sending waves of dirt and utilizing seeds as bullets, was a woman with hair as dark as the soil she was using to fight cascading her back and covering most of her vicious face.

I nodded.

"She is the strongest out of all of them. You need to help him." Grey's voice was commanding. I simply nodded and then began watching the fight, debating when the best time to jump in would be.

"Send fire toward her when Kurtis blocks her next attack, alright? And do it from behind her," Grey ordered.

I nodded like a robot once more, and then imagined myself appearing behind her, and raised my right hand.

Everyone was so involved in their own fighting that they didn't notice my movement, but when I appeared to the back of the woman who I was supposed to attack, I still felt Grey's eyes trained on me as if he couldn't watch anything else. And not only that, he felt like a voice in the back of my head, urging me to fight and forget my mother.

Seemingly unable to do anything else, I began taking my feelings of joy from finding my mother, and began sending it toward my finger tips, turning it into magic subconsciously.

I watched the fight with diligence as I waited for the correct time to release the fire.

The woman sent a wave of dirt at Kurtis, and he sent up a shield, slamming against the dirt. Taking his cue, I released the magic, sending columns of flames flying at her. Once I felt them touch her skin, I urged them to grow larger.

The smell of burning flesh rose into the air, expanding over the area. Smoke was exploding off of her, filling my nostrils. I urged them to grow even larger. Her screaming filled the air and pierced into my soul.

And then slowly, I let the flames die down; there would be no way for her to fight in this state, even if she wanted to.

Turning around, I looked for someone else to fight, a voice in my brain pushing me to fight instead of get my mother, but then slowly, the pushing went away replaced only by the need to bring my mother back to safety.

I looked over and saw Grey too involved in his fighting to watch me. I smiled and sprinted over to my mother, kneeling down beside her.

"Mother. I"ve found you! I'm going to bring you to safety. It'll be okay," I cooed excitement lifting the tone of my voice.

"Ryder, son," she began. "Please stop. You don't understand what's happening - I'm okay I just need you to go back to the base and join the war. Our paths will meet one day once more but for now they should part."

I didn't understand what she was talking about at the time.

"No." I refused to believe it. I wrapped my arms around her and was immediately thrown into the air but before I could land, I was transported and thrown onto a cold, hard, unfamiliar floor.

I thought there may have been bars surrounding me but I wasn't sure.

All I was left with was darkness.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

**Here's chapter twenty-one! I hope you all enjoyed. Thoughts on the end of this chapter? On Ryder? Thank you for reading!**

# Chapter Twenty-Two

My first instinct was magic.

I imagined myself disappearing out of this dark abyss and back into the street with my mother; I refused to let her slip through my fingers that easily.

I raised my right hand, closed my eyes, focusing on only that image, concentrating so hard that I felt like I could force my body to go there.

The feeling of transportation I was so accustomed to began, but about halfway through I felt a sensation I had only experienced once before in my life.

It was as if my body had broken apart into different particles that were traveling in a pack, but hit a wall, and were thrown off of it.

With an angry grunt, I opened my eyes, taking a deep breath. Someone knew who they were dealing with, using magic to prevent me from getting out.

Without the ability to transport myself out of this place, I moved on to other options. I imagined a ball of light appearing at the tip of my finger. Within the second, there was a small ball of light flowing freely from my finger tips.

I concentrated on the light and aligned my energy with it, forcing it into the shape of a tight ball. When it was, I could illuminate whatever area I wanted.

I held the light out in front of me. I was standing on frozen dirt, with hay dusting the top of it. For a moment it reminded me of the horse barn I'd been in with Vanessa when I'd seen those slaves beaten, although the terrible smell in this area was much different than the one there; I couldn't place my finger on exactly what the smell was.

I took a few cautious steps forward holding out my finger in front of me. The area that it irradiated was just the same as the last; nothing except dirt.

An exasperated sigh fell out of my mouth before I could stop it. I wasn't worried; if anyone tried to attack me I would just use my magic. But, I needed to find my mother, and the urge to do so burned like a fire hotter than ever before.

There was one idea that came to my mind that would help me get a better feel for where I was trapped.

With the flourish of my index finger, I sent the ball of light flying upwards, allowing it to flow more freely as it went up.

It kept traveling up through the sky until it slammed into an invisible force. The light flickered for a moment before regaining it's full brightness. I stopped sending it upward and instead began focusing more of my energy into making it larger. Slowly, the darkness was repelled away by my light.

As the light grew larger and the darkness was forced back, I could see the confinements of my cage; I was surrounded my metal bars built close together like a jail cell. The area was fairly large.

While I scanned my eyes around the cell, I noticed that there was one wall that was built of wood, not metal.

Flicking my gaze downward, a repulsed gag was elicited from me; rotting corpses lay piled against the wood.

The putrid smell of death wafted into my nose, seeming to smell worse than before now that I knew what it was.

Etched into the wooden poles were names and symbols. I walked over to the poles and bent down, ignoring the skeletons nearby, and breathing through my mouth to try to eliminate the smell. *Trent Smith*. Next to his name was symbols for fire, wind, water, and earth. There was also an intricate picture of a brain.

A shiver ran through my body, my eyes fixated on those specific pictures and name. I felt a strong connection to that name, although

I couldn't figure out why.

It felt as if I was frozen like a deer caught in headlights, unable to move.

The knife landing right over my head was what pulled me out of my daze. It had stuck into the wooden pole directly above me. Had it been an inch lower, it would have impaled my skull.

I spun around, rising to a standing position and preparing to fight. Blood pumped rapidly from my heart, magic shooting through my veins giving me a buzz of energy not even adrenaline can.

I knitted my eyebrows. How could there be no one in the cell? They couldn't be hiding because the whole thing was illuminated and there was no where to hide.

And then, out of the blue, another knife appeared out of thin air, sailing straight toward my heart. I dove out of the way, slamming into the metal bars. The knife hit a wooden pole and clattered to the ground, disappearing the moment it hit the earth.

"Hello?" I called out uncertainly, hoping that someone had used magic to make themselves invisible.

"I thought you'd never realize," a woman's voice came from directly behind me. I whirled around to face the invisible voice.

"What're you doing? Why am I being held here?" I asked, anger and exasperation filling my voice. The woman's voice was high and nasally when she spoke.

"Those are confidential things. I wouldn't worry too much though. After all, Ryder, you are supposedly the strongest magician to exist. Although I don't buy it. How could the strongest magician to exist not be able to get out of a simple cage?" Her voice raised at the end, dripping with smugness. As she spoke, her voice seemed to be moving. I kept my body facing where it sounded like her voice was coming from.

"You're right," I answered, shooting down her smugness with my

cool head. "I'm not the strongest magician to exist. I am a teenage boy who uses my powers for things I think are worth it. Nothing more, nothing less. Now get me out of here."

"Ah... tsk tsk tsk," she began her voice reverberating of the cell bars as if they were a solid wall. "Grey told me you'd be in denial of what you truly are."

Her laugh rang out through the cell, but it was her words that pierced into my brain, breaking down my deepest defenses. *Grey* told her?

"What do you mean 'Grey told me you'd be in denial of what you truly are'?" I asked, my emotions having clearly changed. My voice sounded almost inviting.

"I mean exactly what I said," the woman spat. Although she was invisible, I was almost sure that she was scowling.

"You know Grey?" Did everyone connected with the wizarding world know Grey?

"Of course I do. Every damn wizard knows him; he's the king for heaven's sake!" She began walking again. Now that I was acutely aware of her, I could hear her footsteps on the hay.

"But why did he talk to you about me?" I pushed, having a craving to know more. If they were working *together*, that would mean that Grey had been working against *me* the entire time.

"Because I asked. I was invited to a meeting a while back; he wanted to know about my invisibility. As the night droned on, though, his drinks were increasing and he was becoming so drunk a fly could kill him. And then I asked about you - don't question me about why, I won't answer ya - and he spilled all his dirty little secrets 'bout you. 'Course this was before he'd even pretended to be a victim of a murder to get close to you," she explained. Talking to a person but not being able to see them felt extremely creepy.

"Would you cut the invisible act?" I asked as a way to stall so I could ponder what she'd said. Then, without warning, a knife flew

toward me. The first thing I could think to do was stop it, so I squeezed my eyes shut, and concentrated on the knife, using all of my willpower to make it stop and turn around.

Beads of sweat began dripping down my forehead. Physical objects had always been harder for me to connect with.

As I tried to connect with it, I urged it to stop and spin around. A smile played on my lips as I felt it obey my commands. I peeled my eyes open just in time to see it fall to the ground and disappear.

"So you really can stop objects with your mind," the voice sang from behind me.

I turned toward her voice just in time to hear a bang and see bullets flying towards me. With a sigh, I concentrated once more on the bullets, but they were moving much quicker than the kinfe was and I didn't have time to stop them.

At the last minute, I conjured a force field to block the bullets. An accomplished laugh began bubbling in my stomach when I felt a searing pain in my shoulder, throwing me onto the ground. As I hit the ground more pain shot through my body, a scream extracted from my body.

Tears threatened to burn their way out of my eyes, but I held them back. I could heal the injury and I could win this fight.

"You really are pathetic. You think you're all that but you're not." Just her voice, let alone her words, made me angry.

Above me, the woman made herself visible once more, twirling a knife lazily.

"I think that they need to rethink taking your powers - you're not even worth it," the woman said, a sneer overtaking her face buried under pounds of makeup. Even the brown of her eyes looked to be altered somehow. With each word she said, my head pounded. I could barely focus because of all the pain.

"Oh, so you work for 'them'. The ones who relentlessly attacked me for my powers?" I asked, my voice shaking from the pain I was

feeling.The bitterness of my voice sparked up a victorious smile on the woman's face. Her shoulder-length blonde hair fell forward as she leaned further over me.

"Yes. I do. And personally I don't think your worth it. I'm surprised you can even kill other murderers. You can't even get your mother back," she said with a small chuckle.

The last few words she said spoke sparked an anger unlike anything I'd ever felt before. An anger from deep within my body, a fiery wrath ready to be released.

Instead of using my anger to kill this woman, though, I decided to use it to try to get myself out of here once more.

Without answering her, I closed my eyes and imagined appearing at the road with my mother once more. Once it was clear in my mind, I raised my right hand, releasing my normal magic with the anger magic with it.

The feeling of transportation overtook me again, but this time it was stronger, faster and more powerful. When my body seemed to reach the area where I was thrown back into the cell, the strength of my magic, slammed through it and the next thing I knew I was laying staring up at the clouds, dirt surrouding my body.

Pain pulsed through my body. I was so tired from the magic I'd used I couldn't even stop the pain. There still seemed to be fighting all around me, but I didn't have the energy or momentum to join in; all I could do is lay helplessly on the dirt, watching.

One thought never left my head: I needed Grey to protect me and if that meant joining the war, that's what I needed to do.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And here is chapter twenty-two! I hope you all enjoyed it, and hopefully the ending to the chapter was exciting enough for you all.

Did you guys enjoy seeing more of Ryder's telekinesis abilities? Do any of you have thoughts on this name "Trent Smith" that he feels

like he has a connection to? Any new thoughts on Grey? Feel free to tell me in the comments section below! I'd love to hear your opinions.

Some more answers in the next chapter!

I'd also like to give all of you a ***huge*** thanks for all the votes, comments, and reads I've been getting. It's been absolutely insane and it's all thanks to you, my amazing readers. I hit #2 on the action hot list yesterday, and I can't thank you all enough. You make my dreams for writing possible!

Also, please don't forget to vote (clicking that little star). That will help support this book! Thanks to all of you so much for reading!

# Chapter Twenty-Three

Shouts from all around me came when I landed.

As they continued fighting, I tried standing up. The world was swimming around me. A scream came from my mouth when I stood up and then collapsed back onto the ground, a new round of pain enveloping me.

"Ryder," Grey exclaimed, running toward me.

"What?" I asked, annoyed. He leaned his face over mine. I could slightly make his face in my world of pain.

"What happened to you?" he asked. "You look like a mess."

"I got shot," I answered, my voice weak from the agony but clearly conveying I was not in the mood to be called a mess.

"You're emotions are bizarre," Grey commented, his face scrunched in confusion for a moment.

"Grey," I began through a fog of pain, my voice steely.

"Let's get you out of here," he said. "The others are almost finished with their fights."

He said it as if it was an every day to fight with other wizards and win.

"Hopefully they won't come attacking us any time soon when we destroy their defenses like this," Grey said quietly as he watched the remaining fights with his full attention.

After what felt like eons, Grey told me that we were ready to go back to Base. By that point, my vision was black around the edges, although something seemed to be keeping me conscious and alright. I assumed it was Grey.

The feeling of transportation enveloped me and the next thing I could comprehend, I was slammed into a rough, cement surface. I screamed in pain, the world around me turning darker and my brain becoming foggier.

Somewhere near me I heard more shouting.

"Get him to a healer!"

"Be careful!"

My head rolled the side, my cheek resting on the cold surface. The lids of my eyes began drooping. I tried to force them to stay open but they wouldn't obey. I tried to move my limbs but I had no control over them either.

The sounds of chaos around me slowly faded out into nothing. My world was enveloped in blackness.

The first thing I heard was voices. After a few moments of consciousness once more, I could tell they were clearly Vanessa and Grey's. And they were angry. The pain in my shoulder seemed to have gone away, but I kept my eyes closed; something told me I shouldn't be awake.

"-Gonna realize and then you're going to have to pay the price." There was an indignation lacing Vanessa's voice that sounded deadly, but something else sounded different. At the time in my muddled state, I couldn't figure it out.

"He will not figure out," Grey began, his voice just as heated as Vanessa's but lacking the same fatal tone. "That boy is stupider than cow shit. If he were to figure it out I may jump for joy just because of the imbecile he is."

My mind reeled. Were they talking about me? Was this really Grey — the same old man who looked at me with such care — speaking? Maybe I was hallucinating. Or dreaming even. That had to be it; Grey would never speak of anybody like this.

"I think you're underestimating Ryder. You always have, but this time it's going to come back to bite you," she retorted. So they were

talking about me. My heart pumped faster. How could this be a dream when it all felt so real?

"No, it won't," Grey answered, taking up the mortal tone of voice that Vanessa had.

"Yes, it will, Grey. Just because you fought your way to power doesn't mean that you can treat your inferiors like they are dirt. In all honesty, you don't deserve to be king." The words shocked me. I'd never seen such a fiery side of Vanessa. She was speaking as though Grey was the worst being to walk this earth. On top of that, the disgust in her voice would make you think she was speaking to vomit.

"Don't speak to me that way," Grey commanded. Vanessa answered quicker than light.

"Why? Because it's the truth?" I left my eyes closed in attempt to conceal the fact that I was conscious, but had my eyes been open, I'm sure I would've witnessed a horrified face on Grey.

I'd decided by now that I couldn't dream this up. But now that I had discerned this was reality, my mind was torn based on what I'd heard; was Grey good or bad? My thoughts were cut short by their conversation picking up once more.

"No. Because it's lies. Falsehoods that you've made up based upon the feelings you've developed for this reckless, uncontrollable boy."

"The truth hurts more than a fist. I've figured that one out by now. But running from it just makes it all hurt more," Vanessa whispered, venom leaking through her voice.

"Vanessa-"

"What did the prophecy say? What scared you so damn much?" Vanessa asked. The anger had dissipated leaving only a tiredness to fill her voice.

"He's the end," Grey began. His voice had turned bitter. "Ryder's the end of it all. There's nothing left for me after him. Nothing left for us."

"You already had nothing left for you, you rotten, shriveled-up raisin. This plan would fall eventually at the hands of a noble man or woman. You knew that." Vanessa showed no sympathy for Grey. I focused on their words hard, my brain not working as well as it was. It was as if I was drifting back into unconsciousness.

"Yes, but I never wanted it to end at the hands of a teenager," Grey said. My heartbeat sped up even faster. Beads of sweat began to form on my palms and the back of my neck. How could this all be true? How could this all be happening?

"This whole plan was stupid anyway," Vanessa said.

"Then why are you involved?" Grey spat.

"Save all your anger. I'm sick of it. You may be able to manipulate people or alter minds with your magic but you were *never* meant to succeed. You know that," Vanessa shot back, relentlessly attacking Grey. There must've been some connection between the two that I had missed in my time here. My mind was growing more and more tired, and pain in my shoulder began to slowly trickle back. I could feel my mind slipping off the cliff of consciousness, falling into the lifeless pit of unconsciousness.

"No. I refuse to believe that. I will win; I will succeed," Grey shouted, his voice defiant.

"And how will you do that?"

"Kill the problem. Kill the boy."

That sent my body into a fit. My heart sped up even faster to inhuman speeds. My head hurt, and I knew I only had a few seconds more of clarity.

There was a beeping to the right of me, and then everything became fuzzy and unclear. Within seconds I'd fallen unconscious once again.

The second time I came around, I was conscious for good. A nurse dressed in all white scrubs was standing next to me, dark brown

hair touching her waist.

"You should be good to go, you'll just need to wait for a few minutes while we get the 'okay' from the head healer," the nurse said, her friendly face looking distracted.

I'd been up for about a half hour and my mind felt sharper than it had in weeks.

During the wait, the nurse and I made small talk until she was told I could be released.

"You may be a little bit dizzy while walking for a little while, but besides that you should be good," the nurse told me. I nodded and stood up.

The world around me spun for a moment but returned to normal quickly.

"Thank you," I said, but I was already raising my hand, imagining the room where I left Vanessa in the Base.

With a blue smoke enveloping me, I was transported to the room. The smoke cleared quickly. Grey stood before me, a smile on his face. This just caused my blood to boil.

"It's nice to see y-"

"What the hell do you think you're do-" I would have kept going had something else not caught my eye. My mother was laying on the floor surrounded by a wispy bubble.

"We couldn't just leave her there," Bruno explained, walking up behind me. It was welcoming to hear his voice instead of Grey's.

I turned to face him and noticed Grey had left the room.

"I can't touch her, can I?" I asked. Her eyes were closed, and she looked peaceful surrounded by her cloud-like bubble.

"No. We're trying to figure it out, though," Bruno said. I nodded, keeping my mouth shut. My heart felt heavy as if would plummet to

my feet at any moment.

After what felt like an eternity, Bruno cleared his throat.

"We decided to give you housing here."

"What?" I asked, my mind still stuck on my mother.

"To keep you safe," he explained. I nodded slowly. If my mother was here, I had nothing to go back to anyway.

"They're this way." Bruno walked out of the room and made a left. I followed. After winding our way through the crossing hallways, we arrived at a door with the number fifteen carved into the door.

I made my way to open the door, outstretching my hand, but faltered.

"Where's the door knob?" Bewilderment filled my voice.

"You need to use magic," he explained. I raised my hand and imagined the door swinging open, my mind growing tired.

Purple tendrils of light snaked out of my palm, going directly to the edges of the door. After just a few seconds, the door popped open, revealing the simple inside of the room.

In the far back corner was a bed, covered in a beige comforter. The rest of the room was composed of a worn couch and a small dresser.

"We know it's not much, but we don't spend much time in these rooms," Bruno explained, seeing the look on my face.

"No, no. It's nice," I said, changing my demeanor. "I do need my own space here."

"Cool. Why don't you-uh-get some sleep? It's late anyway."

I nodded without saying a word, and Bruno walked out, the door swinging shut behind him without any motion on his part.

I plopped down on the bed and tried to fall asleep, but I couldn't.

After an hour of restlessness, I raised my right hand and imagined myself appearing in the woods.

Moments later, I was breathing in the crisp night air. The leafless trees swayed slightly in the breeze. My white tee-shirt and shabby jeans provided little protection from the cold, but I didn't mind; it cut into me with a refreshing reality.

I sighed and looked up at the starry night sky. I'd never felt more empty in my entire life.

"You heard Grey and I talking, didn't you?" Vanessa's voice caught me by surprise, causing me to jump. I turned, and saw Vanessa wearing a long sleeve shirt for the first time. Her eyes seemed gray, her face filled with pain.

Her curly blonde hair was covering her folded arms as she leaned against a tree behind me.

"Yeah," I answered. Her beauty was breathtaking even when she wasn't wearing makeup.

"I'm sorry about that," she said. Hearing her now made me realize what was different about her in that conversation with Grey; she wasn't speaking in a country accent. She wasn't using that accent here either, although I didn't press about it.

"You're not the one who needs to be sorry," I said. She unfolded her arms and walked toward me.

With her so close to me, I could feel her breath on my chest and see so clearly the emotions she was feeling in her eyes. She looked as if she was about to shatter.

"He didn't mean it," she whispered after moments of silence.

"What?"

"He's not going to kill you. He doesn't have the heart to. He was just emotional." Vanessa reached her arms out and snaked them around my right arm, clinging to me like I was the only thing that felt real to her.

I turned and began walking through the woods. She followed, still holding my arm, her footsteps in sync with my own.

"I suppose not. What were you guys fighting about? Has he been lying to me about everything?" I asked. Slight pain was reflecting in my voice, but nearly as much as in Vanessa's.

"No, not exactly. We can talk about that more later. He's just not been totally truthful about the whole war business," Vanessa explained, resting her head on my shoulder. I didn't object.

"What's up with him then?"

"He heard this prophecy and after hearing it went berzerk. He hasn't been the same since, muttering to himself and preoccupied. He wouldn't give us any information as to what the prophecy told him though and-" Vanessa elaborated. She sounded tired of Grey in general.

"And now you know," I finished.

"Yeah, I guess. I don't believe it, though," she said. I knitted my eyebrows together. Why wouldn't she believe it?

Above us, an owl hooted softly. I looked up before saying anything.

"Why not?" I asked.

"I just don't. I don't buy it," she said.

"What do you think is the real prophecy then?" I asked. She shook her head, her soft hair moving against my arm.

"I was conscious when you kissed me," Vanessa said, suddenly switching the subject. My cheeks blushed red.

"S-Sorry," I stuttered. She laughed softly. I turned and her eyes were lighter than they'd been before. She looked more her age now.

"I didn't mean to embarrass you," she muttered, looking toward the ground.

"So about that prophecy?" I asked trying to make it less awkward for both of us.

"Yeah," she said. With a moments hesitation, she slid her arms downward and grabbed my hand, pulling me a different way than where we are walking.

"Where are we going?"

"To get answers."

~+ **Uncontrollable** +~

Hey guys. I hoped you liked this chapter - it was a bit longer than usual. And sorry about how slow it was. More action in the next few ones though.

Now that you've read this, what're your thoughts on Vanessa? What about Grey? Anyone ideas about Ryder and Vanessa?

Also, does anyone have a clue about what might have happened with that white flash?

Once again, sorry this chapter didn't have much action.

Thanks for reading!

# Chapter Twenty-Four

Vanessa and I left our hands intertwined as we walked through the silent woods towards the Base. Neither of us said a word, but the silence was comforting.

The moonlight shone through the trees, irradiating Vanessa's blonde hair and her pained eyes. I nearly asked her what was so troubling to her, but I refrained; my gut was telling me it wasn't the time to talk about nuances in life such as that.

"Sometimes, I wish I could just freeze life and never have to leave that moment," Vanessa said eventually, breaking the silence.

I nodded, muttering my agreement to her.

"What a shame we have to keep going in life," she said as she sped up her feet. I matched her pace. The withered, dead leaves crunched beneath us as we went.

As we entered into the clearing with the base hidden, a feeling of dread slowly seeped through me; I didn't want to go back there and continue the crazy life I'd been living. I wanted to stay here with Vanessa in the calm of the night.

With a shaking arm, Vanessa attempted to move the leaves out of the way, but the attempt was feeble; only a few leaves moved.

"What's wrong?" I asked, releasing her left hand and facing her. My appearance felt unnaturally and unnecessarily cold.

"Nothing."

"No. What is it? You can't hide that there's something wrong," I said, my expression softening and a sympathetic smile playing at my lips.

"It's nothing you'd understand or know how to deal with," she said, looking down.

"Hey," I began, placing a finger under her chin and raising her face to look at me. "I'll always be here if you need to talk."

She nodded and I pulled her into a tight embrace. And it was in that moment that I realized I'd had feelings for Vanessa since the moment I talked to her; her playful attitude with a darker side. Like an angel covered in a cloak of mystery.

"We have work to do," she said, pulling her body away from me and walking away. I followed, my body enveloped in warmth from the hug.

"Can you move the leaves?" she asked. I nodded, realizing that her emotional state must be causing her magic to be weaker; I made a mental note to myself to ask someone about that later. Preferably Bruno because when I spoke with Grey it wouldn't be about the technicalities of magic. I also noted that she was once again using her phony accent.

I didn't have the energy to use wind magic, so I just imagined the leaves blowing away as my hand swiped across the air, and then I outstretched my right hand and moved it in a steady line.

The leaves blew quickly away in a wave of crunches. The soil was overturned because of the leaf movement.

Vanessa and I went up to the Base and yanked the hatch open, descending into the depths. I hadn't ever really walked the way to the room where Grey and his helpers seemed to always be, so I couldn't place exactly where we were going.

When we arrived at two large, oak doors looking older than Grey, I knew I'd never been brought to this section before.

With a few tugs on the iron handles, the door creaks open. Vanessa and I enter into the room, pulling the door closed behind us.

There is no light to illuminate the area surrounding me. With the flourish of her hand, Vanessa casted a ball of light zooming around the room and then settling at the ceiling. It expanded on its own will, but brightens the room effectively.

Surrounding me were ancient shelves, made with the same wood as the door we just entered. Filling the shelves were books. An endless supply of books, all faded. Dust floated around the air. The bookshelves made a circular formation around groups of tables. Despite the simplicity, the room seemed endless with its high arching ceilings and the sheer size of it. We were standing at the beginning of one bookshelf.

"This'll only take a moment," Vanessa said and took off down the aisle. I followed, the dust hovering around my nose and making it just a bit harder to breathe.

When we arrived in the middle, Vanessa maneuvered around all the tables and chairs. I followed in her wake. Eventually, we skidded to a halt at the middle of an aisle.

"This is it," Vanessa whispered, her eyes locked on a book. I followed her gaze and saw an old, blue book. The blue on the spine was fading and just on the shelf, it looked as if it was about to fall apart.

She pulled it out of its spot, and ran back to one of the tables. When she dropped it onto the hard metal of the tables - the only things in this library that looked like they'd been updated - a cloud of dust puffed into the air.

She pulled the book open, muttering a number under her breath all the while.

"728, 728, 728," she chanted to herself. Eventually, she reached the page she was looking for, and bent down to read what was on it. I looked and saw the page number was 728; she knew everything she needed for this.

After a few moments of silence, she jumped up.

"Ah-ha!" she exclaimed, her finger jammed onto a sentence. Her eyes were alight with excitement.

"What is it?" I asked, still not understanding why we were here.

"I figured it out." Her words were proud, a victorious smile occupying her face. I raised my eyebrows in question.

"What is it you figured out?" My voice echoed in the large, empty library. I was beginning to tire of all the questions I asked that were never fully answered.

"I figured out how to get us to the Palace of Prophecies," Vanessa explained, smiling. The smile matched her flowing and free hair.

"You wanna hear the prophecy Grey told you about yourself," I inferred. She nodded.

"And you're coming with, but we're not going now. At the moment, we both need some sleep. After breakfast tomorrow, we'll begin," she said, leaving the book open to page 728.

We walked back to the door together, exiting into the silent hallway. Vanessa had taken the light out of the library, leaving it inky once more.

"Your quarters are that way," Vanessa said, pointing to the left. I assumed hers weren't if she was telling me where to go.

"No turns?" I asked, not wanting to be lost. She nodded.

"Night." She smiled again, and walked the opposite way, fading into the darkness.

I wished desperately to hug her once more, but I knew that the time for vulnerability had passed.

Turning, I walked back to my quarters quickly. I used my magic to open the door almost without thinking. Plopping down on my bed, I kicked off my shoes and fell asleep quickly.

Dreams of the cell I'd been to haunted me, the pile of corpses filling my mind. The feeling of fear I'd felt when the knives were thrown at me enveloped my sleeping body, making sleep nearly impossible for more than an hour or two at a time.

Most of all, the name Trent Smith appeared over and over in my

nightmares.

After what felt like an eternity of on and off sleeping, a knock rang through my room. I got out of bed and opened the door.

Vanessa stood in front of me, her hair dripping wet.

"We can get some breakfast now, and then we can go," she remarked. I assumed she slept well because she seemed re-energized. I nodded, slipped on my shoes, and stepped out of the door.

"Take a shower first," she ordered, pushing me back over the threshold.

"I don't have a bathroom in my quarters."

She sighed, and waved her hand. In the back right corner, the white disappeared and a new door was in its place.

"Now how was I supposed to know how to do that?" I asked, a playful smiling overtaking my lips.

"Just go," she said, rolling her eyes. "When you arrive at the library doors, keep walking until another hallway branches off of that one, and then turn onto the new corridor. Keep walking until the end of that, and you'll be at the mess hall."

With that, the door swung closed and I was left alone. I turned. The door that had just appeared had a doorknob luckily.

I sauntered over and twisted it. Inside was a large, tiled shower and a sink. Sitting on the sink was a toothbrush and toothpaste; sitting inside of the shower was soap and shampoo. There was another door next to the shower that I assumed held a toilet behind it. With the bathroom being so long and skinny, the shower looked out of place being so large.

I turned on the water, making it on the hot side, then peeled off my clothes and hopped in.

The hot water ran down my back, soothing my stressed body. It felt

like all the stress and pressure was evaporating off of me, mixing with the smoke.

After washing my body with soap and scrubbing my hair with shampoo, I reluctantly turned the shower off and stepped out onto a mat that hadn't been there before. A towel appeared on top of the sink. I smiled and grabbed it, drying myself off.

I then looked in the mirror and imagined a haircut. After the blue smoke that encircled my head cleared, it looked as if I'd just gotten a hair cut. All of my brown hair was shorter, the sides almost the length of a buzz cut but the top was left a bit longer, the hair going up twisting upwards at the front making small spikes of hair.

I smiled and walked into my room. In the dresser was multiple pairs of clothes. I pulled on a plain red tee-shirt and black jeans. My leather jacket looked the same but smelled as if it'd been washed. I put it on, and then slid my feet into my combat boots.

Following Vanessa's directions, I made it to the mess hall without any setbacks. The room was large and open, filled with tables. At the back was one long, white bar with tons of food on it.

I went up and piled eggs, bacon, toast, and a half of a bagel onto my plate. I then spotted Vanessa and sat down in the seat next to her. I began shoveling my food into my mouth without a second thought. Once it was all gone, I washed it down with a glass of water.

"Ready?" Vanessa asked, her voice sounding almost as excited as I was feeling. I nodded and we stood up, making our way to the library.

In the library, the book lay exactly how we left it. Vanessa cast light toward the ceiling once more and then looked me in the eyes.

"This is important; you have one job. Imagine a crystal ball. That's all you need to do. Focus on that no matter what's happening around you. Only stop once I tell you."

I nodded, averting my gaze on the ground and imagining a crystal

ball I once saw in a movie. I focused so hard on that image that the world around me seemed to fade away, and the ball seemed to envelop my mind.

The next thing I knew, smoke had engulfed me and I was standing in an unfamiliar place.

"You can stop," Vanessa said. "You did a good job."

I brought my head up and nodded, trying to get rid of the image of the crystal ball. We were in a small room, half of it filled with a wooden stand. Behind it was a greasy looking man with hair slicked back and reaching his shoulders. He had a large stomach and the Hawaiian shirt he was wearing only amplified it. I found it hard to believe they called this place a palace.

Vanessa approached him quickly, whispering something I couldn't hear. He nodded and disappeared.

"Now, I have to warn you; don't say a word to him. He twists words and uses them against you. I can explain more later. Just don't say anything."

I nodded, her grave expression making me want to glue my mouth closed.

A second after, he appeared again, a crystal ball in his hand. It was pearly white, standing on a golden base.

He handed it to Vanessa.

She nodded, keeping her mouth shut and walking towards me. She knelt down and set it on the floor in front of her.

"It won't work sitting on the floor. It has to be held by you," the man piped up in a deep, beefy voice. Vanessa sighed and stood up, picking up the ball with her hands.

She closed her eyes as if concentrating and then blue smoke covered the ball.

Once it dissipated, the prophecy-telling device was glowing green.

Vanessa's eyes widened. She mouthed words as if trying to remember them, but I didn't hear a thing.

This went on for what felt like minute on end. I took a step closer, thinking that there was a quiet voice speaking that I couldn't hear from the distance I was at. No luck.

Vanessa's jaw dropped, her hand beginning to shake. She still didn't return the ball.

"Can you hear anything?" I asked the man, despite Vanessa's warnings; this sentence couldn't have an effect.

"No, neither of us are supposed to though. Only the one person is supposed to. I've not once heard one of the prophecies. They aren't ma-"

His voice was cut off by the sound of breaking glass. Both of Vanessa's hands were covering her mouth.

On the floor below her was the crystal ball, shattered in pieces. Wisps of green mist floated up from it. The room began to shake around us and the man began screaming.

"What've you done? How could you do that? Don't you know the repercussions that could have? You could have killed us all!"

Vanessa payed no attention at all to him. Her eyes were locked on me.

A chunk of the ceiling near us fell, sending dust up around us. I dove out of the way as another landed just where I'd been standing. The man continued screaming.

"We need to get out of here!" I exclaimed, grabbing Vanessa's arm. She yanked it out of my grip and opened her mouth for the first time since she'd dropped the crystal ball.

"What do you know about Trent Smith?"

And here is chapter twenty-four! I hope you all enjoyed!

Do you have any thoughts on who Trent Smith is and why he keeps appearing over and over again? Any thoughts on Vanessa after reading this? How about what happened once the crystal ball was dropped - what do you think it did?

Thanks for reading. All the support I've received on this book has been tremendous and far exceeded any expectations I had. I can't thank you guys enough because none of it would be possible without you! I know I've said it before, it's just crazy! Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Please don't forget to vote if you enjoyed the chapter.

**Word Count: 2,574 excluding authors notes**

# Chapter Twenty-Five

My eyes widened, jaw dropping the same way Vanessa's had.

"You know of him?" she screamed over the noise of the man still screaming.

"Yes, he-"

"Later," she ordered, cutting me off and grabbing my hand. The man had stopped yelling and began sprinting toward us in an attempt to take us down, but we'd already transported back to the Base by the time he got out from behind the stand he was behind. You'd think he'd just use magic.

As we slammed into the ground in the library, Vanessa began breathing heavily. I was on the other side of the room from her, but I could see her shakily pulled a chair away from the table and collapsed into it.

I sped over, worried that maybe the man fired a spell and it hit her just before we transported.

"I have never transported that far in my entire life. It took all the energy I had," she said in between breaths.

Sweat was beading on her forehead and then rolling down her face, taking any dust that had landed on her with it.

"Do you need anything?" I asked, not really sure what else to say.

"Water," she said. I imagined a glass of water appearing on the table and raised my right hand. The moment it had, I gave it to her, and she thanked me. She sipped it slowly, her eyes closed as if savoring it in her mouth forever.

After it seemed like Vanessa was calm and stable once more, I began trying to extract bits of what she'd found out.

"So how far did we actually go?" I questioned, starting out somewhat unrelated, just to ease into something that seemed to have shocked so much.

"Between realms," she answered, her breaths still fairly heavy.

"So we weren't in this world when we were at the Palace of Prophecies?" I asked, the possibility of more than one realm something I'd never tried to comprehend.

"No, I suppose we weren't physically in this earth, but it's not like we were floating around in space or anything; it's more like a different dimension," Vanessa explained. Halfway through her statement she stopped to take a shaky breath.

"So that's why it took so much energy out of you; because it wasn't just going from one place to another, it was crossing realms?" I asked, gripping what the reality was a bit more.

"Yes," she affirmed, looking into my eyes. "Thank you for coming with. You need two people — one to think about the realm you're going to and the other to create the portal. I wouldn't have been able to do that without you."

"No problem, although I barely did anything. But what was it that you heard?" I inquired. And the second I asked it, Vanessa's face went deadly white.

"I need to speak to Grey," she said immediately, standing up. The moment she got to her feet, she began swaying. I grabbed her waist.

"Take a few seconds to steady yourself before you go running outta here," I said. Her sudden necessity to speak to Grey startled me.

"I need to, Ryder. I'm not kidding," she uttered, her eyes focused on the door.

"I hate to break it to ya, but Grey is a lying, scamming, manipulative old man. Talking to him will do nothing for you," I said, anger bubbling in my voice. How could she not have figured that out by now, after everything he's done?

"I know he is! I'm aware of that much more than you," Vanessa exclaimed, throwing her hands up in the air and wrenching her body away from me. "You may think you understand Grey from what you heard, but you don't. There is more to it than just that, and this prophecy has nothing to do with scamming you. You need to learn to stop assuming you know the whole story. There's always more than what appears to be right in front of you."

With that, she sprinted off towards the doors. I chased after her, not willing to let her fall under Grey's cunning spell and with every intention to have a word with Grey myself.

Vanessa yanked the library door open, and continued out. I was at her heels when she disappeared.

I groaned. I had no idea where she was going, so I couldn't follow her. Imagining the room where my mother was being held in, I raised my right hand and then transported myself there.

The moment I appeared, I heard a startled yelp. I looked to my left and Bruno was standing there, his eyes wide.

"Y'know, I hate magic sometimes," he commented, a smile stretching from ear to ear.

I grinned; Bruno had this warm and comforting feeling almost like a dad I never had. I averted my gaze toward my mother, in the same spot she was before.

She looked sick; her eyelids drooped, and her whole body looked like it was plagued with an underlying pain.

"How are you doing?" I asked, sitting down and crossing my legs right next to the ethereal veil surrounding her.

"I'm fine. Don't worry about me." Her voice was hoarse and strained, nothing like her usual chipper attitude.

"No, you're not. What's happening to you?" I questioned, trying desperately to figure out what might be wrong.

"That is not something to worry about. I *will* live. What you need to

worry about is solving this puzzle," she answered, a determined look overtaking her face.

"But that's the thing, mom. I don't know what is part of the puzzle and what isn't," I explained. A desperation was present in my voice that I wasn't even aware was filling me until now, but once I heard it, the emotion seemed to be present all over me. I was desperate to figure out what was going on, to end it, and to go back to my regular life. I didn't want to be doing this anymore.

"There's not just one bit that's the puzzle," my mother began, her voice somehow returning to it's more normal tone. "The whole entire thing is a puzzle. Everything you do is like putting down the next piece. The only issue with it is that there is no set ending picture; it can turn out however you make it."

"So what do I focus on first?" The encouragement in her voice made me want to do solve this puzzle.

"I don't know, honey. It's whatever you'd like to. My recommendation, though, is not to start with trying to free me. There are many more pressing matters at hand than your mother." There was a compassion that richened her voice, but there was something else too. A sadness that seemed to envelop it, like she didn't truly believe she'd make it out of this whole situation alive.

"Do you know anything about what's going on?" I queried. The way she spoke about everything was as if she knew what could happen and that she'd been through this all before.

"I can't explain it all to you right now," she began, but stopped and looked towards Bruno, silently telling him to get out. He noticed our silence, and glanced over. The moment he saw my mother's eyes, he walked out of the room. "But basically, there's a history of magic in this family. Not just that, though. There's also a history of power being misused."

Her words raced through my brain as I processed them; there was others like me in my family. But did that mean that the others in my family were like Grey. It was these thoughts that brought me to my next question.

"Who else is a wizard in our family?"

My mother let out a long sigh before answering.

"Do you know the name Trent Smith?"

The moment the words came out of her mouth, my eyes widened, and I leaned forward.

"Yes, I've heard of him so many times and he keeps popping up all over the place. Who is he? Do you know?" My heart was racing at this point and my excitement showed in my voice.

"I don't have time to explain it all to you," she said, a pained look overtaking her face. "But he's related to you. Do some research to find out mo-"

Her voice was cut off immediately as her eyes closed and her body went limp.

"No!" I screamed, the word exploding out of my mouth. "You can't be dead. You can't be dead."

I repeated the words over and over in my head trying desperately to force myself to believe them.

She couldn't be dead. She just couldn't be.

Moments later, my mother's eyes flew open, wider than before. Her voice sounded strained and forced when she spoke.

"Ryder, I'm not dead. When this happens I don't die. Just remember that" The last word barely made it out of her mouth before her eyes closed once more, the rest of her body slumping onto the ground again.

I nodded, my heart thumping in my ears. She wasn't dead; just in some sort of coma maybe. She said it as if it happened before.

I was on my feet before I knew what I was doing. As I walked out the door of the room, I smashed into Bruno.

"Ryder? Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm headed to the library. I need to research Trent Smith," I answered, continuing on my way. Just moments later, before I'd even gone five steps, Bruno called me back. His voice was frantic.

"Ryder! Ryder! Get back here now! There's a huge issue."

I ran back and turned into the room, looking at him quizzically.

The words that came out of his mouth made my jaw drop.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And here, ladies and gentleman, is chapter twenty-five!

I hope you guys enjoyed it. Answers about Trent Smith in the next chapter.

How about that cliffhanger? I guess you'll just have to wait until the next chapter to find out what it was he said. Any ideas on what he said? What about feelings about Grey - does everyone still believe he's evil? And what about Vanessa and Ryder... what do you guys think about their "relationship"? Feel free to comment below!

Thanks for reading. Enjoy.

**Word Count: 4,274 excluding authors notes**

# Chapter Twenty-Six

"Your mother is gone."

I averted my gaze downward toward where my mother was laying before. There was nothing.

"No," I said, my heart beating fast and beads of sweat forming on my hands and the back of my neck. I couldn't believe my eyes.

"My mother disappearing; that's not possible. She was here just a moment ago!" I exclaimed, exasperation, anger, and despair and clashing in my voice at once. A similar war was raging inside my head, the emotions battling to see which ones could become the most dominant.

"I hope by now you've learned that nothing is impossible in this world. You yourself disappear from the places all the time. The only difference is that when you do it it's intentional," Bruno explained.

"Okay, honestly, that doesn't matter right now. What do you think happened?" I had no patience for extra and unnecessary information. I had one goal: find my mother.

"I have no idea. I mean whoever kidnapped her could have done this but we'd have no way of know," Bruno said. "But the most important thing for you to do is stay calm. Don't freak out - freaking out just clouds your mind."

I nodded slowly.

"What did you see? Tell me exactly what you witnessed," I commanded. That seemed like the right place to start.

"I didn't see anything. You ran into me, sounding somewhat distant, and I was coming back to the planning room because I figured that what your mother wanted to tell you in privacy was already finished. I went back there to try to find a clue that Grey may have

left here as to where he may have disappeared to, and then as I walked in, your mother just disappeared before my eyes, veil and all. It looked as if she was transporting herself although she doesn't have magic."

"Wait, you don't know where Grey is?" I decided to stray off topic just for a moment realizing that this could also be important information to have as well.

"No; he disappeared without a trace after you began confronting him in the planning room yesterday. No one has heard from him and no one has a clue where he is," Bruno explained. His voice sounded mostly neutral but there was an underlying anger like a beast just waiting to be unleashed.

"Interesting," I remarked. "So he must be hiding from someone or something."

"That or he's just gone insane," Bruno answered, rolling up his sleeves and leaning against the table that sits in the middle of the room.

I nodded.

"So my mother - it looked like she disappeared intentionally?"

"Well, I don't know, it just looked like she was being transported by someone or something. But transporting someone else while you're not standing next to them would take a lot of practice. You'd have to have memorized the whole scene around it to be able to transport them," Bruno said. Upon looking into his eyes, I could tell that he knew more than he was letting on.

"What else do you know?" I pried, not willing to leave without information that he may be withholding.

"Okay, here's the thing. I don't know anything else, but I do suspect other things. Grey had been in here since we got back, just staring at your mom. At the time I thought maybe he'd been sizing her up or trying to figure out a way to fix her, but upon thinking about it, I believe he may have been trying to memorize the image so that he

could use it later to transport her somewhere." His entire face showed anger with the firm mouth and flexed jaw.

"Is there a way to maybe see what he was doing when no one else was in there?" I was wracking my mind trying desperately to find a solution to figure out what may have happened.

"Yes, actually!" Bruno's face brightened. "Even though we have magic, we installed cameras when we first made the Base just in case. There's not many times when people aren't in this room but we can go look just to make sure."

"That would be great. Thanks."

Bruno nodded and then led me out of the room to the right.

At the end of the hallway was a jet black door that shined in the light.

Bruno raised his hand and the door swung open. We stepped inside and it closed behind us, locking itself.

Surrounding me on all sides were screens just like the room where we'd first spotted my mother, except these ones showed images of the Base instead various places around the world.

"This is the one of the planning room." Bruno motioned to one on the far side of the room. The screen showed an image of the empty planning room.

"Can you rewind it to the time when my mother was first put here in the veil?" I asked. He nodded and pointed his index at the screen. Slowly the footage began rewinding in time. As it went further back in time, it went rewound faster.

Eventually he stopped it the moment my mother was transported into the planning room. Bruno, Kurtis, Grey, and a few other people who's names I didn't know were all there. Grey walked up to my mother who landed against the wall and held up both of his hands. Slowly, the veil that had been surrounding my mother seeped out of his palms and enveloped her.

The whole time he performed the spell, a triumphant smile was playing on his lips.

"Grey was the one to put the veil around her? I thought maybe it was to protect her, but if he was the one to do it then maybe it wasn't," I remarked, an anger growing inside of me at how trusting I had always been do him.

"Just keep watching. We'll talk about it all later." Bruno didn't even turn his head towards me while speaking, his gaze fixed on the screen.

I nodded. As time went on, I saw clearly that Bruno had been telling the truth; all Grey did was sit and stare at my mother. His face was scrunched in concentration. As I watched this, I could suddenly picture Grey memorizing the image of my mother and then transporting her somewhere. It had to be him behind all of this.

After what felt like an eternity of watching Grey stare at my mother in the planning room, I grew too impatient to hold it in anymore.

"Is there anyway to find a time when Grey was alone in the planning room with my mother? Or are we supposed to just sit here and watch until that happens?"

"I can try something. Just give me two seconds," Bruno said, shaking his head slightly and outstretching his index finger slowly.

A white flash covered the screen, and then we were watching footage of Grey alone with my mother. He was looking at the door as if checking to make sure he was alone.

Then, he kneeled down next to my mother, just as I had done earlier today. His mouth began moving furiously as if he was yelling at her. His expression was deadly and my mother's was terrified.

"What's he saying to her?" I asked, fury lighting up my own voice.

Bruno waved his finger one more time and sound suddenly blasted out of the screen. He re-winded it to when Grey began speaking and

we listened intently.

"I know that you fooled the whole jury with that little trick, but I never believe one bit of it," Grey whispered.

"I'm sorry but I don't know what you're talking about." My mother's voice was high and innocent.

"You know exactly what I'm talking about. When you and your damned family were tried for hiding Trent Smith," Grey began. My eyes widened at the mention of Trent Smith. I just couldn't escape him, and I needed now more than ever to learn information about him.

"I was *not* involved in that." Defiance and anger filled my mothers voice but it dissipated quickly.

"There's no need for you to try to pull that innocent act on me. I know *exactly* what happened. All the other judges shed a few tears and gave in right away to your stupid sob story, but I didn't believe it for one second. It was stupid. And now you've got your idiotic and impulsive son running around here thinking he's great," Grey spat. Venom seeped through his voice as they snaked out of his mouth. "You are damn lucky I haven't killed off all of you by now."

My mother's face turned to a look of horror at the last line.

"You wouldn't. You're just scared of us because we hold power. Because we could uncover what you did all those years ago, and we could overthrow you." Her voice was small and weak, but her words had an effect on Grey.

"Watch what you say to a king," Grey commanded. "You have no idea what is in store for you guys. And if you think that your son, Ryder, is going to go on to accomplish great things, you're wrong. You have no idea what is held in his future. When the time comes, he'll crumble under the pressure. And when he does, I'll be laughing."

My mother opened her mouth to respond, but Grey held out his right hand, a red tendril of light snaking out of it and circling my

mother's neck slowly.

"Regardless of the fact that Ryder will ultimately fail, you will not get in the way of his future. Understood?" Grey's voice was pure evil, a glint in his eye that could kill quicker than a knife.

With a small nod of my mother's head, a large smile appeared on Grey's face. Her face was contorted in pain. Just seeing her that way made me want to go back to that moment in time and kill Grey.

Slowly, he stood up and walked out of the room, leaving my mother alone.

"We need to research Trent Smith," I said after a moment of silence. It was the only link to everything. He was the only way that it seemed we could make any progress.

Bruno agreed, so together we transported ourselves to the library.

"I know a book that will help," Bruno said, and with that he started off down an aisle. Despite the darkness Bruno navigated the library with ease. It made me wonder how many times he'd been in here. While he maneuvered smoothly around tables, I ran into chairs and nearly hit bookshelves. Growing tired of this, I casted light up towards the ceiling. It mimicked the movements of Vanessa's the last time we were in here.

"It's here," Bruno grunted, jerking the book out of his spot. He walked to a table in the middle of the library and plopped it down.

"'Trent Smith was one of the longest ruling kings we've had in the wizarding world - starting at the ripe age of 16 and ending at 98. He had lots of time to make great change but instead decided to abuse his power.' I guess this is a start," I read. I knew two things: he was a king and he abused his power as a king.

"Maybe his abuse of power has something to do with the reason he keeps popping up," Bruno wondered aloud.

"That would make sense," I agreed. "But there has to be more. There has to be something that blew any other wizards actions out of the water."

Bruno nodded his head once again, seeming to be deep in thought. He was biting his nail and staring emptily down at the book.

"I think I remember a story that may have been about him from when I was a kid. I can't be sure, but I believe it was about him."

I perked up at this, taking a step towards Bruno. Any information was useful information.

"What was it about?" I prompted. Before he could answer, though, Vanessa's voice rang through the library.

"I found some facts!"

Bruno and I spun around. Confusion and excitement mingled inside of me as I debated what she may have found out.

"What are they?" I asked. The emotions were not excluded from my voice.

"He's your grandfather. Trent Smith is your grandfather."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And there is chapter twenty-six. Now I did a brief editing for grammar and spelling but I may need to do ***a lot more*** because I've been writing somewhat quick.

***Now I'm about to write a super obnoxiously long authors note in an attempt to explain everything to you guys in a clear way. The rest won't be this long but it's important you read this to understand what's happening.***

I'm going to try to explain; stick with me (if you're even reading this!). So, this book, as you all know, started as NaNo project (I'll explain NaNo in a moment). I was doing it for the July session. The only issue is that I was only available for a few days of July to write! So, the whole NaNo idea didn't exactly work out. I wrote 9,000 words in four or five days and then had to write the rest in August not as NaNo. This has been bugging me for a while because I desperately wanted to do a NaNo and try to write 50,000 words in a month for so long but I never *really* got the chance. That being

said, I decided to take this month (November) as a chance to do NaNo once more even though technically it's already a started manuscript (44,315 words so far). That means I will edit but I can't promise they will be thorough edits. I'm going to stick to a three of four day updating schedule, though, because I don't want to blast you all with updates (although I may throw a few surprise updates at you) unless there is a **large** request of people to update as I write. In that case I may think about it.

Now, what is NaNo? It stands for National Novel Writers Month, which is where you race to write 50,000 words (an official novel) in a month! There are many other NaNo novels on Wattpad - you should check them out! There are three months in which NaNo happens - April, November, and July. As I mentioned earlier, I tried July, but you can choose any of the three months.

Since I am basically doing NaNo, I'll put a word count at the bottom of each chapter that I've written in November (keep in mind I've already written a few chapters this month without pointing out that they were for NaNo - I'm writing this on November 5th).

**Edit 11/8: Okay everyone, I'm in the process of writing chapter thirty-one and this chapter still hasn't been posted. I've written over 16k words (today, 11/8 when I'm adding this) on this book and I'd like to give you guys the option to request for updates as I write/daily updates (only will be daily if I write two chapters in one day). In that case, I will double update for the next few days to catch you up to where I am and then post as I write but I won't do this unless a lot of requests come for it.**

Just quickly, I'd also like to thank all of you for your endless votes, comments, and reads. They mean the world to me and I love that you're all liking it so much. Also, apologies for a HUGE authors note. I didn't intend for it to get this long.

Now I'll shut up.

**Word Count: 6,781 excluding authors notes**

# Chapter Twenty-Seven

**Just as a quick heads up to readers of this: There will be a lot of information in this chapter and you'll need to pay close attention. Enjoy!**

**Edit 11/9: I got enough requests to post as I go so I'll be double updating the next few days to catch you guys up.**

+ + + +

"What?" I couldn't believe the words that had just come out of Vanessa's mouth.

"He's your grandfather!" she exclaimed once more, excitement filling her voice.

"Oh." I wasn't sure what to say. The fact that I had a surprise grandfather rendered me speechless, but the fact that he'd abused power just made me uneasy about the whole thing. The two mixed together made me just flabbergasted.

"You started doing research on him, didn't you?" Vanessa asked, a knowing expression filling her face.

"Well, yes, a very little bit, but what does that have to do with anything that has just happened?" I asked.

"If you'd started researching his past and who he was then it would make sense why you sound almost disappointed," she explained as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"I've read only one paragraph about him," I said.

"So you don't know about the destruction he caused?" she questioned. My eyes widened.

"Destruction?"

"Sit down," she ordered. I pulled out a chair and sat down in it. She sat across from me, and Bruno next to me.

"Before I start with what I've learned, do you know anything about Trent?" Vanessa directed her question toward Bruno, who sat up from his slumping position.

"I believe I remember a little bit about him from when I was a child although I never had a purpose to investigate further. Something about he stole ten Mog's and used them to speak to the dead," Bruno said, a puzzled look overtaking his face as he tried to remember.

Vanessa nodded slowly.

"I think I do remember reading about that once. I believe that tied in with his use with the spirits. I'll get into all that later. Do you have any other information?" Vanessa asked, somewhat impatiently.

"Nope, that's all; he wasn't a very talked about person," Bruno remarked, leaning back in his chair once more.

"You're right; he wasn't talked about much after the things he did."

"Wait go back for a second — what's a Mog?" I asked, still puzzling over what that could possibly be.

"It's a conduit for many things: you can speak to the dead with them although that requires very advanced and dark magic; something we'd never use, you can speak to another no matter where they are if they possess one as well, and you can also use it to cast certain spells in a much stronger form than regular. But they're *very* rare and the ones that wizards have been able to obtain are well guarded. You need special access to get one and that is granted by someone who I hope you never have to meet."

Just by the tone in Vanessa's voice, I could tell that whoever it was that granted access to obtain a Mog was *not* someone to mess with.

"Okay. So back to Trent Smith," I said, eager to learn more information. If I was to understand my new grandfather and why he was repeatedly showing up, I needed answers.

"Yeah, so I suppose I should start at his youth," Vanessa began. "His life didn't start out too well. His family lived in poverty in the Capital. There is the rich side of it, and the poor side; evidently, he lived on the poor side. That side was in rags, the wealthy bathing in riches. He lived in a home made out of flimsy wood, just like the rest of the impoverished. Every time it rained or snowed, their houses could not keep the weather from seeping in. Most of the poor were killed off during the winters because of sickness or hypothermia that was so bad they couldn't use magic to cure it. The worst part was that the wealthy and powerful didn't care.

"Trent had his intentions clear from the beginning: create equal rights for the poor. And he would do anything to get it. As a teen he got locked up, beaten, tortured, and once almost executed for all of the crimes he committed. He did anything he could to prove that the wealthy and the king did not control him. When he was fifteen, he set a fire in the palace of the king. As he was leaving, the guards caught him. They took his powers and locked him away without food for two days. His brother visited once and Trent coerced him into stealing them back. As he grew older, though, he stopped with the mischievousness. He knew that if he wanted to make an impact, he needed to manage to get a high position in the government.

"By this point in his life, he was around sixteen. He devoted his time to studying and educating himself. He would sneak into abandoned schoolhouses for children and practice spells with all the old tools that the children used themselves."

I had been trying to contain my questions until the end while I listened intently, but I felt lost without knowing some of the information.

"Just quickly can you explain the Capital a bit more to me. What was school for children? What was the law enforcement like? What is the palace of the king; wouldn't Grey be living there? How did the poor come up?"

Vanessa looked almost relieved at switching topics for a few seconds.

"I'd love to. School for kids living in wizarding towns isn't like

school that you go to. It's mostly training them in spells, defense, and history on how wizards came to be and wizards past. The poor weren't allowed to go to school. The law enforcement was brutal if you were poverty-stricken. They could do whatever they wanted to you and the king would allow it. If you had money and a status, though, then it wasn't very bad. Although if you had all that there wouldn't be any reasons for you to break the rules. It was a messed up society. The palace of a king is exactly what the name says; a palace for the current king. Grey doesn't live their because he told them he didn't want to. He still has to deal with the Capital issues and go to meetings but he tries to remove himself from that as much as possible. And the poor are mostly the ones with weaker magic or no magic at all who couldn't get along in society. Is that enough information?"

I nodded, still trying to process it all.

"One more question!" I exclaimed as it came to mind.

"Okay," Vanessa said impatiently.

"So this war that Grey claims is going to happen; he was saying that it was the authorities and law enforcement that are the issue. How does this make any sense?"

I smiled a triumphant smile when Vanessa faltered slightly before answering.

"Quite honestly, he's not told me any different from what he told you and I'm not too sure I believe what he said either although I haven't been able to find out any other information about it. But what he's claiming is that as his time as king went on, the law enforcement disagreed with the amount of time he spends out of the city and by now just do whatever they please and don't listen to him because of that. That is his own issue though."

Vanessa's tone clearly ended that conversation.

"So as I was saying," Vanessa started once more, "Trent had dove into his studies. As he practiced magic more and more, it became clear that he had more power than anyone expected. He could use

multiple different types of magic: water, fire, wind, earth, and telekinesis. Just like you. This gave him a great advantage when trying to-"

Vanessa's voice was cut off by a loud siren blaring through the library.

"What's going on?" I asked, jumping up from my seat. Vanessa and Bruno were both on their feet as well.

The look in their eyes were both equally grave. Without answering my question, they sprinted out of the library. I followed, trying to figure out what the alarm could mean.

As we burst into the hallway, more people were running around frantically; many more people than I'd seen in the Base before. I made a mental note to explore more of the Base later.

A few commanding screams came from our right, and everyone surged toward us.

"Run against them," Bruno ordered. We did as he said and they parted slightly for us to get through as the rushed the opposite direction.

"What is going on?" I screamed once more as we reached the stairs that lead to the woods.

"That alarm," Vanessa said while breathing heavily, "means that an unwanted force has broken through the force field."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

Now that was an info dumpy chapter. My sincere apologies for how thick and not interesting that chapter was although you did get some answers! Hopefully that was slightly worth it.

After reading this, do you guys have any thoughts on Trent Smith? What about thoughts on the ending? Who do you think it is and how do you think they got in? Any new thoughts on Grey, Vanessa, Ryder's mother, or Bruno?

I hope you guys enjoyed learning at least a little bit about Trent.

Please don't forget to vote if you enjoyed!

**Word Count: 8,386 words excluding author notes (after this I'm just going to assume you guys understand I'm excluding author notes from this).**

# Chapter Twenty-Eight

With a sigh, I sprinted up the stairs after Bruno and Vanessa. There was never a dull moment at the Base.

The hatch flew open before Bruno could reach to open it and an unknown female came sprinting in. She pushed past us and raced down the stairs, disappearing in a blur of hair.

"Go," Bruno commanded, standing aside to allow me and Vanessa to get out before him.

"Thanks," I muttered as I passed by and pulled myself up into the forest. The wind around us was raging and the dirt was flying.

"What's going on?" Vanessa screamed above the commotion around us.

"Get to the edge of the force field," Bruno shouted back, not directly answering her question. We did as he said without a second thought.

As I ran, dirt pelted me, slicing open my face and slamming into my chest. The wind against me was so strong that I was barely moving anywhere. The sun was shining, causing me to squint my eyes as I searched for the source of the disturbance of the wind and earth.

Suddenly, a jet of water shot out in front of me, aimed at my right. Because of the wind, instead of the water hitting it's planned target, it slammed into Vanessa and me in a blast of cold.

"Sorry," Bruno muttered, barely audible over the wind. I looked to my right, trying desperately to ignore the chill seeping through my body and the pain inflicted by dirt and stick slamming into my face. Standing completely unaffected by any of the elements was a man, a smile stretching from ear to ear. His cheeks and chin were inhabited by facial hair, his eyes glowing gray.

I summoned a ball of fire and threw it toward the man. It dissipated within seconds of being matched against the strong wind.

"We need to calm the wind down before we can do anything about him," Vanessa howled over the wind, her eyes trained on the man as if she was trying to mentally impose pain upon him.

I nodded.

"I have an idea; I just need a few seconds," I said, not sure if they could hear me over the wind. To my left, a wave of what looked like plant seeds went shooting toward Bruno, completely immune to the wind around them. They attacked Bruno, slamming into him with an unexpected force. Gashes were immediately opened on his cheeks and he was pushed to the ground by them.

A new urgency filled my body; I needed to calm the wind down or we would all be dead or too injured to fight. I squeezed my eyes shut and blocked out the sounds of the surrounding world, focusing only on my soul and energy, aligning them with the wind.

The wind responded to me, but it felt as if there was someone else on the other side of the wind trying to tug it out of my power.

I used my soul to pull as much of the wind as I could into my power and began scattering it in waves, causing the wind to dramatically die down.

I snapped my eyes open, a smirk playing on my face. Only a small breeze was left, although it was strengthening quickly.

The earth around us looked unsettled, but the man was not using it to attack us anymore. He had a shocked look on his face.

Taking advantage of his startled state, I used my distress and sadness because of my mother disappearing and sent it toward my fingertips. My body felt alive with magic as I thought of fire and released the stored up energy.

One large pillar of flame went spiraling toward the man, crackling as it went. They slammed into his face and torso. A scream of pain emanated from the man as his body was immediately enveloped in

fire and heat. Through the flames I could see his face contorted in agony and his beard catching fire. He fell to the ground in pain.

As a last resort, the man sent a small gust of wind — all that he could muster in his mangled state — to try to stop me, but it barely blew the hair on my head.

Seeds rose up to my right and slammed into the man, making his screams louder than before. I looked over, still focusing on willing the fire to grow stronger and larger.

Vanessa was standing, her face twisted in concentration, the iris of her eye turned an emerald color.

With a smile, I stopped urging the fire to grow and thrive. After a few moments, it sputtered and died, but the man was already too maimed to do anything else.

"We need to get to the force field," Bruno said once more and we took off through the woods. The air around me stung as it hit the open cuts on my face.

I dodged a low-hanging branch and kept running, my feet crushing leaves beneath me and my heart rate picking up.

The world encircling me had turned to a blur.

Neither Bruno, Vanessa, nor I said a word as we sprinted toward the field where we found Vanessa. When the clearing, came into view, my footsteps sped up by nature. There were many wizards scattered across the field, some dueling with an opponent, the rest standing miscellaneously between the fights sending blasts of different elements at the wizards who were fighting.

"What do we do?" I asked between sharp breaths as we took a break before charging into a battle.

"We fight. Wherever we are needed," Bruno answered quickly. I pulled my soaking wet coat tighter around my shivering body as a cold wind blew through the field.

"How do we know who is friend and who is foe?" Looking at the

field filled with fighters, I couldn't see any difference.

"Our foe's always dress in black," Vanessa explained hurriedly, looking toward the field as if preparing to fight.

"So basically, I attack all the ones in black?" Once either Bruno or Vanessa clarified, I was ready to go running back into battle.

Bruno nodded. With that information, I sprinted towards the group of fighters, ready to defend the Base. These people had helped me tremendously through my small journey and I was ready to pay them back for it.

I dodged a pillar of flame sent at my by one of the women dressed in black who wasn't in combat, and sent one flying back at her. She produced a shield before the flame hit her.

More flames were sent flying from her, taking the shape of a bird about to eat me. Magic was already buzzing at my finger tips, waiting to be used. I outstretched my index finger and sent jets of water flying toward the bird, putting it out without an issue.

The woman across from me squinted her flaming eyes as if sizing me up. Her jet-black hair was still as she remained unmoving. I smiled at her stupidity and reached into my soul, feeling my connection with the earth. As I tuned into that connection, I could suddenly feel the people running on the ground and I had total control over it.

I let my soul toward the path of ground the woman was standing on used my magic to yank it out from under her.

She was tossed into the air, the patch of ground going with her.

Her face looked too shocked to do any magic to prevent her from slamming into the ground head first. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head and she laid on the ground twitching slightly.

"You," a voice from behind me came, his tone more deadly than death itself. I spun around to see a burly man with identical hair as the woman I'd just killed fuming. His face was redder than a beat but the expression he wore on his face signaled it was due to anger

not embarrassment.

The man's black clothes fit perfectly with his hair. I summoned fire to my fingertips, but I knew that I was getting tired and I needed some time to rest before my magic would be at its full power again. If I were to beat this man in a fight, it had to be quick.

His eyes were the same red and orange as the woman I'd just beaten in a fight.

It struck me as odd that the man and the woman had the exact same eye color, and an unusual one at that. The colors of the eyes I'd seen since I left the Base just minutes ago flooded into my memory, and the pieces began to slowly fit together. Eyes signaled the type of magic they could use.

The fire I had already readied at my fingertips died immediately. If this mans eyes were the same as the woman's and she'd been using fire magic, that means that the fire would have no effect on him. I released water magic out of my fingertips and sent the jets of water spraying at the man.

His eyes widened in shock. He sidestepped the jets, but I just repositioned. The moment the element hit his skin, he shrieked. I felt my heart pump faster, but I did not stop shooting the water. His skin seemed to be sizzling where the water touched it. And it clearly hurt. He fell to the ground, holding where he'd been hit to protect it and ending up more hurt than he was before.

I kept the stream of water steady and strong but my head began pounding and the world around me was spinning.

Suddenly all the people around me dressed in black turned.

"Ryder, come with us," they said in unison. I stopped the water from flowing from my hand and turned to face them. They'd all fixed their gaze at me and were slowly walking toward me with motions like those of  a zombie.

"Go!" Vanessa's voice shouted, and I didn't need any more prompting. I turned and sprinted towards the woods. Everything

going on around me was a blur. Shouts from behind me rose up but that just quickened my pace.

A column of flame flew by me, just missing my ear and slamming into a tree in front of me, leaving it ablaze. As I sprinted further into the woods, the shouts grew louder and more spells were shot towards me.

The entire time, I did not look back, I did not think about what could be going on behind me, I just focused on what was ahead of me.

I reached the hatch of the Base and the leaves had already been blown out of the way. My heart rate was pulsing through my fingers as I bent down and yanked it up in a hurry.

I threw myself onto the stairs and pulled it closed, imagining the leaves covering it once more. I raised my hands and I could hear them thudding back down onto the door.

As I used the spell, I knew that I had no more magic left in my body without recharging. I let out a long breath and slumped down against the wall, sweat gluing my shirt to my torso and rolling down my cheeks.

The people chasing me were obviously possessed or being controlled somehow, so they would most likely find a way into the Base eventually. I didn't have much time, but I had one thing that I needed to do first.

Pulling myself up and walking down the stairs slowly, I began starting my journey toward the planning room. I didn't remember exactly where to go but eventually I found my way there. As I stepped in, the air felt cooler. Everything was still but something felt wrong in the air.

I sighed and looked toward the wall just to make sure my mother hadn't turned up by any stroke of luck. My heart grew a bit heavier when I saw she wasn't there, but not too much — I hadn't expected her to be.

Picking my gaze up from the ground, I turned to step out of the room, and saw someone I didn't expect to see, but the long, white hair lit a fire inside of me that I had forgotten about in all of the commotion around me.

"Grey," I started. "You son of a-"

"Ryder, don't move." His eyes were trained on me. "Do not attack me and do not scream at me — don't even try to start any drama with me."

There was a hatred for him that surged forward, but Grey told me to stop once more and for some reason, I faltered, a voice in my head preventing me from moving further and causing Grey the pain he deserved to feel.

"What are you doing?" I asked, the anger still present in my voice.

"Don't worry about it," Grey said. The one phrase sparked a memory in my brain; one I hadn't thought of in a long time.

Slowly, everything fell into place as to what the white flash was so much time ago. I felt stupid for not realizing it before, right after it was created after Grey and I made a deal.

It was a spell forcing me to do what Grey told me to.

~+ **Uncontrollable** +~

And here's chapter twenty-eight! A few more answers were revealed to you guys! Like what the color of the eyes mean, and what that bright flash was oh so long ago. Now I'm sure many of you can predict what could happen with Ryder under a spell that forces him to do what Grey says.

Thank you all for reading! I hope you enjoyed. I'd also, once more, like to thank you for all the support you've given me. I've said it countless times but I just wouldn't be here without you. As of today (11/6) I hit 97K reads, 5.2K votes, and nearly 1.8K comments. Those numbers are all beyond my wildest dreams and I never imagined to hit them. Thank you. You're all amazing.

I hope you guys also enjoyed seeing Ryder explore his different powers a bit more! There will be ***much*** more of this later.

Get excited for the next chapter where we'll learn more about this spell and a small bit more about Trent.

**Word Count: 10,804 (1/5 of the way to slaying the NaNo beast!) ~Now 804 words ahead!**

# Chapter Twenty-Nine

**Another quick heads up: there will be a lot of information in this chapter again. It will require close attention. Sorry for so much information at once! Enjoy chapter twenty-nine.**

~~~~~

"You put me under a spell," I said, awe filling my voice as the pieces fell together in my head.

"Congratulations!" Grey exclaimed sarcastically, clapping his hands. "You are just brilliant, aren't you."

"It may be something that you think will help you, but I can assure you it won't," I snarled. Despite the words, there was doubt in the back of my head that it would be effective.

Thinking back to the fight that went on when we found my mother, he'd been using the spell to prevent me from grabbing my mother, and in that time it worked very well. Although for some reason, it stopped working by the end of the battle. I made a mental note to think about it later. Now I needed to focus on Grey.

"You can try all you want to come across as confident and untouchable, but I know the power of this spell. You won't be able to go against what I tell you to." Grey's voice was filled with such a large amount of smugness it was sickening.

I squeezed my eyes shut for a moment. I could clearly feel something off inside of me like there was a road block, forcing any desire to kill Grey back. I focused on what felt like was blocking them and tried desperately to push it away, but it wouldn't budge.

A loud, heartless laugh bubbled out of Grey's mouth, and a new anger overtook me. This man had deceived me and manipulated me for so long, and I believed it. That alone was a sign of weakness I wasn't aware I possessed, and I knew that I needed to do whatever I
~~~~~

could to get rid of it.

"This may be working, but I *will* find a way to stop this spell and take control over my actions again. And when I accomplish that task, you are not gonna want to be around. Because once your control over me slips away like sand, you are going to regret it even more." I stared into Grey's eyes, anger taking control of my whole body. My words themselves hung in the air with a lethal feeling.

Grey looked unsure what to say for a moment and then suddenly disappeared. I groaned. Whatever he thought he was going to accomplish, I was determined to stop him. He would not have control over my life anymore. He would not be able to manipulate me anymore. I wouldn't allow it.

I stormed past where Grey had been standing toward the library. There were a few things that I needed to research and it looked like there weren't any computers around.

The moment I entered the library, I sent a ball of light up toward the ceiling. With my path now illuminated for me, I walked to the center of the library and looked upon the table at which Bruno and I were reading before Vanessa showed up. Sure enough, the book was still laying on the table, open to the page at which we left it.

A smile played onto my lips as I sat down and began reading once more. If I wanted to understand what my mother meant by saying that there was a history of our family abusing power, I needed to know what Trent did.

So I read. As I did, the things that I learned shocked me.

Trent rose to power, slowly climbing through the ranks of officials and winning all of the citizens of the Capital over with his charming smile and refreshing promises; people thought that they would finally have a ruler who could bring peace to the nation and could make things better for everyone. After all, equality was supposedly one of the most important virtues throughout the nation of Eastbell. These features were what eventually won him the spot as king.

Before him, their nation had been in utter chaos. When their

previous unified nation, Glasscliff, broke out in civil war and was divided into Eastbell and Westbell, the members of Eastbell were thrown into a downward spiral. When the country split into east and west, the East wasn't left with much. The majority of the riches that Glasscliff had won and earned were taken by the West. The first king that the East had proved to be a terrible, inexperienced ruler, pushing the new country into economic issues, and creating a large gap between the rich and the poor. The rulers after him just expanded the gap and kept the country on its downward path.

With this history, Trent coming felt like a blessing. When the time came for a new leader, he stole away the throne, and the citizens supported him without a second thought.

They started his time as leader with a positive attitude; the first time that had happened in a *long* time. The beginning of his reign started out wonderfully. Equality was beginning to spread throughout the Capital and the outlying provinces still a part of Eastbell. Economics were strengthening and merchants began selling more. There was more free trade with money circling throughout the nation. Everything felt just superb.

Slowly, though, Trent's true colors came out. He began using law enforcement to attack and destroy the wealthy, despite the fact that the gap between classes had closed dramatically. The rich were forced out of their homes, the poor brought into them just after. Trent not only left the rich homeless, he raised taxes on them and wouldn't allow them to buy houses, forcing them to build their own.

He wreaked havoc upon the country of Eastbell. They deeply regretted their support for him. Beatings were a regular occurrence. Seeing someone killed in plain sight for no particular reason wasn't uncommon. And if Trent were to ever appear in the streets, anyone who saw him hid in fear of getting beaten, robbed or killed.

The term ended up longer than any other because most people were too scared to try to seize it, and the rest never succeeded in doing so. He was assassinated twenty-five years after he forfeited the throne. Those twenty-five years were not good; every person in the capital hated him.

Upon finishing his elaborate story, my head was spinning with information. Trent Smith took abusing power to a level I'd never encountered before. The thought of him being my grandfather caused bile to rise to my throat. Was I just as cold and evil as he was? I sure hoped not.

Now that I had the information about Trent, there was something else I needed to research. With no other option, I began scouring the bookshelves for a book about breaking spells. There had to be a book somewhere in this massive library about how to break a spell like the one that Grey had placed upon me.

"Ryder!" Vanessa's voice pierced into my thoughts.

"I'm over here," I shouted back, still looking through the books. Dust floated in front of my eyes as I looked at the titles. "How did you find me in here?"

"We need to talk," she said after running over to me, ignoring my question.

"About what?" I asked, standing up and meeting her eyes with mine.

"The people who were chasing you earlier," Vanessa said. A hint of anger peppered her voice at the mention of the battle earlier.

"I'm sorry about running out on you guys earlier today," I apologized, trying to save my reputation in her mind. "I really wish that I could have stayed and fought but I thought that it would make it harder if I stayed."

"It's no big deal. That's not what I wanted to talk to you about," she said, her tone contradicting her statement at the beginning of the sentence.

"Whatever you say. What's it that we need to talk about?"

Vanessa walked to the center of the library and sat down in one of the chairs. I followed her example sitting across from her.

"The people who began chasing you — the ones who looked like they'd been possessed and forced to capture and attack you — I've

seen that before," she said, pulling her knee against her chest. Her eyes were a light green. Based on the different color of eyes I'd seen from her, I decided that she was able to do earth and wind magic.

"You've seen it before?" I asked, shock filling my voice, my jaw dropping slightly.

"Yes," Vanessa said. "It's a rare spell to know how to do. I've only ever seen it completed once before."

"Let me guess — you've seen Grey doing it," I inferred. It would be the only reason that she would come to alert me about it.

She nodded slowly.

"He was practicing it for ages. I could never figure out why he was practicing it, but he told me it was irrelevant. Then, one day, he told me he thought that he figured out the mechanics of the spell. He completed it that day. It only makes sense that he would be the one behind that. It was as if he *wanted* you to go into the Base though."

A shiver ran down my spine, heaviness spreading through my body.

"Maybe he did want me in the Base. After I rested on the stairs for a while, I went to check if my mother had turned up in the planning room. When leaving, Grey was standing in the hallway and we had a bit of an... argument," I explained.

Vanessa's eyes widened.

"Did you do anything?" She asked quickly.

"No. I can't exactly do anything at the moment," I said, shifting in my seat.

"You need to tell me if you come in contact with Grey ever again. Deal?" Her voice was frantic.

"I will," I promised. "Vanessa, we'll be okay. We'll figure this out and then maybe we can go back to living somewhat normal lives."

I got up and walked around the table, outstretching my hand. She grabbed it and stood up from the chair.

"We can never go back. We always have to go forward," she whispered as I pulled her into a tight hug.

"How about we live in the present instead of worrying about the past or the future," I muttered, closing my eyes and basking in the hug.

"I could live with that," Vanessa said into my chest with a small laugh. My heart fluttered at the sound.

We released each other quickly when we heard the library doors creak open.

"I thought you guys might be in here," Bruno said, walking up to us.

"You guessed right. What do you need?" I asked.

"There's something that you need to see. And you're not going to like it."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And here's chapter twenty-nine! Sorry about all the information about Trent. I didn't mean to info dump - I promise!

What are your thoughts on what Bruno might have found? Any more thoughts on what Grey could be doing? What about Vanessa and Ryder's relationship? What are you guys thinking about that.

Today (11/7) Uncontrollable is only 60 reads away from 100K. You guys are all absolutely amazing. That number is beyond my wildest dreams. Thank you so much!

I hope you enjoyed learning a bit more about Trent in this chapter even if it was a bit of an info dump! Stay awesome readers.

**Word Count: 12,741 ~ 1.1K words ahead!**

# Chapter Thirty

My heart pounded as I followed Bruno out of the library. What could have happened?

Despite Vanessa's constant questions, Bruno wouldn't tell us anything about what he was taking us to see.

After exiting the dusty library, we turned to the left, toward my quarters. We continued down the thin hallway silently. My brain buzzed with theories on what could have happened. Was it to do with Grey? Or maybe it involved my mother! It was obviously something important or he wouldn't have come to get us.

Eventually, we stopped at my quarters and turned toward the door.

"It's in my room?" I asked, shock lacing my voice. Vanessa's eyes were wide.

"Not in your room; on your door." Bruno pointed to a note that was hung on my door. The message was scrawled in handwriting that was nearly illegible.

I yanked it off the door and held it up to the light as I read it.

*"Dear Ryder, I'd just like to begin to explain what is going to happen. This will not stop unless you give in to my demands. The man inside of your room was innocent. He was leading a regular life in New York City when I snatched him. Now, he is a dead man laying in the room of a stupid teenager. What about his family, you ask? They're searching for him desperately. Their meals have decreased in size as the mother struggles to support her four children. I know you know something about this. Here's how you need to stop this: transport yourself back to the road where we first spotted your mother. I'll meet you there, and from then on, I can explain what is going to happen."*

The note didn't say who wrote it, but it didn't need to; it was clearly Grey. With a shaking hand, I imagined the door flying open. After it

opened, I stepped into my quarters cautiously. I was immediately assaulted by the terrible odor of death. It snaked it's way up my nose, refusing to leave me alone. I covered my mouth and nose, trying not to gag.

In a corner of the room was a corpse, looking as if it had been tossed there haphazardly. I looked away, a tear burning it's way to the brims of my eyes. Grey did this because of me. It was my fault this man was laying here and his family was at home suffering and struggling.

"Ryder, don't beat yourself up about this," Vanessa, said as I walked out of the room. She placed a comforting hand on my arm.

"But this is my fault," I argued. A fiery hot anger at myself was burning inside of my body as I contemplated when I would go to meet Grey. This couldn't happen to anyone else; not because of me.

The image of the dead body played over and over again in my head, denying any attempt I made at trying to get it to go away.

"We can find Grey," Bruno said, a triumphant look flitting across his face.

"What?" Vanessa and I asked in unison. I was grateful to a change in subject; I couldn't bare to speak about the dead man anymore. The guilt was too much.

"This note will help us find Grey," Bruno announced again, looking quickly between both Vanessa and me. I raised my eyebrows, signaling I was still confused.

"Wizards, they leave behind a trail," Bruno explained. "It's not an obvious one, but it's there. It's almost like the idea of a digital footprint. Wherever a wizard goes, whatever they do, they leave a trace behind them. There are some people, although it's a rare type of magic, who are specialized in detecting these trails and following them. Lucky for us, I know one of them."

A warm feeling of victory spread through my whole body, a smile of my own appearing on my face.

"So what you're saying is that we can find Grey, and we can punish him for what he's done?" I asked. There was an anger in my tone that suggested I wouldn't stop at anything to find him, and that tone reflected my emotions perfectly.

"What do we do about the dead man in there?" Vanessa asked. It seemed as though she hadn't let it go quickly, which made me wonder why I had? Why was I treating this man like his life was worth less than finding Grey? A sick feeling enveloped me at the thought.

"I can . . . deal with him," Bruno said bitterly. "And once we finish this business with Grey, we can help his family. They won't ever have to see us."

I agreed, eager at the thought of helping his family to redeem myself.

"I would love to help them before we find Grey, but you're right. We need to do this first so that no other person is forced to this fate because of us," Vanessa said slightly. The green in her eyes had intensified as she spoke the sentence. Did that suggest emotions?

"Because of me," I corrected, not willing to let anyone else take blame for something that was evidently my fault.

"Don't beat yourself up about this," Bruno said. "It wasn't you who killed this man. It was Grey. He's just using you as an excuse to kill people because in his sick, twisted mind, that makes it okay."

"But he killed a man because of *me!* That's the whole point of what I'm saying. If I didn't exist, or a prophecy wasn't created about me, or I never came to the Base, this man would still be alive and happy with his family," I exclaimed. The guilt filling my body was relentless, putting a new weight on my shoulders that was suffocating.

"You can't change the past, but you can change the future. You set your own destinies and you decide what happens in life. If there's a prophecy you don't like that's about you, just break the crystal ball and change the way things are going. You control what happens. If

you keep wallowing in the past instead of thinking what to do now and in the future, you'll never get anywhere," Vanessa said, pulling her hair up into a pony tail. "Besides, Grey was the one who brought you here."

I nodded slowly. She was right. There was nothing I could do to change what happened leading up to this, but there are things I can do to prevent it from happening again.

"You two go eat some dinner and then get some sleep. We'll start out bright and early tomorrow morning. Ryder, you'll sleep in Vanessa's room for now," Bruno ordered. Vanessa and I nodded and started toward the mess hall. The moment we turned the corner, our hands intertwined.

Neither of us said a word, but it was a comfortable silence that hung between us. When we reached the doors, we tugged them open and walked in. Not a soul was in sight but there was still warm food cooking itself on the table in the back.

"Sometimes, I just love magic more than anything," Vanessa said with a laugh as she dropped my hand and ran to get food. I followed after her, filling my plate as much as I could with turkey, ribs, mashed potatoes, and cooked carrots. I placed that on the circular table closest to me and filled a glass full of ice water.

I sat down quickly, eager to dig into my large meal. Each bite of the food felt tastier than the first. I had to force myself to slow down as my body threatened to scarf the whole meal down. Vanessa sat down next to me and began eating her food as well.

"What we're going to need to do is get you a bit in my room," Vanessa said, her face showing she was trying to figure out how that would work. I smiled.

"Honestly, I can just sleep on the floor. Besides, it's only one night," I answered, grateful for her thoughtfulness.

"Whatever floats your boat," Vanessa said. "I'm so excited to go to this man and to find Grey!"

Vanessa's tone supported her words. I nodded.

"I am too. He doesn't deserve to be a king or to have the power he does. He manipulates everyone and since I met him, I've realized that there is nothing good about him." I'd never thought about the thought, but as I said it, I knew it was true. I'd never seen him do one kind act that wasn't to fool me or to try to win over my trust to then shatter it later. He didn't deserve everything he had.

"You're right. And that's the worst part of it all — he doesn't do one genuine thing. I sure hope that I didn't inherit that trait," Vanessa said, looking up toward the ceiling.

"Inherit that trait? Are you and Grey related?" I asked, sitting on the edge of my seat. Just the thought of it seemed so comical; Vanessa was so nice and caring and authentic whereas Grey was manipulative, lying, and cheating. It made no sense that they'd be related.

"Yeah, we are," she said, a sadness filling her voice. "He's my great, great, great grandfather."

I frowned. How does an apple end up so far from the tree?

"That doesn't mean I'm anything like him," Vanessa added quickly noticing my frown.

"No, you're not like him at all. Is he from your mom or your dad's side?" I asked.

"He's on my dad's side," she answered, leaning back in her chair, her plate clear. Food still filled my plate but I wasn't as hungry as I had been before.

"Well, then you must have inherited all of your mother's traits," I said with a smile. "You have nothing in common with him. It's just weird to think about."

"It really is," she said.

"How old is Grey anyway?" I asked, realizing he must be very old to be a great, great, great grandfather.

"No one knows his exact age. He won't reveal it. But we all know that he's over 150 years old. Among wizards, being 125 is somewhat average. Living until 150 years is uncommon. Anything above that is practically unheard of. We're not exactly sure what he's doing to preserve his life so much, but we do know one thing; human beings weren't made to live that long, even if they are wizards. Being that old can have a great effect on the body. One you can't control. The fact that he can still perform magic is crazy."

My eyes widened.

"Over 150 years old and he's still doing these mischievous things? You'd think he'd grow out of it!" I exclaimed. "Although, it is remarkable he is still performing magic."

"It's hard to think about living that long. You'd think that a person wouldn't want to. In that time, you'd have been able to do everything you wanted. Wouldn't you just get tired of living with nothing new to experience?" Vanessa asked.

"Maybe," I stated. "Out of the small amount of time I've spent with Grey, though, I've realized that he isn't one who follows normalities."

She nodded.

"Ever since I was young and he started raising me he did insane things. I could never figure out what it was at the time. Maybe it was just him trying to do things that entertained him after such a long life."

"He raised you?" I didn't want to pry or dig too deep but the thought of Grey raising a child was a scary one.

"Yeah, my parents, uh, died just after I was born," Vanessa stated, tears filling her eyes. I reached across the table and grabbed her hand.

"I'm so, so sorry," I whispered. She slowly closed her eyes and opened them again.

"They were great people. And it was Grey's fault that they died. That's why I want revenge on him. Not because of anything else he's done," she explained. Her voice was fiery, her eyes angry. She had suffered pain, and then been forced to spend the rest of her life with the cause of it. And she wanted revenge.

I remained silent, trying to think of something to say, but I knew from experience that small talk and empty words don't help.

"Anyway," she said, wiping her cheeks with her free hand and standing up, "we should get back to my room. We have to get some rest for tomorrow."

I nodded and stood up, coming up next to her and looping my arms around her shoulders.

"You deserve to catch Grey," I whispered as we walked out of the dining halls, our plates disappearing behind us.

"And now we will," she answered, leaning her head on my chest. Our walk back to her quarters was once again silent, but speaking wouldn't have fit in that moment. Vanessa needed a minute to come to let her emotions of her past die down a bit.

She led me to her room and when we arrived, it swung open before she raised her hand or performed any magic.

"I set it to do that; I got sick of using magic every time I wanted to come in," she explained as we stepped in and it closed by itself.

"Smart," I remarked. She moved her hand in a circular motion over the ground, and a pile of sheets appeared.

"Thanks," I said as I knelt down on the sheets and pulled off my shoes. She walked to the back of the room.

"I'm gonna get a shower and then you can," she muttered as she went into the bathroom and shut the door behind her.

Seconds later, the water turned on. I sighed, and inhaled deeply, reflecting on the days events. So much had happened, all due to me.

I took another deep breath, and pushed the negativity away. If I was going to do something about everything that had gone on, I couldn't think like that.

The room around me was as simple as mine, but Vanessa had decorated her walls. It was filled with posters and various pictures of her as a child. The air smelled of her sweet, flowery scent. Being surrounded by such a scent calmed me down immensely. Her room itself gave off positive vibes. She had also added a desk right next to the door. On it was a letter in the same handwriting that I'd received my note in earlier today.

Grey had been writing to Vanessa? I stood up and walked towards the desk, careful not to make to much noise as I did. When I reached the desk, I outstretched my hand to grab the letter. Just before my fingers closed around the flimsy paper, my hand faltered. Did I really need to read this letter? No, it wasn't my business.

Despite the voice in the back of my head telling me it was important, I pulled my arm back and sat down on the sheets again, my eyelids drooping.

A few minutes later, the water shut off. I took a deep breath, still eyeing the letter. Next to the desk was a trash can. It was filled with crumpled up pieces of paper, as if he'd written to her before but she'd discarded all of the letters except for this one left on her desk. What had been so special about it that she kept it? Or maybe it was just the most recent one. Could it be about me?

"You can get in the shower now," Vanessa said, her voice pulling me out of my thoughts. I turned around and nodded. Her blonde hair was sprawled across her baggy, blue tee-shirt. Her sweatpants were too big for her and looked like she would trip with every step she took.

"Thanks," I said as I walked toward the bathroom, not mentioning the letter. I closed the door behind me and peeled off my clothes. Stepping in the shower, I put the water on hot and let its warmth fill me up. Steam filled the bathroom, but it felt like some of the guilt I'd been carrying around had floated out of me with it.

After scrubbing my skin with soap and washing my hair with shampoo, I turned off the water and found a fresh towel waiting for me. A fresh pair of clothes were too. Oh, the luxuries of magic.

I dried myself off and changed into the new clothes, grateful for the shower. I walked out of the bathroom and the lights shut off automatically. I found Vanessa asleep on her bed. I looked toward the desk and saw that the note had been moved. I knitted my eyebrows. Had she not wanted it to be left in the open?

The small fact made me want to know what that letter contained more. But at this point I didn't have a choice to read it or not.

With a sigh and laid down on the floor, covering myself in sheets and soon drifted off to sleep myself.

I was awoken by a quick rap on Vanessa's door. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. Vanessa had just woken up as well.

"Vanessa?" Bruno's voice called impatiently.

"We just woke up. We'll be out right away," she answered, an annoyed look filling her voice. I smiled and stood up, slipping my shoes on and walking toward the door. It swung open when I reached it.

"Does it do that for everyone?" I asked, stepping into the hallway. She nodded, her hair slightly messed up. Despite it, she still looked beautiful. I would never be able to figure it out.

She got out of bed slowly and walked toward us.

"Vanessa, Rico hates it when people are late. He's a bit weird."

"Just transport us there, then!" She exclaimed with a smile, her clothes changing in front of me from her tee-shirt and pants to jeans and a long sleeve, white sweater.

The feeling of transportation overtook me and the next thing I knew the air temperature around me rose in dramatically.

"Bruno?" a deep voice called from behind us. I turned around and

before me stood the slimmest man I'd ever seen. Just looking at him brought the term "skin and bones" to a whole new level. His gaunt face was clean of facial hair, his lips a pale red. His eyes were a dull blue, nose crooked. His short hair was bright red — by far the most impressive feature about him.

The room we were standing in was plain, with a tan walls surrounding us and no decorations to be seen. There was a chair and desk in the far corner, but there was nothing else in the room besides that. It smelled of dust and mustard — one of the weirdest combinations of smell I'd ever encountered in my life.

"Rico!" Bruno exclaimed, shaking his hand. "It's been so long since we've talked."

"I know," Rico said, pulling his hand back and smiling. "And who are these two?"

"My name is Ryder," I said, reaching out my hand to shake his.

"And mine's Vanessa," she said, shaking his hand as well.

"No, that's not it," Rico said looking at her quizzically. After a moment's pause, he spoke again, "But I suppose that it's meant to remain a secret."

She looked startled and uncomfortable. I cocked my head at her but she shook her head. It wasn't the time for that now.

"So, Rico, we need help with something," Bruno said, taking the attention off of Vanessa.

"What is it?" he asked, eyeing the note that was in Bruno's hand that I hadn't noticed before.

"I have a job for you: I need you to find someone."

"Yes, that's what I do," Rico said, sticking his tongue out at Bruno. Bruno laughed. Rico really was weird, but not in the way that Bruno made it seem.

Vanessa and I exchanged glances, but kept our mouths shut.

"Here's a note from Grey," Bruno said, handing it to Rico. He took it, and stared at it.

"Interesting — you want to find the king? Why?" Rico asked, still seemingly examining the note.

"We have a little bit of unfinished business we have with him, but we're not sure where he is," Bruno explained, withholding as much information as possible.

"Okay. It may take a minute," Rico said.

"How do you find people?" I asked. This man wasn't doing anything but staring at the note with a concentrated look overtaking his face.

"Everyone leaves a trail. I am just skilled at finding and following them," he said, not removing his gaze from the note.

"But can you see the trail? How do you find it?" I asked, still not understanding how it happened.

"Imagine each of you had your own color. And everything you did, everywhere you went you left a bit of that color behind you like an endless trail. That's how it works. It appears in the air, on objects, on everything. I can see them when most people can't. That's how I find people," he said, impatience filling his tone.

I nodded, staying quiet. After moments of nothing, he spoke.

"Ahhhh, that was tricky."

"What is it?" Bruno asked. Rico signaled for him to step forward. Bruno did and Rico whispered something in his ear. Bruno nodded, a gleeful smile on his face.

"Thank you my friend," Bruno uttered. With that, we transported back to the planning room.

"What did he say? Where are we going?" Vanessa asked immediately. Bruno's answer was quick.

"We're headed to Eastbell."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

You guys have been liking the longer chapters; here's a really long one! I hope you guys enjoyed it. A bit more about the characters was revealed. I know I usually end on a cliffhanger, but I decided not to this chapter. I feel like this was a good enough ending to the chapter.

Do you guys have any thoughts on what may happen with their mission to find Grey? Do you think it will succeed? What about Vanessa — what's up with her? We now know she had a fake accent and her name may not be entirely truthful either. Do you guys think she has some secrets that she's still hiding? What about Vanessa and Ryder's relationship? Do you think it'll go anywhere? I mean thirty chapters in and there's still been no kiss! What's up with that?

Thank you all for reading. Today (11/8) Uncontrollable has crossed over 100k reads. You are all insane. That was my overall goal for a book to have 100k. It's crazy that this does. Thank you!

Don't forget to vote or comment if you enjoyed!

**Word Count: 16,552 ~3.2k words ahead**

# Chapter Thirty-One

[image]

"He's hiding in Eastbell?" I asked, surprised at the place he picked. And then a thought occurred to me: I didn't know whether or not he was king of Eastbell or Westbell.

"Yes, the Capital to be precise," Bruno said, a hard look taking over his face.

"Is he the king of Eastbell or Westbell?" I questioned, wanting to have a full understanding of what he had power over before we went into this.

"Eastbell," Vanessa answered. "Do you know the history of them?"

"Yeah I read about it when I learned about Trent Smith," I explained quickly. She nodded.

"So what's the plan?" Vanessa had turned to Bruno, her eyes showing she was ready to take action and find Grey.

"This isn't going to happen today. There are a lot of factors that need to be incorporated. We will leave tomorrow morning for Eastbell. This needs to be done with precision, carefully and in the right moment. There are a lot of moving parts," Bruno explained, looking directly at Vanessa.

"Tomorrow morning? What if Grey has already killed another innocent man by tomorrow morning? We can sit around and wait forever until it feels like the 'right moment' because that can have consequences!" I exclaimed in response to Bruno. I would not wait around and watch another innocent person get killed because of me.

"That's the only choice we have. Don't you understand, if I could, I would take down Grey right here and now but it doesn't work like that. Nothing is ever that easy," Bruno said, his voice smoother than

marble. "Besides, we don't even know if he actually killed that man. For all we know, he was lying about everything. Maybe he just picked up a corpse, threw it in your room and wrote a note pretending he snatched him and has a family starving at home."

I rolled my eyes.

"That would be too kind of a thing for Grey to do."

"No matter what you say, we're not going to be able to leave until tomorrow. I have a lot to work out and coordinate and it won't work until tomorrow. You can keep trying to get me to leave earlier but you won't succeed," Bruno said, clearly fed up with my nagging.

"C'mon, Ryder, he's right. We can't do anything about it. At least we get to go. We can just hang out for the day — it'll be fun," Vanessa said trying to lift my spirits.

"Whatever," I said, not able to contain a smile at the thought of spending all day with Vanessa.

"Good — I'll be gone the whole day trying to arrange things. Just don't get yourself into trouble. Most of the people won't come back to the Base out of fear after what happened with the intruders, so there shouldn't be many people around," Bruno said, running a hand through his hair.

Vanessa and I nodded.

"See ya," Bruno said and with that, he disappeared.

"So what do you wanna do?" Vanessa asked, turning to me.

"How about we drop all the magic things and spend a day like regular teenagers," I suggested, elated by the thought of acting like a normal kid for once.

"Sounds refreshing. Lets do it," Vanessa agreed, smiling.

"Cool," I said. "Where do you wanna go? I suppose since we don't have an adult to patrol us and we have magic to transport us, we can really go anywhere we want," I said, the realization dawning on

me.

"Can we go to Chicago?" she asked, a hint of hopefulness in her tone. "I've always wanted to go there since I was a kid."

"Lets do it," I answered. I'd been there once as a kid, so I imagined us transporting from the Base to the city.

When we landed in the city, we were surrounded by startled pedestrians.

"Shit! I should've thought about transporting to a crowded street!" I exclaimed.

"No," Vanessa said with a laugh. "I casted a spell that made us invisible. They won't know that we just appeared here, they'll have just heard a bang which is why they look so shocked. We can go somewhere without people to take off the invisibility spell."

"Now that is thinking ahead," I said, thoroughly impressed with her precautions. It seemed like she'd done things like this before.

"We can probably go down that alley," I said, pointing towards an empty alleyway branching off of the side of the street.

Vanessa nodded, and we started off.

"Just make sure that we don't bump into people — that would cause some serious trouble."

I laughed, but made sure to be extra vigilante about it because she was right; it would bring attention to us and for all we know it could blow up and get wizards exposed. I didn't want to take that risk.

When we reached the alley, we walked about halfway down and with the flurry of her hand, Vanessa told me we were visible once more.

As we went back to the busy streets, she interwove her arms around my left one. A smile played on my lips unlike any one I'd ever felt before; I couldn't stop it.

For the first time in a while, I felt like a normal teenager taking a trip to the city. And most of all, I felt like I blended in perfectly, which was nice after always sticking out due to my magic.

"Can we see The Bean?" Vanessa asked, tugging on my arm a little bit. I nodded.

"I think we're right near there," I said, looking around. After a little bit of searching, we found Millennium park. At the front was a large, metal bean. The metal was reflective. We walked toward it with the rest of the crowd.

"It's beautiful," Vanessa said, marveling at it. I found it cool, but I wouldn't call it beautiful. I never had an eye for art though, so who was I to judge?

"Can we go under?" she asked.

"Of course!" I answered with a laugh as she began running toward it, pulling me along with her.

When we got under, we were surrounded by reflections of ourselves and the people around us. The top of the bean arched high above us. In the center, a man was proposing to a woman. Clapping and cheering erupted from the crowd when the woman accepted his proposal for marriage and they kissed.

Vanessa smiled and clapped herself.

"That was so cute!" she exclaimed, her breath coming out as a puff of fog in the air. It really was getting cold.

"Yeah," I said, distracted by a man who was standing across from us, watching with large, beady eyes. Our eyes locked and a glint of anger flashed across them.

"Lets go get some food!" Vanessa exclaimed, turning and walking out from under The Bean.

"Where do you wanna eat?" I asked, catching up to her and grasping her hand.

"Oh wherever," she said, looking around. I glanced behind us and saw the man had followed us out and remained a safe distance away.

"Lets go there," I said, pointing toward a Panda Express, wanting to leave Millennium Park in an attempt to see if the man stopped following us.

Despite my calm voice, my heart was pounding and beads of sweat were forming on my neck and hands.

"Are you okay? It's freezing and your hands are sweating," Vanessa remarked, looking down at our interlaced hands.

"Yep I'm good," I lied. When we arrived at the Panda Express, it was deserted.

"Where is everyone?" I asked, looking around. There weren't even employees behind the counter.

"The lights are on so someone must be here," Vanessa said. There weren't any tables in the large, tiled restaurant.

"Something weird is going on," I commented. "Lets get outta here."

Just then, flame shot at Vanessa and me. We dove to the ground, watching the flame hit the wall and catch fire.

I turned to the place the flame came from and found the man who'd been watching us under the Bean, his large eyes now glowing a fiery red.

Of course. I summoned water to my finger tips and shot it towards the man. He ducked and then the feeling of transportation overtook me. The next thing I knew we were back in Vanessa's quarters.

"We shouldn't have gone out in public like that. It only makes sense that something like that would happen," Vanessa whispered, sorrow filling her voice giving it a bitter tone.

"I know. I guess we just don't fit in the real world." There was a bit of sadness in my tone as well. Maybe wizards just weren't meant to

be exposed or doing things that normal people would.

"Can I ask you a question?" Vanessa's voice was hopeful.

"Of course."

"On that note after describing that man's family it said, 'I know you know something about this.' What did Grey mean?" she asked, her eyes thoughtful not greedy for information.

I took a deep, shaky breath before answering. If she had told me about her childhood, then she deserved to know a little bit about me.

"When I was young, my father left my mother and me alone. He took my brother with him. Before that, there were signs of something happening; my mother and father fighting late at night, glaring at each other, but I never expected that he would just leave. It was terrible. He had been the one financially supporting us so when he left, things went downhill. I ate two meals a day at most, my mom usually ate only one. We lost our house and we lived on the streets. But, when I was nearly nine, my mother found a job that payed well and eventually we recovered from it all. That's what Grey was talking about," I explained, my dark past all rushing onto me like a wave of emotion.

"I-I'm so sorry," Vanessa whispered, terror and sorrow filling her voice. "That is just absolutely terrible. I'm, um, sorry I made you go back there."

"That's what stemmed the killing I used to do," I said, staring at the ceiling, my eyes glazed over. "I never really thought about it. I was never scared of death because for a long time it seemed like the easiest solution to my pain and problems. I was so angry at everyone else for what they did that I went a little crazy. I followed stories of mass murderers so that I would at least kill someone who wasn't doing good. It was terrible. But I assure you, Vanessa, I think *nothing* like that now."

Her mouth was hanging open slightly, a tear falling over the brim of her eye.

"That makes sense," she whispered in that same, haunting tone.

I stood up, pushing away the past.

"It's like you said. The past is the past. I'm gonna go get some food, and then sleep; I'm really tired for some reason and want to be rested for when we leave to Eastbell," I announced, walking out of the door and toward the mess hall.

Vanessa followed me, grabbing onto my hand.

"Thank you for telling me that," she muttered as we walked into the dining hall. There was two women and a man sitting at the far table, talking quietly about a spell.

Vanessa and I got sandwiches from the table of food and ate quietly. I looped my arm around her as we got up to leave.

My past was haunting me all the while — the faces of the murderers as they died, the man who tried to kill me, my father — rendering me unable to think about anything else.

When we arrived at Vanessa's quarters once again, we went in and I sat down on my sheets.

"Thank you, Vanessa, for telling me about your childhood as well. That's mostly why I told you," I said. She sat next to me and looked me in the eyes, a glint of happiness in them, but also sadness.

"I just thought you deserved to know more about me."

As an answer, I leaned in toward her, and kissed her lightly on the lips. Warmth spread through me when she responded, curling her arms around my neck. I pulled my mouth away slowly, my eyes still closed and savoring the moment.

"I'm gonna go to sleep now," I mumbled, laying down and covering myself with the sheets.

"Thank you," she muttered as she went back to her bed.

"No, thank *you,*" I said, before slowly drifting to sleep, the feeling of

her soft lips still lingering on mine.

That night I was haunted by dreams of the people I killed, and of when my mother and I were left alone and living on the streets.

When I woke up, Vanessa was still up and sitting at her desk, writing a letter. I remained silent as she muttered to herself.

My heart began pumping faster and faster as I one sentence that she said stuck in my brain, my mind desperately trying to figure out what was going on.

"Tell him that the plan has moved from stage two to stage three. He kissed me."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

And here's chapter thirty-one! I hope you all enjoyed learning a little bit more about Ryder in this chapter and where his father and brother have been this whole time. And how about that kiss!

What do you guys think about that ending? Do we think that Vanessa is manipulating Ryder just like Grey would, or is she still a genuine character and Ryder has just heard a bit of things out of context?

Also, what do you think about them waiting a day to go and attack Grey? Do you think that Ryder is right and that Grey is going to do something in that day?

Thanks for reading, voting, and commenting! You're all great.

Sorry about the slowness of this chapter, I just thought that it was necessary to give you a bit more of a background about the characters and kind of slow things down because the plot is about to become very fast moving again as they try to stop Grey and figure out his plans.

There's also a picture of Vanessa included on the side so that you guys can get a bit of a picture of her.

**Word Count: 18,964 ~3.9k word ahead**

# Chapter Thirty-Two

[image]

Vanessa stood up a few minutes after speaking of our kiss as part of a plan and went back to her bed, pulling the light out of the room when she did.

My heart was pounding and my mind was racing. Was she manipulating me just as Grey had? Did I hear it incorrectly? She had been muttering after all.

With a long breath, I rolled onto my side and closed my eyes. I'd just ask her in the morning.

"Ryder, I know you're awake," Vanessa said suddenly. My eyes flew open.

"Yeah, I am," I answered, not totally sure what I could have said.

"I also know that you heard what I just muttered to myself," she said with a sigh. The light that had been illuminating the room before was sent back up to the ceiling once more.

"I did hear what you said," I confirmed, still not sure how she wanted me to be answering.

"I can assure you it's not the way that it sounds."

"Really? Because it seems pretty crystal clear what was happening," I said, a hint of anger giving my voice an edge.

She sat up and got out of bed, walking over to me.

"You might think that it is, but it's not. I promise it seems worse than it is," she said, sitting next to me and staring into my eyes with her emerald ones.

"Explain it to me," I said sitting up as well. The anger had left my

voice and my body, replaced only by a hunger for the truth. When you never know what is true and what is false and who to trust, it can all become tiring very quickly.

"Grey thinks that I'm helping him and still on his side," she began, looking away. "So, I've been writing letters to him trying to fake an alliance and make it sound like I'm informing him on everything that's happening, but I've not told the truth in anything. An example of that is when I told him that we were told how to go to Westbell instead of Eastbell to try to find him. He believes me, Ryder, I think we can truly trick him into believing that we're not on his tail until we catch him. And then we can have out revenge."

I looked towards her. Her face suggested that she wasn't lying and the anger in her eyes showed she still did hate Grey as she said, but I still made a mental note to be careful and cognizant of Vanessa's actions because being to trusting of her could get us all killed if she wasn't telling the truth.

"Alright, so why was it necessary to tell him that we kissed?" I asked. She blushed slightly at the mention of the kiss.

"Because I need everything to go as I planned it. He thinks that I will get close to you so that it will be easier to manipulate you and he thinks if you have feelings for me it will make it all the more simple, so I told him that. I promise it's not real," she said.

The whole idea of this sounds too complex to be fabricated while she's speaking but considering that Grey is her grandfather, it wouldn't surprise me if it was some type of manipulation or a lie they already planned.

I nodded, and smiled.

"I believe you and I'm glad that you're not working with him," I said, trying to muster as much of a happy and believing tone as I could. I'd just make sure she wasn't doing anything too suspicious.

"So if you've been communicating with him, does that mean that you guys agreed on a place to send letters to?" I asked, trying to pry as much information out of her as possible.

"Yes, I know where to send letters so that he can receive them. Well, I know *how* to send letters so that he can receive them to be precise," she explained, leaning into my chest. I looped an arm around her, and closed my eyes for a moment.

"I'm gonna go ahead and assume that sending a letter with magic or to another wizard doesn't work in the same was as it does in the regular world," I said.

She laughed and shook her head, her shampooed hair passing under my nose, the pleasant aroma sticking there after she moved her head back to my chest.

"And if you know where he's hiding, that whole trip the Rico to try to track him was unnecessary," I said, trying to filter out the anger in my voice. If she thought I was mad about it and she was lying, she may be suspicious of whether or not I believed her and that, I did *not* want.

"It was necessary — I don't know where he's hiding exactly I have a spot to send letters but he's already told me it's not the same spot that he's hiding. He's not stupid enough to tell me where he's hiding."

"I guess that makes sense," I said. "Lets get some sleep now; we really do have a long day ahead of us."

She nodded, and I wrapped my arms around her before she stood up and went back to her bed.

"Goodnight," she whispered.

"Goodnight," I said.

With that, the light was put out and I fell into a deep sleep quickly.

I was awoken by a violent shaking.

"Ryder, Ryder, get up!" Vanessa said while laughing. I looked up, jumping out from under the sheets quickly.

"Are we late?" I asked, anxiety filling my voice and my features.

"Yeah, we both slept in. Bruno told us to be in the planning room in one minute. We need to go," she said, a huge smile still plastered on her face. I nodded, and followed her as we ran toward the planning room, her hair flying behind her.

The moment we ran in, Bruno sprung up form the chair he'd been sitting in.

"Good, you two are here! We're going to be so late," he exclaimed, grabbing both of our hands and before I knew what was happening I was standing on the countryside, not unlike the one I stood in when Vanessa took me to see a slave town. The air around me was fresh and clean — almost more breathable. The smell of flowers wafting into my nose.

Bee's buzzed near us and a light breeze blew over the field we were standing in, ruffling the grass around us.

Directly across from us, maybe 200 yards away, was a large, shimmering force field. There was nothing clearly under it although I assumed Eastbell was just hidden by a spell.

"We can't just walk in like any other traveler would who was visiting Eastbell or coming back to it from a trip because Grey would automatically know that it was us and we were on to him. So, the people who are helping us get into the city and I have thought up a different way. For now though we're going to be camping out on — well, under — the border of the city," Bruno explained, ushering us forward.

"Wait, we're not commencing our mission to find Grey right now?" I asked, not trying to hide the exasperation I felt.

"I know, Ryder, you don't want to wait any longer but as I said before everything needs to be done precisely and on time," Bruno said, taking the lead to show us where to go.

"But do we seriously need to do more waiting?" I asked. "I know you already told me that it is necessary but in this time Grey could go somewhere completely different, unknown, or hard to navigate and we wouldn't even know. How does that seem helpful?"

"Because he won't," Vanessa cut in. "Grey is too conceited to allow himself to believe that we could be getting close to him. Especially with all the letters I'm sending him weaving a web of lies — there's no way that it would even cross his mind."

"That is the most valid point I've heard so far," I said, shutting my mouth and not planning on arguing about time again.

As we neared the force field, the grass grew taller and thicker, reaching my hips.

"So, are we not on Earth right now?" I asked, recalling Vanessa's explanation of different realms.

"We're not in the realm of Earth," Bruno said. "That's part of the reason that the air appears to feel easier to breathe."

"Interesting," I commented just as Bruno stopped at a patch of grass that looked as if it had just been dug up and trampled on.

"Here we are," he said, waving his hand toward the ground. The grass removed itself from the rest of the earth and floated over to the side. Under it was what looked like a large plastic covering of something.

"Jump down," Vanessa ordered. Did she know what this was? Not totally sure what would happen, I took a cautious step towards the hole.

"Just go!" Bruno exclaimed with a laugh, pushing me over the edge. Where you would expect to stop because of the plastic, I fell right through, plummeting toward the ground. Just before I hit though, my speed decreased and I slowly floated to the ground, touching softly.

Above me, Vanessa and Bruno jumped, repeating the same process that I had. I was standing in what felt like a large circle that was a pathway underneath the grass above us. On either sides of the path were flickering lights, illuminating the way.

Bruno began walking forward toward what looked like a dead end. When we reached it, there was a large television screen plastered

onto the earth. An image of Grey sitting contently at a desk was shown.

Anger immediately overtook my body at the sight of the old man, and it clearly showed.

"We're gonna get him," Bruno promised. "And when we do, we can figure out where your mother is, and then we can kill him."

∼+ **Uncontrollable** +∼

Hey readers! I hope you enjoyed this chapter. It was somewhat slow but as I said, action kinda soon!

What do you guys think about Vanessa's reason for writing to Grey and speaking about her and Ryder's kiss as a plan? Do you believe it? Do you guys think Bruno, Ryder and Vanessa will take down Grey?

Thanks for all of your support in the story! There's a picture of Ryder on the side!

**Word Count: 20,724 ∼ 5.7k words ahead!**

# Chapter Thirty-Three

**Heads up:** this is a ***long*** chapter with a lot of information and multiple scenes. You'll need to pay attention while reading. You guys are also caught up to where I am so you'll get updates as I write.

Enjoy chapter thirty-three!

**Completely unedited**

+ + + +

The severity of Bruno's words shocked me. I suppose I'd always imagined capturing Grey and how I would get information about my mother from him, but was killing him necessary? Would that make us any better than him?

"We have to get to the meeting spot," Bruno said, snapping me out of my thoughts. He stepped through the dirt barrier as if it was the most casual thing he'd ever done. After a moment of shock, I followed him, eager to see the plan to capture Grey.

After stepping through the wall, I was surrounded by metal. Looking up, it looked like a jungle gym of metal rafters and walkways. Directly in front of us was a large staircase leading up to what looked like the main walkway, all the others branching off of this one. The air around me smelled of must and dirt, dust floating in the air. I could hear voices, although they sounded far away.

"This is amazing," Vanessa exclaimed, awe filling her voice. I couldn't disagree. It truly was incredible that whoever these people were had figured out how to create this underground.

"Yeah, the people who created this are some of the smartest and most creative people I know," Bruno said, still looking up at the network of stairs, pathways, and rooms.

"Did they just start it after we went to Rico?" Vanessa asked, turning her head toward Bruno.

"No, they'd started it a while back," Bruno said, snapping himself out of the trance he'd been in by everything around him.

"That just makes this all the more mind-blowing," Vanessa responded.

"They gave me directions on how to get to where they want to meet us, although I'm not sure I totally remember all of them," Bruno said, ignoring Vanessa's comment.

"Well, it's the best shot at finding where we're supposed to go, so we can go with them for now and worry about getting lost if it actually happens," I said, giving Bruno a nudge signaling I was ready to start.

"I guess that is all that we can do." With a slight nod, he started up the stairs and down the pathway. Vanessa and I followed close behind, our footsteps echoing slightly in this cavernous room. After passing two staircases, we stopped and turned left into a door.

Inside, we were standing in a warmly lit room that had one metallic table stuck in the middle of the room and nothing else. At the other and of the room there was a second door. We walked around the table and out the second door, confronted by a new staircase. Below this was many supports, as if floating in mid-air.

"Do we know if this is being held up by some sort of enchantment?" I asked, looking around the jungle of metal. There had to be a supporting pole somewhere.

"It seems as if it is," Bruno exclaimed, a smile playing on his face as he continued. Vanessa and I stayed next to each other.

"That's risky," Vanessa commented. "If whoever set the spell on it were to die or be seriously injured, wouldn't this whole thing fall?"

"When thinking about it, it probably would," Bruno said. As we surged on, weaving our way through the intricate web of paths and stairs.

"So, can you guys explain the government to me more?" I asked, eager to get a better understanding of what happens in magical nations and realms.

"Well, there are a lot of parts. What would you like to know?" Bruno asked.

"I'm wondering about all of it. What does the government do? Are there different parts of it like there are in a regular government?" I asked.

"The government does most of the things that a normal government would do," Vanessa began. "They manage the military, they control law enforcement and money flow. Things like that, but then also magical things. They have to make sure that the education and spells the children are learning are appropriate for their age — some spells and magic are too complex for thirteen year-olds to learn — and they also have to deal with other realms and nations. It's pretty much exactly like the government in America, just with magical elements and issues mixed in. And of course there are different branches, managed by different people, but the king has overarching control. He's kind of like an emperor in terms of how much power he has."

"Interesting," I said. "Can you also explain age to me?"

"Yeah, of course! So, as you've probably figured out by now, age works differently in this world and generally among wizards. We just live longer than most people. I did briefly explain to you the different ages that were average, above average, et cetera, but I can go a bit more into detail. Because of wizards generally living longer, it makes generations further apart than in regular families. That is why it fits that Trent can be your grandfather. Although I can assure you that Grey is much older than wizards ever grow to be. I still haven't been able to figure out exactly what he did to allow him to live for so long, but I think I may have found something that *could* cause it."

"What is it?" I questioned, excitement lacing my voice.

"It's a combination of a spell you have to place on yourself, a potion

you have to drink daily, and a place that you need to go to every week to keep it going," Vanessa said. "And that would be an awful lot to do and remember just to live extra. Especially when you don't have much left to do."

"So if he's so old, how long has he been king?" I asked, knitting my eyebrows.

"He's been king for quite a while. I'd say at least one hundred years by now. No one knows exactly, but it is widely believed he was 200 when he became king, so it's estimated he is about 300 years-old now."

"Grey is 300 years-old? That's insane!" I exclaimed, the thought of living for that long hard for me to wrap my brain around.

"Yeah, it is pretty crazy. I just can't imagine it," she said. I nodded, and then a thought popped into my mind.

"If Grey was the one who put the people attacking us a few days back under a spell to attack me, does that mean he's working with them?"

Vanessa's eyes widened.

"He must be!" she exclaimed, awe in her voice. My legs were growing tired as we continued to trek up stairs and across paths and go through rooms.

"It would make sense," I said. "And when I think back upon it, everything would make sense. Before he'd even brought me to the Base, I was captured by people who wanted to steal my powers, and while I was there, they healed me. They claimed they were going to drain the magic out of me and then kill me, but they healed me anyway. At the time I thought nothing of it, but no one in their right mind would heal someone they were about to kill. Grey probably fabricated the whole thing and instructed them to do that just so that he could get me to the Base easier."

"That is very interesting. It sounds like Grey has been planning this for a lot longer than we may have thought," Vanessa said, running a

hand through her hair. I nodded.

How could I ever have been so trusting and believing of Grey? Was I really that oblivious and stupid?

"Grey really has been planning this for a while; he had every damn detail planned out. There's no other way he could pull off something so elaborate," Bruno said, speaking for the first time in a while.

"I have a feeling that there is more to his plan than just this," I said. "He wouldn't have put me under a spell that would force me to obey him if he didn't have larger plans for me. And my guess is that the spell I'm being influenced by and the war all tie in together."

"You're under a spell?" Vanessa asked, her jaw dropping, her head turning toward me. It felt as if we had been walking for eternities.

"Yeah, did I never tell you about that?"

"No, you didn't tell me and I don't think you told Bruno either," she said, stopping us. By now, we'd climbed much higher into the air and we had gone so far into the grid of metal pathways and stairwells I thought we would never find the room we were supposed to be in.

"Well, one day Grey made me promise to him that I would do what he told me and he made me say it was a deal and shake on it. Right after we did, there was this huge, white flash that threw me back into the wall and it filled the room. Everything was shaking and falling, and then Grey made it stop, but ever since then when he told me to do something and focused on me, then I wasn't able to do anything else," I explained, leaning against the railing tentatively.

"Ryder!" Vanessa exclaimed. "This is so bad. What he did was . . . something unspeakable."

"What do you mean? What did he do?" I asked, my heart starting to be a bit faster. What had I gotten myself into?

"No, I'm not telling you now. I'll explain it later," Vanessa said. "First, we need to figure out what the rules of this 'deal' are and how it affects you. Did you say that it happens only when he's focused on you?"

Bruno took a long breath and then started up another flight of stairs. Reluctantly, I followed, sweat falling down my neck and gluing my shirt to me.

"Yeah, it's only happened when he was watching me and seemingly actively focusing on me. When we first found my mother and we went to get her but we had to fight, I tried to go to her right away but Grey wouldn't let me. He told me not to and I couldn't, but only while he was watching me and I was all that he was looking at and focusing on. Later when he was engrossed in a fight, I could go to her. That's why I ended up going to that cell with the invisible lady and Trent Smith's name on the bar," I said, recalling events and weaving them together to make the clearest explanation possible.

"That's very interesting. Thanks for telling me that; I think I may have an idea of what it may be," Vanessa said, squinting her eyes and tilting her head slightly as if the answer was at the front of her mind but she couldn't reach it.

"We're here," Bruno said proudly, pointing at a door we had arrived at. I smiled, excitement bubbling deep in my stomach to hear what these people had to say.

Bruno outstretched a hand and pulled open the door. Inside was as simple as the first room we passed through; a metallic table at the middle and nothing else around it, lit well. The temperature in this room was warmer than I'd felt in a while due to the November weather.

Surrounding the table in this room were chairs, all except for three occupied by men and women, dressed in fancy, high quality clothes. I felt exceedingly casual compared to them, and I suddenly wished I'd worn nicer clothes.

Spread across the table were various papers. The people around it were arguing over something I didn't quite understand.

Bruno cleared his voice.

One man on the end turned around and smiled.

"Bruno!" he exclaimed loud enough to get everyone else at the table to listen. The man at the end took a little longer to turn around, but when he did, a gasp escaped my mouth before I could stop it.

"Axel?" I asked, recognizing his large, burly features well from when he kidnapped me in school.

"Hi, Ryder," Axel said uncomfortably, looking shy and slightly embarrassed.

"Do you work for them instead of Grey now?" I asked, raising my eyebrows and refusing to be overly trusting to anyone anymore. Because Grey had messed with me so much, he destroyed my trust and there was nothing people could do to fix it.

"He got too crazy. I was only there 'cause my father made me join. I didn't want to be. I'm so sorry for what I did to you," he said, sorrow and compassion filling his eyes.

I nodded.

"It's fine — Grey can be very manipulative. I understand it all. It's good that you got out of it and came here," I said. His eyes filled with relief and he thanked me.

"Do you two know each other?" Bruno asked, flicking his eyes between us.

"Yeah, we have an . . . interesting past," Axel said with a laugh. I just nodded again.

"Do ya care to explain?" Bruno questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"I will later. Lets hear what these people have to say first, and then I can tell you about it when we're not figuring out logistics," I said. Apparently, introductions weren't necessary because they jumped right into explaining their plans.

"Good idea," one of the women announced. She stood up, causing her long, black curls to shift over her petite shoulders. Her voice was calm and soothing, reminding me of my mother's. I pushed the thought out of my mind for now, realizing that I needed to stay focused on the present task or I could miss vital information about what was going to happen over the next few days.

"So we've been planning as much as we can," a different man began, dark bags lining the bottoms of his eyes, "and we think that we may have a way to distract all the defenses of the castle to allow us to get in."

"He's hiding in his own castle?" Vanessa interjected, a confused look appearing on her face.

"Yes, we believe it is due to the amount of defense and safety that it provides to him," the man said. "But, despite the high walls and guards on all sides, he's added other defenses to protect him. These ones are hidden to an ordinary pedestrian, but we were able to detect one — a force field caught shimmering from a particular angle. Once we found that one, we scoped out more and did a sweep to try to find the rest if there were any. We have a list of where they are and how we're going to get around them but because we're going to need to get around them — or more precisely, deactivate or distract them — only two of us will get to Grey. those two people will be Vanessa and Ryder."

My jaw dropped open at this. They wanted Vanessa and me to be the only ones to make it to Grey and capture him? I must have heard them wrong. There was no way that any adult in their right mind would send inexperienced and unskilled teenagers as the ones who would complete the final leg of the process. It just didn't make sense.

"I'm sorry, did I hear you right? You want Ryder and me to go to capture Grey?" Vanessa asked, equal amounts of shock resonating in her voice. She tilted her head forward at the end of her sentence as if challenging them to answer yes.

"That is what I said," the man responded completely unfazed by her challenging and surprised tone. "Ryder can do the most variety of

magic out of all of us — that much is clear. And the both of you are very skilled at magic, despite what you may think. Age has nothing to do with ability. Besides, Vanessa, you probably know more about magic than any of us do. You've studied it for years after all."

"But are you sure you want us to do it alone? What if we screw up? What I do something stupid and impulsive and ruin it all for us? Don't you think that you should send at least one adult in with us?" The plan just wasn't fitting together in my brain. Did they truly expect us to complete the plan flawlessly? It didn't seem rational to send two kids in as your only chance to capture someone who could cause a great deal of harm if he wasn't.

"You guys know Grey the best out of anyone and Ryder you possess the most power out of all of us. We need that to take him down. Let us go over the rest of the plan and if you two still want to fight with us about it we can do it then," he said, looking directly at Vanessa and me with soft blue eyes.

"Anyway," the woman who spoke earlier said, breaking the silence, "since there are so many different defenses and only so many of us, each defense has one or two people assigned to them. If you are the only person assigned to take out your defense, then it will be one of the more rudimentary defenses — and the least dangerous. Ryder and Vanessa, you two will go in with the group, and keep going deeper into the castle. Slowly, the amount of people who will be surrounding you will dwindle obviously as more people leave or detour to take down different defenses. Eventually, it will be Ryder, Vanessa and Axel. When they get to the hallway before the office that Grey is hiding in, Ryder will deal with the two guards and motion sensors. Then Vanessa and Ryder will finish the job."

It was a lot of information to process at once, but I slowly thought through the plan, imagining it happening. It all made sense except for Vanessa and me being the ones who were going to go into Grey's office to take him down. Especially because I was under a spell that Grey had cast onto me that made me do whatever he wanted.

"It's a good plan, but there is one flaw," I said.

"What's the flaw?" Bruno asked, looking toward me, annoyance

covering his features.

"I'm under that spell that Grey put me under. When we get to the office, Grey could just tell me to turn around and kill Vanessa, expose your positions, your plan, and how to get here, and then use me as his slave. And there would be nothing any of us could do to stop it," I explained. The faces of the workers at the table turned pale.

"Then we'll figure out a way to either make the spell inactive or make you immune to it over the next two days," Axel said, standing up. "I'll help you with that if you'd like."

"Okay, thank you, but what if we can't? What if whatever we try doesn't work? And I'm truly not sure I've mastered my powers enough to take him down."

"These are all good thoughts and precautions but we'll make last minute changes if we need to based on where we've gotten in the next two days. You and Vanessa will go through training with your magic and how you're going to capture him. I promise you that you don't need to worry about anything," Axel assured, sitting back down. "Now, should we get back to reviewing things?"

"Yeah, we should," Vanessa said, sitting down in the open chair. Bruno and I followed her lead.

"Okay, so, we have a diagram of the castle. Labeled along it is some of the defense mechanisms that Grey has in place at the moment," the woman said, sliding a large piece of paper filled with shapes, dots, colors, and lines.

The six different boxes were lined up in a sequence, going in order from lowest floor to highest floor.

The first box was labeled 'dungeons,' the second labeled 'dining floor,' the third labeled 'first floor,' and so on. Branching off of the different floors were boxes representing staircases and others representing secret passages. Inside the boxes that were supposed to be floors were multiple lines, signifying the different rooms and hallways. Surrounding all of it was a large line forming the shape of

a rectangle, signifying the gates on the outside of the castle.

Scattered all across the boxes and diagram were different colored dots, each color having its own meaning. Red dots meant magical defenses. Yellow dots meant defenses like guards or weapons. Green dots meant a force field or something of that nature.

As I pored over the map, I noticed one ongoing arrow, snaking from the dungeons up to the top floor where Grey's office was labeled. Branching off of that were different arrows going to different defenses.

"So my guess is that Vanessa, Axel and I are going to follow the long arrow leading to Grey's office and then everyone else will go on the other arrows when necessary," I said.

Axel nodded, a smile overtaking his face.

"That was basically what they meant, but there will be extra things like doors and gates that we'll need to make our way around that haven't been added to the map yet," he said. I noticed no one except for Axel, one of the men, and one of the women had spoken. Were those three the most important in this operation or were they just more outspoken and familiar with the plan than the rest of the people?

"Does this mean that you guys are going to brief us on how to get to the different defenses and how we will take them down?" Bruno asked, still studying the map. His eyes slowly scrutinized every inch of the map as if trying to take a detailed picture of it with his mind.

"Yes, while Vanessa and Ryder are being trained on how to effectively use their powers and also how they will take out Grey, the rest of us will be trained on how we are going to take out our defenses and how to get there. We will be prepared for this. Although some of us may need to learn new spells for the more complex and specialized defenses," the woman answered. It was as if the man, the woman, and Axel had coordinated their responses so that they would each have an equal chance to share, speak, and answer questions.

"Okay, I think I understand," Bruno said. He still hadn't lifted his eyes from the detailed diagram.

"Now you guys are going to be allowed to have some free time before we start training — which we're going to need to do right away — but just quickly we want to get in one more thing with you all so that you understand the outer-most defenses of the castle," the man said, pulling a new piece of paper and sliding it towards us. I assumed that the rest of the people had at least glanced at all of this.

"So this is the force field that Grey has surrounding the castle. It's much alike the one that protects Eastbell from the rest of the valley and towns around it, except instead of hiding it completely it just shows a downsized and less protected version of the castle. This force field also has what I call a filtering effect. Only certain people are allowed into it. If they haven't been wired into it, so to speak, then they can't enter into the grounds of the castle. If they try they will be injured badly."

"So then how are we supposed to get in?" Vanessa asked, looking at the three dimensional model drawn on the paper of the force field surrounding the castle.

"We are going to deactivate the force field without Grey noticing," the woman said, jumping back into the conversation. The rest of the people remained silent, just watching the dialogue happen. The heat of the room was becoming harder to bear, and sweat was beginning to form on my back, feeling like it was pooling under my jacket and on the palms of my hands.

"That seems like it's gonna be easier said than done," I piped up. How would you not notice a large force field surrounding your whole castle go down? Even if Grey didn't notice it, with all of the guards that were stationed around the outside of the castle, someone would notice.

"Well, not exactly. There is a much more elaborate plan for that, but we will only explain it to those who will be participating in it because we don't need you to worry about anything extra," the woman answered. "Now, you guys have heard enough talking and

explaining for today. You guys can go rest for about a half hour — Axel will show you to where you'll be staying the next few days — and then you guys will be called to training."

We nodded and Axel stood up.

"How about we get going?" he asked, going to the door. I stood up to follow him, closely trailed by Vanessa and Bruno.

"So, you guys actually don't have rooms that are very far from here," Axel said, starting up a flight of stairs. My legs begged me not to follow him, but I ignored their soreness. It would only be one more flight of stairs and it would be better by the morning.

"How convenient," Bruno said. The slight annoyance in his voice caused a smile to overtake my face. It wasn't just me who was sick of walking up so many stairs.

"Yeah, actually," Axel shot back with a playful tone in his voice, "my room is all the way at the other end of the complex."

"At the other end? That must be a two hour walk every day," Vanessa fired with a laugh.

"Three hours," Axel corrected, cracking a smile himself as we reached the top of the staircase. "Here are your rooms are right there."

He pointed down the pathway and toward three doors that were set back into the dirt.

"Okay, thank you," Bruno said, outstretching his hand to shake Axel's. Axel looked down at his hand, and then up at Bruno's face. Slowly, he clasped Bruno's hand and shook. He then walked away without another word, looking uncomfortable and awkward.

"What was that about?" I asked as we started of toward our rooms. Vanessa shook her head slightly.

"I'm not sure." She was still looking into the distance where Axel's silhouette was fading into the distance as he went down the stairs. "But something is going on with him. Something seemed off. From

the moment we got here, something was obviously wrong."

"Are you sure?" Bruno asked, opening the middle door and looking in. "He looked pretty normal to me."

With that, he went into his room and closed the door. Vanessa and I met just in front of his door.

"Come to my room in a few minutes, okay?"

I nodded, and pressed my lips to hers, slowly pulling away. She smiled as I turned into door on the left, the feeling of our kiss still tingling on my lips.

The room around me was almost identical to the one that I had at the Base, except this one had dark blue walls instead of beige. A dresser was even in the same spot and when I opened it, there were fresh pairs of clothes in it. To it's right was a table filled with sandwiches, meats, chips, and sweets. These people really knew how to be hospitable. In the back right corner was a bathroom branching off of the main room.

With a sigh, I walked to the other end of the room and plopped myself down on the comfortable bed. If I could have had my way, I would have gone to sleep here and now and worried about the training the day before we had to go to meet Grey. But, unfortunately, that's not how it was going to go. Plus, it did make sense to train Vanessa and me thoroughly before we were forced to complete what had to be one of the most important missions that had been undergone in a while.

I walked over to the dresser and changed into a different pair of clothes, planning on a shower before training started. I went into the bathroom and sure enough deodorant was sitting on the counter. I slathered it onto my underarms and then made my way to Vanessa's room.

When I knocked on the door, it opened immediately. She was in more comfortable clothes that she had been before and her hair was in a pony tail.

"Hey," she said, ushering me in and telling me to sit down on the bed. I smiled at her. Towards the corner, though, I made note of the fact that there was an already started letter on the side of the bed.

Her room was the exact same as mine with the same color walls and all. She sat down next to me and pulled her knee up to her chest. I slid my arm around her waist and she leaned into my chest.

"Thank you for all of your help," she whispered, against my chest.

"I haven't helped you," I said, pulling her closer as the memory of the pain in her eyes the night we met in the woods flooded my memory. Whatever Grey had done, it had caused a harmless soul pain. And no one deserved that.

"You may not have consciously or intentionally helped me, but you have. And I can't thank you enough for that. It means so much."

"If I can help you even a little bit, then that's a major accomplishment," I answered, wrapping my other arm around her and pulling her even closer.

"Well, you have, Ryder. You really have." Her voice was sincere but slightly muffled by my chest.

"Thank you for telling me this. It means more than you'll know to me that I can help you." A small smile involuntarily formed on my lips. Everything that was happening just felt too good to be true — Vanessa liking me, *and* thanking me for helping her when in reality I probably worsened her troubles. It all just made the kindness of her dawn on me. And nothing would make me more mad than how such bad things happen to the best people.

She pulled herself away from my chest with a sad smile on her face.

"You've made me feel less alone. And it was the least that I could do in repayment to tell you that. Now, I'm going to take a shower before we start training," she said, standing up and walking toward her bathroom.

"Thank you," I said just before she went in. She turned around and flashed another award winning smile and then shut the door.

I stood up, preparing to leave. Just before I opened the door, the letter lying on the edge of her bed caught my eye again. My brain begged me to go look at it, but my heart wouldn't let me. It wasn't my business, and I needed to fight any urge I had to snoop on her life. The only choice I had was to trust her.

When I let her room, though, I couldn't resist knocking on Bruno's door. There was just one question I felt like I needed answering.

After a few moments, the door was opening. Bruno's hair was wet.

"What do you need, Ryder?" He asked, his eyes drooping slightly showing how tired he was. Had he gotten much sleep since all of this craziness happened? My guess was no.

"I just have a quick question for you," I said. He stepped aside to allow me in but he did not ask me to sit down.

"What is it?" There was a slight irritation in his voice that made me question ever bothering.

"It's about Vanessa. So she had a fake southern accent, and after our visit with Rico we can be aware that she may have been using a fake name. What is the purpose of this?" I asked, tilting my head slightly.

Despite his clear tiredness, Bruno's eyes lit up with curiosity at the question.

"Well, I've been wondering a lot about this myself. It's hard to pinpoint exactly why she would have done that, but I can take a guess. With magic in general names are very important — that much has been clear in every fantasy book, movie or TV show ever created — but they are especially important among . . ." Bruno's voice trailed off at the end of the sentence, making me wonder what he was going to say. He was looking around as if afraid of people hearing us.

"What are they important among?" I asked.

"Spirits," he answered in a whisper, looking around to make sure that everything was okay as if he expected to be attacked then and

there for talking about spirits.

"So you think she may have a past with spirits," I clarified.

"Sh!" Bruno exclaimed, his eyes wild with precaution. "But yes, that is what I think."

"Okay, thanks for the answer," I said, opening his door and walking out into the hall.

He closed the door behind me without saying anything, but I didn't think anything of it, wishing he could get some sleep. He'd need it in two days time.

I entered my own room, and kicked off my shoes, falling back onto my bed. Despite my goal to shower, I drifted off to sleep quickly in the comfort of the bed.

A knock was what awoke me.

"What?" Was all I could manage to shout back in my dazed and tired state.

"Come out here. It's time for training."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

Talk about a lot of writing. Here's chapter thirty-three! You guys are probably tired of reading this right now, so I'm going to make this quick.

Longer chapters are going to be more common on this book. Most of the upcoming chapters probably won't be under three pages so I hope you guys like that because you had been requesting longer chapters.

The first 4k words were written in one day, the second 1.7k written in a seperate day. I know this needs a lot of editing but I hope you liked it.

Vote, comment, etc. if you enjoyed please!

**Word Count: 26,544 ~8.3k words ahead now!**

# Chapter Thirty-Four

Groggily, I pulled myself out of bed and stumbled toward the door. When I opened it, a man I'd never seen stood outside, tapping his foot impatiently.

His eyes glowed a fiery red and his thin lips were turned into a frown. His hooked nose suited his cold features well.

"I assume you're Ryder," he said, disdain filling his tone. The bulging muscles covering his arms and legs flexed at my name.

I nodded, acutely aware of the stench the man carried with him.

"I'm Duston," he said, not bothering to shake my hand. "I'm also supposed to be training some girl named Vanessa, right? Where the hell is she?"

The way he spoke about other people made me want to throw up, and my face must have shown it because he scowled.

"Don't look at me like that. You have one of the darkest souls I'm aware of. Just go get Vanessa," he said, rolling his eyes and looking off into the distant jumble of metal.

I sighed and walked towards Vanessa's room, knocking lightly on the door.

"You can come in," Vanessa called, her voice showing no intention to come get the door.

"We have to go to training," I said.

"I'll be out in a second," she answered. She came out in a loose tee-shirt and sweatpants.

"This is Duston," I introduced, showing her the man. He looked back at her for a second and then turned back around, looking away from us. She scrunched her nose, making a face of disgust and I just

nodded slightly.

"You guys will need to get into exercise clothes. This won't be like anything else you've experienced before. There will be work out clothes in your dressers." He still didn't make eye contact or look towards either of us.

We exchanged looks before parting into our separate rooms. I quickly changed into the work out clothes that were folded neatly in my dresser just as he'd promised. Placed next to my door were all black sneakers which I switched into quickly.

I stepped out and Duston and I waited in silence until Vanessa came out of her room wearing tight black pants and a lightweight workout jacket. She was in identical sneakers to mine, her long blonde hair tied back into a pony tail.

"Good," Duston said, examining both of us, letting his eyes linger on Vanessa's breasts. When he peeled is eyes away, he walked down the path in the opposite direction as us, signaling for us to follow him.

Reluctantly, I walked in his wake, breathing through my mouth to reduce the amount of his smell that I inhaled. Vanessa matched my pace.

"Did you see him looking at me?" she asked in a whisper that only I could hear. I nodded slowly.

"I don't like him. I don't like him at all," I answered quietly. He still hadn't looked back towards us as we turned and made out way down a flight of stairs.

"It's too bad he's our only choice," Vanessa said, distaste filling her features. "If they had a different trainer, I would choose them over him in a heart beat."

We had fallen further behind him. When he looked back, he told us to hurry and then kept walking.

"Does he even know what he's training us for? He's barely spoken," Vanessa said, bewilderment filling her voice.

"I'd hope so because I don't wanna waste my time with this idiot if he doesn't know what to train us for," I whispered.

"Stop whispering and get up here. I have things to go over with you," Duston called, continuing on walking without looking toward us. With an annoyed sigh we caught up to him. The scent was nauseating now that we were so close to him.

"So, this is training for a few things. One, it's training for how you'll actually capture Grey because that is a *huge* part of your leg of the mission. But I'll also be training you against different spells Grey may try to use against you," Duston explained, not actually acknowledging either of us. His personality was beginning to bother me extremely.

"Okay, so is that all?" Vanessa asked. I knew that her question wouldn't do anything positive for either of us, even before he answered.

"Well, I've been told that you two also struggle with doing two spells at once so that will be worked on as well, but the negativity in that is terrible. I absolutely despise negativity and that way of thinking will only cause you to lose my respect, trust, and also make the training harder for you guys."

Vanessa rolled her eyes, knowing that he wouldn't catch her because he wouldn't look at either of us; he kept his eyes trained forward and his feet marching along at a steady pace.

After a few more minutes of walking in an icy silence, we arrived at a door where Duston stopped.

"This is the training room. There will be other people practicing magic or other things in there, and I expect you to be the best," Duston said with a tone of voice that told he wasn't lying about his expectations.

"You expect us to be the best? Why is that? Why does that even matter?" Vanessa asked. It felt like she'd pulled the words right out of my mouth.

"Don't worry about it," Duston said, opening the door and walking in. Vanessa looked at me and mouthed the word 'ego' before following him in. I looked at the floor and laughed, shuffling over the threshold of the door.

"Stop laughing," Duston muttered. "You need to come across as serious, focused, and hard-working."

The statement just made me laugh harder and louder. The air around me was warm, and the room smelled of cleaning supplies and sweat.

Vanessa shook her head at the smell again and then looked toward Duston who was walking toward the corner of the room. He grabbed a what looked like a wooden pole about half of my height and walked back toward us, holding it like it was a shrine.

"This," he said, placing it on the ground in front of us, "is how you are going to capture Grey."

The words sunk into my brain and I tilted my head to the side, wondering how this would help us at all.

"I'm not seeing a wooden pole would do that," I commented, fixing my gaze on it as I tried to find some type of hidden tool.

"It's not the wooden pole that will do it. It's you who will," Duston said, exasperation lacing every feature of his body. "The 'wooden pole' will just help you keep him in one spot and will prevent him from escaping."

I nodded, deciding I would just wait until he explained it more and taught me how to do it before asking any more questions.

The room around me was massive and seemed to be separated into different lanes like a bowling alley. At the end of each lane was a box of various supplies. Duston led us to an empty lane and set down the pole.

"Now, Ryder, you are going to be the one who has to capture Grey into this. Vanessa will have another job. So, that being said, you will both still have to learn how to do it but Ryder will be taught

primarily," Duston explained with a bored look on his face, his eyes wandering around the room as if to check if there was something more entertaining happening.

"What is it that I'll be doing?" Vanessa asked, folding her arms and tapping her foot.

"You're going to have to distract Grey while Ryder prepares to do this spell. It may make a bit more sense to you once you actually see what it is that Ryder needs to do and how you guys will get this into his office."

"I'm going to be fighting Grey alone?" Vanessa asked. It sounded as if she'd been trying to hold back her shock but had been unable to because of how strong they were. Despite Duston's laugh, I didn't blame her one bit for feeling so surprised; if I was told that I was responsible for fighting Grey off while someone else tried to capture him, it would shock me too. Grey was supposed to be a very strong wizard and both Vanessa and I had seen him do some pretty extraordinary magic.

"Yes, you will. Now, pay attention while I explain how to use this," Duston said, pointing to the wooden pole. "This will trap Grey and render him powerless from the time you capture him to the time until you release him, but the process to get him in here is somewhat difficult. First, what you need to do is become aware of the bodies in the room with you. When you hold this, it will help you slightly but not totally. You need to mentally remove yourself from your physical body and focus only on the energy and presence of other souls in the room."

I nodded slightly, thinking about how I would do that.

"You can try just that for now because if you can't get that down then you can't complete the rest of the steps," Duston said, handing me the pole. I agreed and grabbed it, holding it out in front of me and focusing on it.

I felt energy radiating from it and already felt somewhat removed from the present. I focused on its energy but also the energy diffusing from the people around me. I concentrated hard on the

spirits and souls surrounding me and after what felt like eternities, I could feel the presence of everyone around me separately and I could feel their deep souls. Two women training in magic next to me gave off warm, happy energy, but Vanessa's felt colder and more scarred.

"Now, you have to focus on grabbing the dummy's energy," Duston screamed. His voice sounded far away and muffled as if he were screaming through a closing portal.

At the other end of the lane, a rubber dummy was giving off a slight energy trail. It felt fake, but I assumed that it was supposed to feel that way.

I moved my own soul and energy toward the dummy, believing that I could grab his energy and trap it into the pole.

"Good," Duston's voice came again, "now just grab it with your spirit. And throw it into the pole. Once you get its soul of the dummy into the pole, you can come back to your physical body and then there's one more step but I'll explain once you complete this bit."

With a deep breath, I focused on the energy of the dummy and aligned my energy with its own. Then, I slowly mixed a bit of mine with it's and tugged. The soul and energy came somewhat lose from the dummy, but it wasn't totally mine. Immediately felt the power and control of having another soul in your own hands. With one last pull, the energy was completely at my will. I brought it toward the wooden pole. On the top of it, an opening shimmered, and I transferred the soul into the pole.

The effect was immediate. I could feel the soul struggling to get out and fighting to keep its own power; even a dummy doesn't want to be trapped in a wooden cylinder. Wind began blowing around, pushing me away slowly from the pole. I closed my eyes, and focused on the physical form of my body, allowing my soul to become one with it once more. Slowly, the energy and feelings of the other souls slipped away and I was back in my regular body, the heat feeling stronger than ever. Sweat rolled down my back and cheeks, pooling on my palms from all of the energy that took from

me.

Duston slowly clapped, bending down and giving me a high five.

"That was quite impressive for your first time ever doing that," he admitted, a smile on his face that was almost triumphant and proud. "Now, there's one more step. You need to close it. The soul is trapped but will be released soon if you do not close it. The way to close it is to levitate the cap — at the moment your physical form won't be able to touch the pole — and you need to place it back on. The energy of the dummy will be pushing against you."

I imagined the cap lifting up into the air and floating towards the wood. As I willed it to go over the top to cover the hole it left open, I could feel the force of the dummy's soul, just as Duston had said. It pushed against the cap coming down upon it and struggled to break free, but I urged the cap to keep going down until it clamped back onto the wooden pole, the whole disappearing.

"Great job!" Vanessa exclaimed, patting me on the back as I reached a hand toward the wooden pole with an air of uncertainty.

"You can touch it," Duston confirmed. I grabbed it and handed it back to him. He smiled for a second time.

"So . . . did I do it right?" I asked.

"That was good. You will most definitely be able to complete this with Grey. Now release the soul of the dummy; Vanessa needs to try now," Duston commanded.

"How do I release the soul?" I questioned, raising an inquisitive eyebrow. I had to duck as a pillar of flame shot by my head, nearly missing me.

"Sorry," a woman called out, waving a hand. I laughed to let her know it was okay.

"You release it by opening it once more and then releasing any restraints you'd been using on the soul before. It will leave pretty quickly — they don't exactly want to be trapped," Duston explained with a laugh. Sweat pooled in his underarms and back, clearly

visible on his uncomfortably tight shirt.

I nodded and imagined the cap detaching from the wooden pole even though it wasn't clearly cut out anymore.

The moment it was off the pole, I could feel the push of the soul of the dummy. Instead of fighting or restraining the soul, I released any tension or push I had on it and allowed it to flow out freely. A small, glowing white ball rose up out of the pole and shot back toward the dummy at such a speed I nearly thought I imagined it being there in the first place.

When it re-entered the dummy through it's abdomen area, white energy flowed across the whole dummy for a moment before returning to normal.

"That was excellent," Duston said, patting me on the back. "Vanessa, now it's your turn."

She nodded and with a shaky breath, she stood up the wooden pole and held it out in front of her, copying my own actions.

"Now, this won't look like she's doing anything special," Duston said. "It will just look like her movements are slightly irregular, but you'll be able to see when she grabs the dummy's soul."

I nodded, watching as Vanessa's body moved toward the dummy.

"So when I felt like I'd been removed from my physical body,what was actually happening?" I asked as Vanessa's hand outstretched, most likely grabbing the soul.

"It was just you being more connected with your soul and internal energy," Duston answered, watching Vanessa intently.

The way he looked at her like she was a good piece of meat that he couldn't wait to eat made me want to throw up.

Her hand seemingly reached into the dummy and she had grabbed the ball of energy that I'd just released, pulling it towards the pole with ease and grace. I wondered if I looked so elegant while doing it.

Once she'd trapped it in the wooden pole, her body was still for a moment and then she shook her head, sweat suddenly cascading from her pores down her skin. She took a long breath and then sent the cap to the wooden pole flying back to seal the soul in.

She smiled slightly and walked back over to us, handing Duston the pole and then sitting down, breathing heavier than she was just moments ago.

"Both of you did that nearly flawlessly which is impressive considering you are both teenagers and have never used a Trapper before," Duston said. I sat down next to Vanessa and she leaned into my chest, resting her head on my shoulder. I snaked my arm around her. Duston looked at us for a moment, a look of jealousy and anger flaring up in his eyes before he sat down and continued talking as if nothing had happened.

"That will be necessary to your mission if you're going to succeed in stopping Grey. But, that's not all that our training involves. We have to also train you in using magic without getting tired and being able to do two things at once. I've been told that Ryder, you struggle particularly with this."

I rolled my eyes before answering.

"I can't keep two spells going on at one time. That's true."

"Okay, stand up," Duston ordered. I untangled myself from Vanessa and stood, looking at him suspiciously.

Next to me, a table appeared with cloth that read 'flammable' across it and then a small candle alight that was contained in a jar.

"First, you need to light this cloth on fire, and then you have to put out the flame but while putting out the flame you can't let the fire go out," Duston said, folding his arms and staring at me expectantly.

I summoned flame to my finger tips and sent it flying towards the cloth. It was immediately ablaze, heat radiating off of it and smoke filling the area around me. I continued feeding the fire my energy, but put it toward the back of my mind as I focused on bringing

water to my right hand.

When I felt the magic bubbling in my finger tips and begging to be released, I thought of water and sent a light stream of water flowing from my index finger towards the jar. It dripped in and put out the candle.

To its left, the fire was still burning, but had significantly weakened.

"This is a start, but we need to keep both strong," Duston said. He walked over to Vanessa and gave her instructions on how she should have been training herself while he worked with me on using two different types of magic at once.

"So the goal is to get both the fire and water to be strong at the same time?" I asked, looking up at him questioningly. He nodded, and the candle re-lit itself.

I repeated my first process, but in the end the fire was weakened noticeably once more.

"Again," Duston commanded.

And we went on like this until I thought I was going to pass out from exhaustion. I'd tried numerous times to keep both the fire and water strong, but it still wasn't where Duston wanted it to be, although it had improved tremendously.

"I can't keep you any longer," Duston said, removing both Vanessa and me from the tasks he'd assigned us to do. "But, there isn't much time until you two will be in the king's castle, fighting Grey and trying to capture him. You need to practice the things we've worked on in any free time that you have. Just because I'm not there forcing you to doesn't mean that you are perfect at it. You'll want to be able to fight the best you can when faced with fighting Grey."

We both nodded. I was too tired to answer or ask any questions. All I wanted to do was wash the sweat off my body, eat dinner, and then go to sleep.

"You'll need this," Duston said, handing us the Trapper we'd worked

with. "Don't lose it and *make sure* to keep it safe."

I took it from his outstretched hand and placed it under my arm.

"Thank you for training us," I said, outstretching my hand for Duston to shake. Instead of walking away, he shook it. A warm smiled appeared on his face.

"You guys are good kids — you weren't as annoying as I'd anticipated." With that, he walked out of the training room, leaving Vanessa and I alone.

"He's quite a character," Vanessa said with a laugh as we walked out of the training room into the cool hallway smelling of cleaning supplies.

"Yeah, he is, but I kinda like him," I said, a smile also stretching across my face. "Now, do you have any idea how to get back to our rooms?"

"I had just planned on using magic," Vanessa answered, and raised her right hand. She disappeared before my eyes, and I imagined myself appearing back in my room.

Within a second I was standing in my room once again. My legs felt like lead and I was ready to sleep for hours but I knew I needed to shower, so despite my exhausted body's complaints, I dragged myself into the bathroom and started a shower.

After washing myself of the sweat that had been filling my body and washing my hair, I stepped out of the shower and dried myself off, changing into a pair of sweat pants and a loose tee-shirt that had been sitting in my dresser waiting for me.

Then, I walked over to the table that was filled with food and began scarfing down a burger, fries, and a milkshake. Whoever sent the food to our rooms really knew how to cook; it was one of the best-tasting meals I'd ever eaten, although that may have been due to the hunger that had been eating away at my stomach all day.

With that, I flicked the lights off and began walking towards my bed. Just as I was about to get under the sheets covering the bed, I

heard a creaking outside the door and what sounded like footsteps. With a small sigh, I stood up and tip-toed over to the door, just to make sure everything was okay in the hallway.

I pulled my door open slightly and looked outside. Walking away from our room and toward a flight of stairs was Vanessa.

I studied her, and felt my body go rigid when I saw what was in her hand.

A letter.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

Hey everyone! Here's chapter thirty-four. I know it may not be the best-written chapter, but words, words, and more words!

I hope you guys enjoyed this. For some reason this chapter really wasn't coming along and I was having such a hard time writing it so sorry that the ending is so rushed and awkward.

Thoughts on Vanessa and her letter?

Please don't forget to vote or comment if you enjoyed. And maybe motivate me to write more?

Haha, thanks for reading.

**Word Count: 30,417 ~ 9k words ahead! (3/5 of the way to slaying this NaNo beast!!)**

# Chapter Thirty-Five

[image]

My heart raced as her excuse about writing letters came to mind. Was she telling the truth? Is she going to send a letter full of lies to Grey right now? Or is she about to send him a letter filled with all of our plans? Is she even going to deliver the letter to Grey? Maybe she's going to burn it right now.

A war raged in my mind as different emotions and feelings clashed, each fighting for dominance over all others. In the end, it was my curiosity that won the war as curiosity tended to do in my mind.

Quietly, I slipped out my door, being sure to shut it.

I padded down the metal hallway and began down the staircase that Vanessa was walking down, being sure to keep a steady distance.

Her movements in front of me were zombie-like; her arms hung limp at her sides and her steps were even and rhythmic, looking unnatural and forced. It was as if she was possessed by some outside force.

No one else was out in the complex, letting an eerie silence cover the jumble of metal like a blanket. My guess was that everyone who would normally be out and about were either sleeping or working hard in a workroom.

As we walked, Vanessa expertly navigating through the rooms, pathways, and staircases as if she'd done it a thousand times.

Something definitely wasn't right.

Time droned on and it felt like we were never going to get to the place where she intended to go, but as we the amount of pathways and staircases diminished until there was only one way to go — out. Was Vanessa trying to leave the complex to deliver the letter?

Was she going to give it to Grey directly?

My mind raced as fast as my heart as I followed her down the last staircase and we walked through the dirt wall as if it was air. When we were in the circular passageway that we had entered the first time we came here, her footsteps sped up and her breathing grew heavy.

I remained as quiet as possible although I predicted that with the hypnotized trance she was in, it wouldn't matter if she could hear me.

When we arrived at the area we had jumped down, Vanessa raised her right hand and disappeared. I copied her actions, imagining myself appearing in the field above again.

Moments later, I was standing in the cool of the night, the wind blowing intensely, biting at exposed skin. I shivered, but trudged on through the tall grass, refusing to lose Vanessa from my sight. Because the moon was the only light, all that I could see was her silhouette, barely outlined when surrounded by the grass.

Owls hooted in the distance, creating a constant, peaceful background noise. The field around me still smelled of flowers and grass.

Behind me, the force field covering the city glowed and the walls protecting it from outside forces seemed highlighted against the night sky.

My eyes stung from the cold night air and as we continued to walk, I began to doubt my plan for following her. Was there even a destination in mind or was she just taking a walk because she couldn't sleep? Maybe she took the letter to leave it out here.

My legs burned from all the walking mixed with training earlier today. I seriously debated going back, but in the end I continued following her — I had to know what this was about.

It felt like it had been an eternity of walking when the grass around us shortened considerably and we began climbing a large hill.

Where *was* she going?

Vanessa's breath remained consistent, her pace unwavering. Walking became slightly less physically demanding as the grass became so low that it didn't even reach the middle of my sneakers.

When she reached the top of the hill we were on, Vanessa stopped and looked out over the field. I dropped to the ground, laying on the cold earth and hoping desperately that she wouldn't notice me. As I laid on the ground, a thought occurred to me. The difference in temperature between the night and day was extremely large. I suspected it was the magical realm that was responsible for such dramatic changes.

Slowly, Vanessa turned and walked toward her right, where the hill met with another sloped upward slightly. I pushed myself off the ground and wiped my clothes of dirt or condensation that they had acquired while I laid on the ground. Then, with a small sigh, I began following her up towards the peak of what felt like a mountain but in reality wasn't very large.

When we reached the apogee of both the hills, she looked down up on a valley. Trees dotted the landscape and small flowers were visible. The rush of water was nearby and I could see the stream meandering it's way freely through the dale. The hoots of owls sounded closer than they were before. The smells and sounds of nature mixed together creating a feeling more peaceful than one I'd felt in a long time.

Vanessa stared down at the valley with an almost angry expression and then began walking down toward the center, navigating her way through the foliage. I followed, forcing myself to keep my distance. The ground beneath me was hard to walk on. Had there not been trees there for me to grab on to keep myself from falling, my cover may have been blown multiple time.

By the time we reached the valley and were closer to the river, my pants were covered in dirt and grass that had come off when I nearly fell, but Vanessa was still unaware that I was trailing her.

Large rocks were mixed in with the trees, shrubs, and flowers.

Vanessa seemed to have one particularly large rock in her sights as she didn't move her gaze from it, even while she crossed the river over stepping stones. Luckily, she never fell in. I followed the path she took to traverse the river, and then crouched behind a smaller rock, watching as she went towards the large one in a few trance-like steps.

When she reached it, she ran her hand on it, smiling as she felt the rough surface. What was she doing? Slowly, she let her hand fall from the rock and walked around to the other side. I looked up at the sky angrily and then stood up and crept over to the side of the rock she wasn't one. She must have met Grey because here voice was ringing out in the night now.

"H-Here's your letter," she stammered. Something about her voice seemed off, as if it was being influenced by something else or they weren't really the words she wanted to be saying.

I could hear the exchange of the paper in the near silence. What was the point of writing a letter to him if she could tell him the contents of it while they met?

"Thanks," Grey said, his voice sharper than a knife. Was there anything in this world that he did appreciate?

Just the sound of his voice sent anger shooting through my veins, bringing my blood to a boiling temperature. There was something about him that made him just so *annoying.* I sat down lightly on the ground, still listening to their conversation.

"It's not like I had a choice," Vanessa shot back, her voice more like her own now and containing just a fraction of the anger I felt towards Grey right now. What had changed between now and a few seconds ago?

"Vanessa, save it. You know that I won't do anything to change this, so why do you even try?" Grey asked with a laugh. His words weren't even directed towards me and they heightened my anger. It took all I could to stay hidden behind the large rock. I couldn't reveal that I was listening to them. I just couldn't.

"You think that you're always one step ahead and have the winning hand, but I think that you should take a look around you. People are turning on you. They're becoming sick of your arrogant and wrong ways. They are realizing that you've manipulated them. And it's not in the nature of wizards to allow things like that. I think it's time that you cut the confident act and work on repairing your image and actions because if you keep opening the hole you created, it's gonna suck you in," Vanessa said, a fierce anger coursing through her voice as if it were a live beast she'd just released. I didn't have a clue as to what she was talking about but her words gave me a lot more confidence that Grey would be taken down than I'd expected.

There was a heavy silence that hung between Vanessa and Grey as her words sunk in like sharp teeth. I leaned slightly forward to make certain that I didn't miss any more of their conversation.

"I think you're getting things confused. *You're* the one who thinks they always have the winning hand. Right now is just one example; you think you can manipulate and trick me with your words, but you can't, Vanessa. I'm not stupid enough to let it happen," Grey retorted. Vanessa snorted, laughing for a moment.

"The fact that you even talk about yourself the way you do just makes me laugh. You think that you're the good guy, don't you? You know what Grey, you can go on leaving your egotistical life. When something bad happens, though, I warned you," she said, still laughing. The way she didn't sink down to his level or let anything he said offend her blew me away.

A smile formed on my face just by listening to her words.

"You've grown up so much, my dear Vanessa," Grey cooed in a falsely sweet voice. "It warms my heart to see you be so manipulative and hurtful."

"You're sick and twisted. I don't manipulate or hurt people! And I am *not* your daughter. Don't speak to me that way," she commanded, her voice filled with disgust. I heard what sounded like Vanessa swatting away Grey's hand.

"You are right now. Like your friend, Ryder. You're manipulating him by giving me these letters and leading him to think you're on his side," Grey said, laughing himself this time.

My body went rigid, my heart racing. I leaned forward in anticipation. Was she telling me the truth the night I heard her speaking about a plan?

"I'm *not* manipulating him. I am on his side," Vanessa answered in a tone so hushed it was almost hard for me to believe.

"We'll see about that, my dear Vanessa," Grey said. I began inching around the side of the rock, my emotions driving me to do things I wouldn't normally.

I rounded it to see Grey disappearing just as Vanessa opened her mouth. She immediately turned around as if ready to storm back to the complex.

When she saw me standing there, she screamed.

"I didn't mean to scare you," I whispered, still playing over everything that had happened. Was she on Grey's side or not? Judging by the way she was speaking, she didn't want to help him. And the emotion in her voice couldn't be fake. But the way she walked her and the way she spoke the first sentence — something wasn't right. All her movements and words sounded mechanical as if planned, or not her thoughts. And that's when all the pieces of the puzzle fit together in my brain.

"It's fine," Vanessa said, running a hand through her long hair and then wiping it on her jeans.

"You're under one of Grey's spells just like I am," I said, staring at her quizzically. A cool breeze blew through the already cool valley.

"How did you know?" she asked in awe. Concern filled her voice and features. "I didn't mean for anyone to find out."

"It's the only thing that makes sense. It's the only way that all of the pieces of the puzzle fit. Why didn't you tell me earlier?" I asked. My hands began to sweat as I thought about the thought of two

teenagers both under spells by the king trying to capture him. There's no way it would work.

"Because I didn't want you to be concerned," she muttered, looking at the grass beneath us. An owl hooted as I closed the gap between us, wrapping my arms around her and pulling her close to me. Her breath tickled my chest as she tried to regulate her breathing. A tear fell from her eye, pooling in the cotton of my shirt.

"Vanessa," I whispered, "don't cry. It's gonna be okay."

"How can you even say that?" she asked through more tears, pushing her head into my chest as if wishing it could go further.

I began to answer but she cut me off before I could get the words out.

"How can you even say it will be okay when we both know it won't?"

"Because it will be okay," I answered, moving my hand up to her head.

"No, it won't. Nothing is gonna change in our endless cycle of loss," she said. I walked over to a long, flat rock and sat down, motioning for her to come next to me. She sat down and I wrapped my arm around her. She wrapped her arms around my torso and buried her head in my chest once more.

"Because things can change. I used to be the most cold-hearted human being walking this earth. You know that — I used to kill people as a sport. But now, I've grown to be affected by the repercussions of things I do. I can't just take the life of a person I don't know anymore. I changed, and so can our fate," I said, trying desperately to pull her closer but it wasn't physically possible.

"But how do you know that our terrible luck will change?" Vanessa asked, her voice slightly muffled from my chest.

"Because we are the ones who change it. People say that it's our future's that are planned out and set in stone, but it's not. It's our

pasts. Our future's are our chance to change things. So lets change it. It's like you said to me about breaking the crystal ball if I didn't like the prophecy — we can determine how our luck plays out."

She pulled her head up from my chest and met my eyes with her emerald eyes. She swung her legs over mine and I pulled her up onto my thighs.

"We're gonna be okay," I whispered before our lips slammed together. Her lips tasted salty from all the shed tears. I pulled her closer to me with my arm, smiling slightly as she responded to my kiss. Warmth slowly spread through my body as our lips moved in sync.

The world around me seemed to dissolve for a moment as it felt like we were the only ones alive. All my stress and anger slipped away as Vanessa and I were interlocked by our lips. In that moment, nothing else mattered except us. The wind around us strengthened as our kiss deepened.

Slowly, I pulled my lips off of hers. Breathing heavily, I rested my forehead upon Vanessa's. Her eyes were still closed, her chest rising and falling rapidly.

"We're going to get over this," I whispered. "We'll solve this issue and then we'll capture Grey."

~+ **Uncontrollable** +~

Here's chapter thirty-five! I hope you guys enjoyed. It's short but for some reason this one just didn't wanna be written.

Don't forget to vote or comment if you enjoyed.

Maybe give me some motivational ice cream? Send me some internet motivation vibes?

Also, Uncontrollable has a total of 70k words after this chapter!

Banner to the side made by the amazing @battleships.

**Word Count: 33,102 ~ 7k words ahead! (NaNo has nothing on**

**me!)**

# Chapter Thirty-Six

Vanessa nodded slowly and pulled her head away from my chest, a sad smile filling her face. Her emerald eyes looked calmed.

"We need to get back to the complex and get some sleep — we're gonna have a long day tomorrow as well," Vanessa whispered, standing up, leaving me feeling cold all over. I wondered in that moment if she knew how much she affected me. Everything just felt better when she was at my side.

"Yeah, we do," I answered, standing up to face her. A smile played on her lips. The thought of having to resume normal life the next day felt daunting and left a heavy feeling in my stomach. Everything was so hectic and stressful, I wanted to take a step back and have a few days off. But life doesn't give you days off.

Slowly, Vanessa leaned forward and pressed her lips into mine softly. I smiled, leaving my eyes closed for a moment.

Our hands interlocked as we started up the steep hill, meandering around trees and rocks, moving freely like the river next to us. Vanessa's smell enveloped me as we walked, filling me with a flowery aroma. Everything felt so peaceful — even the cold November air. If I could just freeze a moment in life and live it over and over again, I decided it would be this one.

A small silence hung over us, but it didn't feel awkward or unfortunate.

"So do you think the spells Grey put us under are different?" Vanessa asked eventually, breaking the silence. I looked up at the sky for a few seconds, watching the stars while I contemplated my answer.

"They seem slightly different," I began, averting my gaze back to her face. "It seems like yours ends the second you finish with the letter, and it only affects you while you are writing the letter. Mine ends

when Grey wants it to and it affects me whenever Grey wants it to. But, with the spell Grey put me under, he needs to be watching me and focused on me and my actions for it to work. When he's not, the spell doesn't do anything to me."

"So maybe if we were to get to his office, he couldn't do anything to me. Maybe it only works with the letters. And for you it's a matter of distraction. We may be able to make this work!" Vanessa exclaimed as she pieced everything together in her head, a small smile appearing on her face.

I nodded.

"How are you so happy?" I asked. The words came out of my mouth before I had a chance to think about what I was saying. I didn't plan on asking such a question but as I did, I realized it really was remarkable. Just moments ago she was in the depths of despair and now she seemed as happy as a person could be. Of course, she probably still felt the pain she was feeling before, but she didn't show it.

"Because being happy drives your enemies crazy," she answered.

After a moment, she paused, and then added one more bit.

"And I'm with you."

Blood rushed to my cheeks and I turned away, hoping that she wouldn't notice my blush. The words warmed my heart because I felt the exact same way. Whenever I was with her, jokes were funnier, foods were sweeter, smells were stronger, and feelings were intensified. Everything was just better with her.

We arrived at the top of the hill and stopped for a moment, looking out upon the valley below us. It truly was beautiful, the grass rippling underneath the soft glow of the moonlight. Even the force field that surrounded the walls of the Capitol seemed to fit.

With a sigh we trudged on down the hill and starting through the valley. A blanket of silence settled over us once more. As the grass grew taller, our breaths were the only noises we could hear — the

owls even seemed to stop hooting.

When we arrived at the patch of grass that was hiding the entrance to the passageway that lead to the complex, we used magic to move it and then jumped down, immediately intertwining our hands the second we were both on the ground and the grass was covering the hole once again. When we arrived at what appeared to be a dirt wall, we stepped through, met once again by the jungle of metal.

"Do you have any idea how to navigate back to our rooms?" I asked, realizing it was probably Grey's spell showing her how to get out, not her own mind.

"I had planned on using magic again," Vanessa said, raising her hand and disappearing in front of me. I did the same, imagining myself outside of the our rooms. When I appeared, Vanessa was standing, waiting for me.

"Goodnight," she began, "and thank you so much for making me feel better."

I surged forward and wrapped my arms around her, placing a light kiss on her lips before moving into a hug.

"It's the least I could do for you," I whispered in response. We stood there, locked in an embrace for a while before she pulled away from my chest.

"We need to get sleep," she said, waving goodnight and walking back into her room. I stood outside my door for a while, savoring the lingering taste of her lips and feeling of her arms around my neck before going in.

I kicked my sneakers off my feet and hopped into bed, fatigue washing over me like a wave. The moment my head hit the pillow, I drifted off to sleep.

The smells that aroused my stomach was what woke me up. Filling my room was the wonderful smell of fresh cooked bacon, eggs, and toast. My stomach was grumbling before I could open my eyes. In my dazed, tired state I wobbled over to the tray filled with amazing

breakfast foods and began eating, savoring the taste on my tongue and basking in the feeling of warm food filling my body.

I'd finished off the two fried eggs, four pieces of bacon, and three slices of toast before I was even fully awake. Sitting next to the tray was a glass of water. I gulped the water down, feeling completely refreshed from such a good meal. By now, I was wide awake and ready to tackle trying to find a way to stop Grey from controlling Vanessa and me with his spells.

With the cracking of my knuckles, I stood up and went towards the bathroom, turning on the shower and peeling my clothes off. It felt good to be under the hot water again, as if cleansing myself from any wrongdoings. Once I'd scrubbed myself of any dirt or sweat that had been on my body, I turned off the water and stepped out, grabbing the towel that was waiting for me. Sure, being a wizard could be the worst curse someone could give you, but in times like these having magic around was the best thing in the world.

I walked over to my dresser and grabbed a white shirt and a pair of jeans that felt brand new. When I was clothed, I wasn't quite sure what to do and where to go, so I stepped outside my room to check if anybody else had a clue what to do. I was in the process of walking toward Vanessa's room when I noticed a figure huddled over the railing. Cautiously, I walked toward the figure and crouched down to try to get a better angle to tell who it was. I had to move my head slightly, but in the end I was able to tell it was Bruno. A single tear streaked down his cheek.

"Bruno, what's wrong?" I asked uncertainly. He stood up straighter, wiping the tear from his eye and puffing out his chest as if to try to show he was a strong man.

"It's just this plan — I don't think it'll work," he whispered. "Yesterday instead of training like you guys did, I was shown in much more detail the plan that we would be following, and it just doesn't fit together. It feels like something is missing. For one thing, they want you and Vanessa to be the ones to take down Grey, and I just don't think it'll work. You may be powerful, but so is he. This is especially a problem because you're under a spell from him that forces you to do what he says. What if he tells you to kill Vanessa,

reveal where we're hiding, and then kill yourself? I just can't see that bit working out. And, besides that, the whole idea with taking out the guards or defenses doesn't seem like it'll work too much either. If one group of guards gets taken out, won't the rest be suspicious and come to investigate it? This is our one chance to possibly get Grey and I don't want to blow it."

As he spoke, I began to doubt the plan more and more. He was right — common sense showed that this might not work. How could the people who created it have so much faith in it?

"I disagree. I'm nearly positive it'll work," I lied. Bruno didn't need to know that I doubted it too; that would just make him feel worse. I needed to blast him with all the reasons that it could work. "Today, I'm going to go with Axel to attempt to figure out how we may be able to break the spell, or stop it from working. As for the guards, my guess is that from the diagram the palace is too large for them to be able to figure out where we are or what our plan is. Vanessa and I were trained yesterday to trap Grey and we both could do it well. We were also both trained in different areas of magic that we were bad at, so that when fighting Grey nothing would impair our powers while we fought him."

Bruno stopped for a moment and looked up at the ceiling as if debating whether or not my reasoning made sense. Then, he nodded slowly.

"I guess so. I just really don't want anything to go wrong," he said. It looked as if his nerves and anticipation were getting to him.

"I know — none of us do. But we can do this. I promise. This will work. Besides, with all of this excessive preparing, it would be insane for nothing to go right," I said with a laugh. The words sounded more fake than I'd hoped, but Bruno seemed to have brightened considerably.

"I think I'm gonna go get some sleep. I don't think I'm planned to be trained for another few hours." With that, he walked back into his room and slammed the door.

I continued on toward Vanessa's room. I knocked on the door

lightly.

"You can come in," her voice came quickly. I turned the doorknob and slipped into her room, shutting it behind me. She was sitting on her bed, her hair slightly messed up from sleep. The room smelled of her flowery aroma.

"What's up," she asked, standing up and walking toward me, wrapping her arms around my neck. I pulled her closer to me for a quick hug before answering.

"I was just wondering if you knew when or where we were supposed to go to meet Axel to learn about possible ways to break the spell that we're under. I think that's what I'm supposed to be doing today."

"Yeah, I think that's what you're doing too, although I'm not quite sure what I'm supposed to be doing either. After all, no one else knows I'm under his spell," she said, walking over to her bed and sitting down. I sat down next to her, pulling my legs up onto the soft mattress and looping my arm around hers shoulders.

"I never thought about that," I said, concern filling my voice. What if she never got help for how to deal with the spell she was under? "I can ask Axel if you can come with us. I think we should brainstorm ways to deal with the spell you're under as well."

"But remember what we talked about last night? Mine only seems to work with letters. So, he probably won't be able to control me. And with you, if I can keep him distracted or having to do too many things at one time then he won't be able to control you either."

"Yeah, I remember that, but don't you think maybe Axel knows about it if he volunteered to help?" I asked. It didn't seem smart to volunteer to help someone with an issue if you knew nothing about it yourself.

"I guess so. You can ask him if you'd like but I think we had it figured out pretty well when we were thinking about it last night," she said, meeting my eyes with hers.

"Okay. Do you think he'll just come to get us at our rooms then?" I asked, trying to figure out how to get started as quickly as possible. I didn't want to waste any time trying to figure this out.

"Probably, although I can't be certain. Don't worry, though, it'll be fine," Vanessa said, leaning her head into my chest and closing her eyes. "I'm still really tired."

There was a knock on the door, causing her head to fly off my chest.

I walked over to the door and opened it. Axel stood outside, tapping his foot impatiently. He looked surprised to see me answering Vanessa's door, but didn't question it.

"Ryder! How are you today?" he asked, flashing a large smile.

"I'm fine," I said. "Do you think that we could take Vanessa with us while we try to find out how to stop the spell? She's under one as well."

"Sure!" Axel exclaimed. "She didn't really have anything to do today so it's good that we can fill her schedule."

Vanessa got off the bed and came to the door. Axel looked slightly confused as to why I answered the door instead of her, but he didn't ask about it.

"Thank you. I didn't plan on coming with but if you don't mind, then I probably should."

"Of course we don't mind! The more the merrier — are you guys ready?" he asked.

"Lemme go get some shoes," I said, looking down at my bare feet. Vanessa laughed and I walked over to my room, pulling on a pair of socks from the dresser and slipping on my combat boots. I exited my room again, eager to begin.

"Good," Axel said, "now we can go. We don't wanna waste any time with this."

"Do you have experience with this type of thing?" I asked as we followed Axel through the complex.

"Yeah," he began, looking slightly uncomfortable sharing the information, "I was actually in the same position as you were. Grey had me under a spell that gave me a certain personality that wasn't mine and it forced me to do what he told me to — which was usually gruesome. That's just what Grey does; he manipulates people and controls them to do the dirty work for him. One day, I stumbled upon a potion that could stop the spell. It was in a book that Grey had left open in his room. I was so thankful that I had gone in there to talk to him that day. Had he been there, or had I not gone, I'd probably still be the same person as I was the last time you saw me."

"So is your plan to make that potion for us and have us drink it?" I asked, piecing together that when Axel attacked me in school, it wasn't his choice or his own actions; it was just something that Grey wanted him to do. As I suspected, Grey had been working with all of those people and orchestrated the entire attack just to get me to fall into his trap. This just proved that he was good at manipulating and creating elaborate plans and I hated him for it.

"Yep, I still have the book. I figured it could come in handy later in life," he said with a wink. Did he expect that when we crossed paths I would be under Grey's spell?

"Do you think it'll work on us? We were talking about the spells that we are under and ours are both different from each other's, and it sounds like yours was slightly different from ours as well. Do you think that the potion will have the same effect?" Vanessa asked, looking up at Axel questioningly. It sounded almost as if she didn't trust him. Had she known him in the past as well?

"I can't be sure because I've never tried it on anyone else, but it worked for me and it seems like there's an overarching theme in all of the spells that he can control us, so it should work. And if it doesn't, it won't effect you guys negatively, so there's really nothing to lose," he answered, unfazed by Vanessa's suspicion. I assumed based on his past he was used to people not believing him.

We arrived at a room with a door that had a sign with 'Do Not Enter' written on it. Axel raised his hand and shot a red tendril of magic at it and it swung open. Inside, everything was pitch black. Axel raised his hand once more and sent a ball of light flying toward the ceiling, illuminating the entire room. Filling it was four rectangular tables and cabinets surrounding the wall. A strange smell hung in the air but I couldn't place it as one I'd encountered before this.

"Have you guys talked about what would happen if this doesn't work?" Axel asked, pulling a large, black cauldron from underneath one of the wooden tables.

"Those actually exist?" I asked, awe filling my voice. I'd seen them in so many movies as a child, but I never believed that they existed, even though I was aware of magic.

Axel shot me a look signaling he wasn't in the mood to get off topic.

"Right, sorry. We talked about the way our spells were different from one another. We thought the spell Grey put on Vanessa may not affect her in the situation that we would be in. And for mine, Grey needs to be completely focused on me so if Vanessa could distract him enough, he may not be able to keep the spell going. Also, this is just a hunch, but Grey may need eye contact with me to actually prevent me from doing anything," I explained, calling back on everything we'd talked about and thinking about how Grey has used the spell on me before.

Axel ran over to one of the cabinets and began pulling out various objects, none of which I'd seen during my lifetime. His movements were rushed and frantic as if he would get in trouble for being in here. It did seem weird he went into a room telling people not to answer.

"We need to do this quickly because it needs at least twenty-four hours before it goes into effect," he explained, noticing the look on my face. I scrunched my nose as he walked back toward us, bringing the horrid smell of death with him. I wasn't sure what ingredient it was, but I wanted him to boil it before I vomited.

The cauldron filled itself with boiling water and Axel began chopping the ingredients and dumping them. As I watched it be filled with what looked like horse hair and some type of bone, my excitement in the thought of Grey's spell breaking waned. I didn't want to drink boiled hair, bone, and something that smelled of death.

"That's good that you guys think you will manage even if the potion doesn't work although I hope it does. It would be much better to be rid of the spell completely," Axel said, placing more chopped up ingredients into the cauldron. As he put them in and it boiled, the smell wafting from it actually began to turn better. It smelled almost like hot apple cider. I wasn't sure what changed, but I was almost excited to drink it.

Beads of sweat formed on my forehead and rolled down my face due to the heat the boiling water was causing in the room.

"Yeah, we thought it was kind of important to think about," Vanessa said in a condescending tone. It sounded almost as if she hated him, and I couldn't figure out why. They *must* have had some type of past with each other for her to feel such strong feelings of anger toward him.

He rolled his eyes and continued putting the ingredients that filled the table into the cauldron. He did this all with expert hands as if he'd made potions alike this one many times.

I made a mental note to ask Vanessa about her relationship or at least her feelings toward him later.

After what felt like eternities of silence, Axel raised a hand and the water stopped boiling. He made two cups appear out of thin air. The cups filled themselves with the potion from the cauldron. Once they were so full it looked like it would spill over, Axel handed us the cups.

"Drink up."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

**So it** turns out that motivation ice cream really does work! Yesterday I only wrote a couple hundred words so I wrote about 3k today to make up for it. I hope this slushpile of words that I'm calling writing is somewhat good.

Not gonna lie, the ending seems really awkward but whatever I didn't wanna drag on this scene when it didn't need to be. This is unedited because deadlines and words but I mean hopefully there aren't too many mistakes.

What're your thoughts on Vanessa seeming to dislike Axel? What about the potion - do you think it'll work?

Thanks for all of your support. Without you guys I wouldn't have written this chapter so quickly. I've honestly written so much in the past two hours I'm not quite sure if this even makes sense.

**Word Count: 36,871 ~ 10k words ahead! (I can do it... I think... I shall slay the NaNo beast)**

# Chapter Thirty-Seven

**Dedicated to @SophiaShadeslayer for their guessing skills being on point.**

**Another heads up:** This is once more an ***extremely long*** chapter and will require attention. It has a lot going on in it. I hope you enjoy!

***Completely Unedited***

+ + + +

The warm liquid seeped throughout my body, spreading warmth through it. The taste of bile filled my mouth as I drank the potion. I'd never tasted such a horrid drink. Despite the smell of apple cider, it tasted just like the ingredients: some type of bone, something involving death, and horse hair.

After gulping down as much as I could without vomiting, I slammed the cup down on the table and began coughing. My body bent over and I clutched my stomach.

Looking over, I could see Vanessa doing the same thing.

"What is in this?" she choked out in between coughs. A look of disgust covered her face. I was sure my own face reflected the same thing.

"Don't worry about the ingredients," Axel said, handing me the cup I put down on the table. "You need to drink all of it. I know it tastes bad but it's worth it!"

Reluctantly, I lifted the glass to my lips once more, the wonderful smell wafting up my nostrils. It made me think that this potion is actually a lot like people. Some people may look really nice and comforting but once you get a taste of them you realize they are bitter and manipulative. A lot like Grey.

Pinching my nose with on hand, I downed the glass in two gulps. The terrible after taste of the potion lingered in my mouth and throat, although I was able to keep the bile down this time.

"That was terrible," I remarked, wiping my mouth and wishing to go back to my room and find a way to get a good tasting drink to neutralize the terrible taste.

"I know. Remember, I had to go through it once too. But after that terrible taste, I was finally free! I didn't have to do exactly what Grey wanted me to anymore. As I said, it was so worth it," Axel exclaimed. Vanessa nodded slightly.

"That was definitely the worst thing that I have *ever* tasted, but if I truly am free from Grey's spell now, I'll deal. If not, though, I'm coming after you," Vanessa threatened. Where I would've expected a playful smile was a hateful glare. Something had definitely happened between the two of them before this. I needed to ask her about it once we got back to our rooms or were away from Axel.

"So, as I said," Axel began, ignoring Vanessa, "this potion won't work right away. It will take twenty-four hours. We won't be at Grey's office by that point, so by the time you guys are fighting against Grey, you should be free from his spell."

I nodded and smiled.

"Thank you, Axel. We wouldn't have been able to do it without you." There was a gratefulness in my voice I hadn't realized I'd been feeling until now. This man had hopefully just freed us from a binding we had for Grey and possibly saved the whole mission to capture Grey. He deserved even more than a thank you but at the moment words were all that I had so I didn't have a choice but to deal with them falling short of true emotions.

"My pleasure. You guys are good kids, and I hope that everything goes as planned for you," he said, leaning against the table. "Now you guys need to get out of here before someone sees you. I may have forgotten to mention that you're not supposed to be in here."

With a laugh, I exited the room, waiting to close the door until after

Vanessa had walked out. An expression harder than a stone inhabited her face.

We walked for a few yards when I finally asked her what her issue was.

"Do you have a past with Axel? Why do you seemingly hate him so much?"

"It's not seemingly. I do hate him," she said in a matter-of-fact tone, continuing on toward the next staircase. I suspected she didn't actually know where to go, but instead just wanted to get away from the room that Axel was in.

"Okay, but why do you hate him? I don't get it," I said, following her.

"I have my reasons," she said, disappearing before my eyes. I sighed. Magic made it way too easy to escape a conversation you didn't want to be in.

Imagining appearing in Vanessa's room, I raised my right hand. Magic also made it easy to chase down the person escaping the conversation.

When Vanessa's flowery aroma was surrounding me, I looked around. Vanessa was stretched across her bed, staring at the ceiling with an empty and upset look in her eyes.

"Vanessa," I began, walking over and sitting down on the bed next to her.

"Save it. I'm not in the mood, Ryder," she snapped not moving her eyes from the ceiling. "Why don't you go find out if there's anything else we need to do today and then come back here."

Without putting up a fight, I stood up and imagined myself appearing in the room where we first met everyone in the complex. I figured if I were to try to find someone who knew what we were supposed to be doing, that would be the place.

Inside was one man who jumped when I appeared out of thin air.

"That gets me every time!" he exclaimed in a deep, gravelly voice with a laugh. I smiled.

"Do you happen to know what everyone is doing to prepare for the fight against Grey?" I asked, not having much patience for small talk.

"Well there's no specific schedule but I do, yes," he answered, leaning forward onto the table.

"Do you know what Ryder and Vanessa are supposed to be doing today?"

"You guys are only supposed to meet with Axel to figure out a way to break the spell that Grey put you under," he said after looking up to the ceiling for a moment. The slight smell of dust hung over the room.

"And do you know what we do if we already finished that?" I asked, looking into his deep blue eyes. He paused for another moment. I tapped my foot impatiently. Could he take any longer to answer a question?

"You can just go train without an instructor for the rest of the day," he answered and then looked back down at his papers.

"Thanks," I muttered and then imagined myself appearing back in Vanessa's room. She was sitting upright on her bed, and it looked like she'd composed herself more.

I walked over and wrapped my arm around her.

"He said that we just train on our own for the rest of today," I whispered. Her room was so quiet and she looked so vulnerable saying it any louder would've felt wrong.

"Okay. We'll go back there and then I can talk to you about my reasoning for hating Axel," she said. I nodded and imagined us appearing in the training room.

Within the blink of an eye I was surrounded by the horrid combination of sweat and must, my ears filled with the grunts of

people working hard to train themselves in magic.

Vanessa and I walked over to one of the lanes that were empty.

"Do you think we should practice two different types of magic at once?" she asked, looking me in the eyes.

"In all honesty, I don't really care," I said with the shrug of my shoulders.

In front of me appeared a table with a flammable cloth and a lit candle in a mason jar just like what Duston had conjured the last time we were in here to train.

"You know how this goes. Do it while I explain the story to you," Vanessa ordered. I nodded and brought forth the emotion of worry that had been looming over me for Vanessa ever since she told me she was put under Grey's spell. When I sent it out of my fingertips toward the cloth in the form of fire, she began.

"Axel and I go far back. I didn't expect to seem him after Grey forced him to leave and I was left with only my grandfather, but I guess life likes to keep you guessing. As he told you, him and Grey 'worked' together. When Grey raised me, he wasn't the best example as I explained to you before. Although he never laid a finger on me, he used Axel to."

I'd kept the fire growing on the cloth and was now focusing on sending water into the candle, using the shock I'd just felt after Vanessa revealed that bit of information to me.

"He abused you?" I asked. A single bead of sweat rolled down my forehead as I concentrated.

"You could call it that. Nothing sexual, but yes, he used to hit me and punch me. The worst he every did was knock me out. I still have a scar on my back from when he slammed me into the side of a window. Of course, I didn't know this at the time but it was all Grey telling him to. He had no control over any of his actions, but I still hate him for it. You can call me crazy for hating him even if it wasn't his mind, but I do," Vanessa said, pain filling her eyes as she

retold the event and explained her feelings toward Axel.

"That's crazy," I exclaimed, awe filling my voice. The fire sputtered out, the water ceasing to emanate out of my fingertips as I processed what she told me.

I realized, then, that the night in the woods when pain had been filling her eyes and her features, it wasn't just the emotional pain of what she'd been through with Grey or a recent even; it dated back to her childhood. Of course, she was only a teenager, but it still blew my mind.

"That's not all. I don't believe that he is freed from Grey's spell yet. The way he acts, the way he speaks, his motions; they all just seem too fake and too artifical for me. It's all too much alike the way he was when I was young for me to trust it. Maybe I'm just paranoid but that's my belief."

"I'm sorry," was all I could manage to choke out as I wrapped my arms around her and contemplated everything he said.

"It's okay — I'm glad that you understand everything in a more full way," she said. And with that, we continued training. She didn't bring Axel up again but her words and stories never left my mind.

We went back to our rooms early and ate dinner together. After eating, I bade her fairwell with a quick kiss, and got into my bed.

Sleep was hard to come by due to the nerves of the capturing of Grey looming ahead, but once I found it, I slept straight on until the morning.

The moment I woke, nerves and anticipation filled me as I thought of capturing Grey. A mixture of excitement and fear filled my body, giving me an ethereal feeling. Today would be that day that we would have captured Grey, but what if it went wrong? What if he anticipated the attack? What if we couldn't capture him?

With a shaking hand, I swung my legs over the side of the bed and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes. My heart was pumping as I walked over toward the corner of my room where I hid the Trapper that

Duston had trusted me with. I'd put a spell over it to make it invisible, but I still remembered the place I'd put it. When my hand curled around it, I smiled and picked it up. At least this bit had gone well.

My nerves felt alive with energy and I felt more in control of my body for some reason. It looked like Axel's potion had worked decently.

I ran over to the tray of food with eggs piled high on it and shoveled the food down. Immediately after, I sprinted into my bathroom and slathered deodorant on my underarms with one hand as I brushed my teeth with the other. I was never told what time we had to meet or where, or given a clock for that matter, so I decided it'd be better to arrive early rather than late. After preparing, I walked out the door of my room, not quite sure where I'd go. Conveniently, Bruno and Vanessa were both leaving their rooms at the same time.

"They must have done some type of magic to make us wake up at the same time," Bruno remarked, closing his door and running a hand through his hair. Vanessa nodded sleepily.

"Do either of you know where to go?" I asked, looking to Bruno and Vanessa hopefully.

"I think so," Bruno answered, starting off toward the nearest staircase that went down. Vanessa and I followed. I hoped that Bruno was at least somewhat sure about where to go — this event wasn't exactly one that we could miss or be late to; we were about to catch Grey and they needed all of us.

After walking for what felt like ages in a tired silence, we arrived at a door. Bruno smiled eagerly and pulled it open. We had gone back to the room we'd been brought to when we first arrived at the complex. A low murmur was pulsing throughout the room.

"Why didn't you just use magic to transport yourself here? We've been in this room before," I said, slightly annoyed that we wasted so much time on walking. We needed all the time we could get to capture Grey.

"Because I didn't want you wasting any of that precious magic on something like transporting when you're gonna need it so soon," Bruno answered calmly, contradicting the anger in my voice.

"I guess that's a valid point," I said, cracking a smile. Bruno rolled his eyes and laughed. Packed around us in the overheated room were more people than I'd seen in the complex yet, all wearing long trench coats varying from beige to black in color, all a slightly different shade.

"Ah, you three are here!" Axel said, handing us each slightly different coat. "We need to wear these or we won't blend in with everyone else in the Capitol — and we don't want that. Hats will also be passed around soon. We'll blend in perfectly."

I nodded and grabbed the middle coat, refusing to wrap myself in it when the room was already hotter than a summer day.

Just moments later, as Axel said, top hats were passed around, one for each person. The moment I received mine, it's color changed from a threatening black to the same color as my coat.

"Everyone," Axel said, clearing his throat and using magic to rise above the group, the murmurs immediately dying down, "thank you for your excitement and participation in the mission to capture Grey. When we get into the Capitol, you'll all need to be wearing your trench coats and hats — it's the only way we'll be able to blend in and stay undercover. There will be five different groups of people, each entering the castle at different spot. You have been grouped by the location of the defense you'll be taking out. There will be five different leaders to lead each team."

Axel then proceeded to read out each and every name on the list and who they'd be accompanied by. Vanessa and I were with Axel of course. She tensed next to me when she heard it as if she knew it would happen but didn't want to have to hear it. She really was scared of him and knowing what he'd done to her, I couldn't blame her one bit. Even if he was under Grey's spell then, you never know with people. After all, everything he's been telling us could've been a lie. Bruno, though, was not on our team because  he wouldn't be going near Grey's office.

"Now, we'll all go to the entrance to the Capitol together but from there we'll split up. For now, though, follow me," Axel said, floating above all of our heads and out the door. The crowd surged forward, enveloping Vanessa, Bruno and me. I gripped the Trapper still in my hand tighter and walked with them.

We walked down a pathway for what I estimated was ten minutes and then arrived at a large, metal door. Axel raised his right hand and sent a tendril of purple light snaking out of his palm and enveloping the cracks in the door. The whole group of people jumped back as the sizable door swung open.

"Now, what we're about to do is somewhat risky. We've never tried it before so we're not quite sure if it'll go unnoticed but we're sure hoping so," Axel said as he led the group through the door, seeming to enjoy every moment of leading people.

When everyone was in the room, the door slammed closed behind us and we were enveloped in near darkness. The only source of light was a shimmering force field about thirty yards away from us. The smell of rock and water mixed and mingled under my nostrils.

"This, is the force field that you can see from outside of the city," Axel said, pointing to the force field dramatically. "Since we can't just barge into the city through the gates without Grey noticing, we think we've found another, underground way. The only issue is that we've never tried this so we don't know if it'll have repercussions. For now, though, it's the only hope we have."

With that, we walked through the force field. It flickered for a moment as he crossed through it, but there was no obvious effect. Slowly, the rest of the group filed through. When stepping through, it just felt like walking through air that had a bit of a charge, but nothing that seemed to keep you out of the Capitol.

"It's not a very good defense," I muttered to Vanessa who nodded in agreement.

"Well, so far it seems fine!" Axel exclaimed excitedly. Shouts of agreement rose up throughout the group.

"These people are crazy," Bruno whispered so that only Vanessa and I could hear it. I gave him a thumbs up, signaling I agreed. Vanessa just laughed.

"Quiet down," Axel commanded. At once the group hushed. "Now, we are in the Capitol at the moment — well, under it to be precise — and we're about to split up from each other into our groups. We're gonna reach an intersection that leads into seven different tunnels. Each different group will go down a different tunnel so that it won't be suspicious when we surface. When we do get into the Capitol, just walk quietly with your heads down. It's raining and supposed to storm later so I suspect there won't be many people out in the streets."

No one said anything as we plunged deeper in the darkness, Axel's rambling voice the only indication that we had of where to go.

The smell around us slowly grew worse and worse, the smell of sewage rising up around us and refusing to stop bothering us. I took short breaths through my mouth, doing anything I could to avoid the smell.

When we arrived at the intersections it was nearly unbearable. My feelings were reiterated around the group as people complained.

"This is our only way to get into the Capitol so I'd stop complaining about the smell if I were you," Axel warned and the complaints stopped almost right away. It made me wonder if everyone was eager to get on with the mission of if Axel held some type of position of authority.

Axel instructed everyone to assemble into their groups and slowly the groups formed. Vanessa and I were standing in a small cluster with Axel, and a couple unfamiliar to me.

After the groups had been formed and everyone was standing with their respected leader, we all walked away from each other. Our group went along the path farthest to the left. The walkway of stone was narrow, the circular walls almost touching my shoulders on both sides. The ceiling, though, was high above me. Occasional circles of light shone down onto the wet pathway. I guessed those

were the sewer holes.

"So, we have the smallest group because we'll be entering the castle through the dungeons and going up from there. The defenses in that area are extremely minimal so we don't need many of you. To get into his castle through the force field, I'm going to deactivate it, but I'm gonna do it in a way that will look like it's still activated to the guards," Axel explained as we trudged through the foul smelling, wet walkway. I still hadn't put my coat or hat on due to the extreme heat around us. It made me wish that we were walking outside.

"How are we going to get into the castle without the guards noticing?" I asked. It didn't seem like Grey to leave the entrances to his hiding place unguarded.

"We have other ways than the main entrance — ones that get you past the first set of guards. For ours, there will be a second set of guards on the third floor, and that's why Silvia and Wally are here. And then you, Vanessa and I will go to his office. At the hallway that holds his office will be two guards and a spell. I will take those out then you guys can go to the office to get Grey. It'll all go perfectly," Axel said, leading us around a wall through the dark. How'd he know the sewers so well?

"And you guys are positive there aren't any other defenses besides the guards and the spell outside of Grey's office?" I asked. The skepticism I felt reflected in my voice. It all seemed too easy; too perfect. Nothing in life was ever this smooth.

"Yes, we're sure. Remember that I was under Grey's spell for a while? I know his castle inside and out," Axel said, his voice showing he was growing impatient with my questions and pessimistic comments. The smell around us began decreasing slowly.

"And how long ago did you get out of his spell?" I asked, persisting despite his obvious exasperation. If I were to do this, I wanted to make sure it would work.

"I've been back to it since then, sneaking in based off of the entrances I saw when I was there. Just trust us, okay?" Axel said.

Since the dark hid everyone's faces, I couldn't make out any specific look although I expected he was glaring at me.

"Break it up," Vanessa said sharply, her hand grabbing mine. I had no idea how she was able to find it in the dark. It was a miracle none of us had tripped on the ground yet.

Axel laughed and kept walking. She pulled herself closer and rested her head on my chest as we surged on.

Eventually, Axel stopped under a ray of light from a sewer hole. Slowly, the cover moved itself off of the whole. Rain down poured through the hole.

"Now all you need to do is climb the ladder," Axel said, a ladder appearing in mid air leading up to the earth around the opening.

Slowly, the people Axel had called Silvia and Wally began climbing close to each other, Wally going first. When Wally reached the top, he helped Silvia up and then called for Vanessa to go. Shakily, she climbed onto the latter and when she reached the top she told me I should come.

I placed a foot on the wet metal and almost fell off right away.

"Hurry," Axel commanded, looking around desperately, "if you don't get going I'm gonna have to use magic to send you up. I think they're on our trails."

That made me speed up. I began scrambling up the ladder like an uncoordinated spider, making sure to hold onto the Trapper with a vise grip. When I reached the top, I was nearly soaking wet. Frigid air surrounded me and I immediately threw my trench coat around my shoulders, the fabric feeling unfamiliar but still protecting me from the rain and wind around me. The hat was donned next, warming my head and seeming to soak up the rain from my hair. After putting them on, I didn't feel one more drop of water hit my body. I assumed it was some type of spell imbued in the clothing that was preventing the rain from hitting me.

Axel climbed up last, shifting the sewer cover back over and making

the ladder disappear. We stood in a brick alleyway just off the cobblestone roads. A woman bustled by the alley not giving it a second glance. The faint scent of cinnamon floated over us.

Following Axel's lead, we exited the alleyway into a deserted street. My feet slipped on the wet rock beneath me as we walked toward a large hill that seemed to be the center of the Capitol. It was clear that the large house beneath it was the castle of the king. If there was a force field that made the castle look downsized, I wondered what the large, brick building looked like in actual size. Just the sheer size of what I could see overwhelmed me, the details on the brick and strip of white across the roof perfect.

"Wow," I breathed in awe. Vanessa tapped me and shook her head.

"We can't marvel at it now. We need to get into it and complete our mission first," she whispered. Her warm breath tickled my neck as she spoke.

I nodded, putting my head down and continuing to walk. We snaked through the streets, Axel expertly leading us through them as if they were his old home. With a sinking feeling in my stomach, I realized it might have been his old home before Grey decided to make the Base. Was Vanessa accurate in believing that he still be under Grey's spell? Most of the things that had happened did seem a little too perfect and convenient. What if it was all a scam? But if that was true, then the potion he'd given us might not've been a potion. For all we knew it could've been poison slowly working it's way to our hearts.

I curled my hand around the Trapper, holding it even tighter than it had been before. If I were to die, I'd capture Grey before I went down. I wouldn't allow myself to go down without trying to get him out of his throne.

"What're you holding?" Vanessa asked quietly, looking at my knuckles that had turned white from gripping it so hard. It was as if she saw right through the invisibility spell.

"I'm holding the Trapper," I answered, not quite sure why she'd asked so quietly. She nodded in realization.

"It's a good thing you remembered that," she said with a quiet, calm laugh. "I never would've!"

"I think it was my nerves that helped me remember," I answered, removing the invisibility spell from it.

"I was thinking about something Grey once said. He called you uncontrollable. When thinking about it, he's right. You are uncontrollable, but that's a good thing," Vanessa said, grabbing onto my arm, her eyes turning from emerald to gray and matching the dull streets and wet sky perfectly. What made her eye color change from green like earth — what seemed to be the prevalent color — to gray like the wind. "I mean you do whatever you want. You don't conform to rules and your magic is so strong that people literally can't control you. You may not have reached the peak of your power yet, but it's clear just from the way that you use your magic and the power of your simple magic that you are strong. Even Grey's spell — you may be controlled by it at the moment but I think if you tried to stop it with your magic you'd be able to. You truly are uncontrollable."

"Thanks, Vanessa, but I think that's you," I said. "It seems like you know the most magic and are smarter than me about using it."

"That says nothing about the strength of my power, though. And you can use so many different types of magic! You could fight anyone you wanted and still win because you can always counteract the way that they perform magic. It's truly remarkable," Vanessa said, nearly slipping on the wet cobblestone beneath her. I caught her and laughed as she held on to my arm much more firmly.

"I think as a team, we could do anything," I said, trying to change the topic from me. "We're gonna do this Vanessa. We're gonna get Grey and we're gonna succeed. I was thinking about your doubts about Axel, and you may be right but whatever the case is, we'll overcome it."

The street had turned uphill and we were nearing the edge of the castle, although we were on the side and it seemed to go into the ground.

"We're gonna be going in through underground," Axel said as we reached a large patch of grass that seemed to be part of the yard of the castle. The grass squished beneath our feet due to the rain. "Just don't go yet because I have to make sure everyone else has arrived at their spots before deactivating the force field."

With that, he walked away for a few moments, seemingly talking into his forearm. Just moments later, he came rushing back. I was still protected from the rain and cold — it had to be the jacket that did that for me.

"They're ready!" he exclaimed, a smile on his face as he looked up at the castle and raised his hand. A ball of energy formed in his hand, revolving slowly and growing larger and larger. Streaks of red and blue and yellow and purple all covered the ball.

Once it grew to be larger than his hand, he sent it flying toward the castle. The force field that was surrounding it was illuminated and the ball of light spread itself over the whole thing, as if trying to shatter it.

Axel outstretched his index finger and sent an orange ball of magic toward the ground, blowing a huge hole in the sole.

"That path will lead you to the right dungeon entrance! You need to go now!" he exclaimed, still watching and concentrating on the force field.

We sprinted into the hole Axel had just created, scrambling down the uneven surface. The world around us was wet and smelled of fresh soil. For some reason, the ground didn't collapse onto us — it stayed open, creating a path as if something was holding it up. I wondered if that's what Axel's spell did.

When we'd gone down into the underground pathway, the ground evened out. Small lights flickered in perfect rows, lightening the pathway. Above us was what looked like an aluminum ceiling and walls surrounding us, preventing the earth from seeping down and trapping us beneath the surface. As we continued walking, we reached an intersection. The path branched to the left and to the right. The left side held darkness, the right continued with the

lights.

"Do you think we should follow the lights?" Wally asked, looking to Vanessa and me expectantly as if we held the answers to everything.

"I would, but I think we better wait for Axel who knows his way," I answered, leaning against one of the aluminum walls.

"Why don't we just follow the lights?" Vanessa said indignantly, pulling her hat off and storming down the hallway, flipping her hair dramatically while she did.

"Vanessa, we don't know if that's the right way. We wanna capture Grey as much as you do," I said. She stopped and turned on her heel walking back toward me and meeting her eyes with mine.

"Yeah, but we don't need Axel to lead us on every move. I can make my own decisions."

Just before I could answer, Axel came running down with a large smile.

"Oh good — you guys have waited. I was worried you'd try to figure out which way to go and get lost. You need to follow the lights," he said, walking past Vanessa and I and disappearing around a corner a couple yards away.

Vanessa shot me a look, but couldn't contain a slight smile on her face.

"Sorry, he just has a terrible effect on me," she said as we began to follow him. I nodded, looking down at her and marveling in her beauty. It really was endless. No matter what she wore, how she did her hair, and what emotional state she was in, her beauty was always dazzling.

"It's fine — I kind of understand what you mean," I said, quickening my pace to try to catch up to Axel who'd gotten far ahead of us.

"You guys, we're about to go into the dungeons," Axel said, stopping at a large door. "We're going to be passed the guards at this point,

but you're going to need to be quiet. They're not far away from our current position so if you make noises or walk really loudly, they'll catch us. And I promise you don't want that."

Axel outstretched his hand to open the door, a bit of soil falling on his head. I sure hoped the door squeaked.

As we snuck through the door, a thought dawned on me: did Axel just leave that huge hole in the ground? What if a citizen of the Capitol were to come across it. Would they pursue the tunnel?

The dungeons we entered into were large, the ceiling arching high above my head. A chill hung in the air, although it didn't feel to be from the temperature. The light was scarce; even if a guard heard us, they may not have been able to find us. It smelled of stone and sweat — a terrible combination. The cold, black floor beneath me made no noise as my combat boots softly touched them. To my right was a low growling. I could just barely make out the bars of a cell next to me. I sped up my steps just slightly to avoid whatever I may have encountered there.

As we continued walking, Axel began whispering instructions.

"We're about to go up a flight of stairs. It's maybe ten feet in front of us. When we do, stay quiet. There will be lights now so our spots could be revealed if you guys are loud or obvious."

Wally murmured what sounded like a half-hearted agreement to Axel's statement. Just then, my foot hit a step and I had to prevent myself from crying out in shock. I nearly fell over but managed to catch my balance. Light really is necessary to see where you're going and the terrain around you.

Slowly, we ascended the stairs, and the level of light grew dramatically just as Axel had promised. By the time we'd reached another door that went into the second floor, we could be clearly seen. It didn't seem smart to be wandering through the king's castle uninvited in the bright light where anyone could see us.

"I thought there were no guards near here," Vanessa said. Had there been any defenses, they would have caught on to the fact that we

were there immediately.

"There aren't any on this floor but just above us there are, so shut up!" Axel exclaimed. A small glint of anger flashed through his eyes as he stared at Vanessa. I knitted my eyebrows and studied his face more. The anger was gone already, but the look felt burned into my mind, and I could see Vanessa was going through the same thing in her head. Was he still under Grey's spell? Is that why he was so angry? It seemed to be logical, although I didn't want to believe it at all.

Slowly, Axel started walking up the next flight of stairs. We followed, an impatient and exasperated look filling Vanessa's face.

As we summited this next staircase, Vanessa jumped back and covered her mouth. The guards were standing right next to the staircase, facing away from us, staring at a stone wall in front of them. Wally and Silvia slowly inched away from us and approached the back of the guards. Wally raised his hand, and far away, the sound of an explosion rang through the corridors of the castle. The guards turned their heads and then sprinted after the noise. Silvia laughed slightly, and gave Axel a thumbs up as her and Wally sprinted down the hallway after the guards, screaming profane things.

"I hope they get out of here alive," I muttered as we began sprinting up the staircases, my heart pumping and sweat forming on the palm of my hand. I threw off my hat and trench coat after we'd risen another flight of staircases. I didn't need it to blend in or protect me from the rain anymore, so I saw no purpose to leave it on. A few steps later, Vanessa did the same thing.

Butterflies fluttered around in my stomach as we ran, my body functioning off of pure nerves. What if this didn't go right? What if we didn't capture Grey? What if the plan failed horribly?

All the negative things that could happen ran through my head as fast as we were sprinting up the stairs.

"We're almost here," Axel panted when we were only a few steps away from an opening. There was no stairs to continue up after

these. We must've reached it to the top floor.

We paused a moment to catch our breaths and calm our minds. If we were going to do this, everything needed to go perfectly. Our heavy breathing couldn't give us away too early, and our nerves couldn't cause us to make irrational decisions.

The only noise in the stairwell was our breathing as it calmed. Dust filled a large window that was cut out of the wall on the staircase, allowing the dull, gray light from outside flood into the staircase.

Once our breaths were under control, we climbed the last few steps with burning legs and turned into the large hallway outside of the staircase.

"Now, there'll be a spell and two guards protecting Grey's office. I'm gonna take out the spell first and then the guards. I'll signal for you guys to come when it's alright to," Axel explained wearily, his eyes trained on two arms visible at the end of the hallway, as if they were coming from a corridor that branched off of this one. I guessed that Grey's office was down that walkway and the guards were protecting the whole passageway.

We walked a few more steps and a small area with plush couches and a coffee table branched off the hallway.

"Hide behind the couch," Axel ordered quietly, pointing toward the purple, cushioned couch. We nodded, not quite sure why, and walked over to it. Vanessa and I quietly picked it up and moved it out enough for us to squeeze behind it.

Vanessa and I inched toward each other, trying desperately not to make any noise. Dust floated across my eyes, making them water. A rat ran directly in front of us as we moved, and it looked like Vanessa had to restrain herself from exclaiming.

Finally, we met in the middle and our hands interlocked as we waited for whatever was about to happening. She looked up at me, her eyes full with doubt. I gave her a reassuring look.

"We're gonna be fine. This'll work," I whispered, in a voice barely

audible. I just wished that in that moment I could've believed my words. She nodded and took a shaky breath.

From down the hall, we could hear shouting, and then a loud boom shook the floor beneath us. A small bit of the ceiling fell into the floor, nearly hitting the couch. From the top of my eyes, I could just see a large orange ring of magic, expanding over the floor, destroying everything in its path. I clutched the Trapper as tight as I could with my free hand.

The wind around us picked up as the orange energy grew closer and closer. Chunks of the ceiling and wall broke off, slamming into the ground and causing it to shake. In some areas, the energy had already disappeared, whereas others it was stronger than before.

"I don't want to die! Not before capturing Grey!" Vanessa exclaimed over the wind and sounds of the castle around us breaking. I knew no one except me would be able to hear her.

"We wont!" I shouted back. I wouldn't let it happen. I didn't know how, but I wouldn't. If this was Axel's way of trying to kill us, he'd have to try a lot harder than this. I wasn't going down without a fight.

Just then, the energy hit the couch in front of us. It shattered to pieces and exploded in front of us. I wrapped my arm around Vanessa and pulled her close, bracing myself for the worst. After a few moments of nothing coming, I turned my head. The energy had stopped advancing after breaking the couch and had already dissipated.

Vanessa smiled a crazed smile.

"It wasn't made to go past more than one thing! They expected the person to be right next to the spell! It makes perfect sense," Vanessa explained, standing up. I followed her lead, advancing cautiously toward Grey's office. Axel was down the hallway, dueling with both of the guards at the same time.

"I think we can go now," I whispered. Wind was still howling around us and chunks of the ceiling and walls were still breaking

off, but it seemed like the guards were distracted and there was a clear path to the corridor.

Vanessa agreed, so together, we sprinted through the rubble and energy and chaos and rounded the corner to the hallway that held Grey's office.

The guards were so involved with their fight against Axel that they didn't notice us slip past toward Grey's office.

Still running, Vanessa and I approached the large door at the end of the hallway. Across it in looping script was the name 'Grey'. My heart pounded in anticipation, my hand shaking slightly as it gripped the Trapper.

We stopped for a moment outside the door. This was it. We were going to capture Grey.

"Make it invisible," Vanessa commanded, pointing toward the Trapper. I nodded, and imagined it becoming invisible but still being here physically. She was right — I needed to hide it so Grey wouldn't expect it coming.

"What if it goes wrong? What if the potion didn't work?" Vanessa asked quietly as I outstretched a shaking hand toward the handle of the door.

"It will," I insisted as I grabbed the doorknob and twisted, pulling open the door with ease. Inside, Grey's office was unaffected by the chaos outside. He sat at his desk, looking at a book as if expecting a visitor to come by for some coffee.

Vanessa immediately sent a mini tornado of wind flying toward Grey. It hit his desk and cut right through it. Grey's long gray hair and beard were blown back, his blue eyes gleaming as he looked up and saw us.

I averted my gaze, summoning magic to my fingertips and using my fear to create the fire that I sent flying out of my hand just moments later.

The wind hit Grey and dissipated as if he'd created a spell to protect

him from that specific element. My fire, though, caught him by surprise. It hit his clothes and lit his hair on fire. I urged to get larger, faster.

He laughed, and sent what felt like pure energy at both Vanessa and I sending us both flying backward. Vanessa landed on the stone floor near a couch not much different from the one we'd just been hiding behind. I, on the other hand, was thrown into the wall, my back slamming into it and my body sliding limply onto the ground.

Pain enveloped my body, and the world around me spun as I stood up.

"It's so nice to see the two of you," Grey said in a calm tone with a soft smile. His eyes told a different story though. A mix of anger and something else filled them. Was that fear? Was he afraid that we were coming to attack him? I decided to use it to my advantage.

"Cut the act," I commanded. Luckily, I'd held onto the Trapper in the blast of energy. My hand was still curled around it. If I could just distract him enough for myself to begin using it. "I can see the fear that's filling your eyes. I explained this to Axel; you can act as macho as you want but you can never wipe your true emotions out of your eyes."

He laughed and locked eyes with me.

"Stop fighting, Ryder," he commanded. I felt the familiar sensation of a road block in my mind, not allowing me to fight him appearing. So the potion didn't work. I wasn't out of Grey's spell.

My confusion and conflicting emotions must've shown on my face because of Grey's next comment.

"Axel's fake potion worked, didn't it? You guys thought that you were being freed from my spell, but in reality, you guys are just the same. It didn't help you at all."

A sudden blinding anger overtook my body, filling me up to the brim and overflowing over my body. An anger at Axel for lying, but most of all an anger at Grey for being so manipulative and for

cheating everyone he met, and for doing things like trapping people under spells and not allowing them control over their own bodies.

Instead of sending the anger at Grey, though, I sent it toward what felt like the road block that was in my head. As it went up, it felt as if it were turning into magic and I released all of my anger at once on the way that Grey had been controlling me and the command he made that kept me from fighting him. All at once, a blinding white flash filled the room once more and I was thrown back into the wall again. I held on tight to the Trapper, refusing to release it from my grip. I was going to get Grey. I refused to let him get away with everything he did. A loud screeching filled the room, but slowly the light receded as if it didn't need to hang in the air.

Around me was broken furniture from the force of Grey's energy and my breaking his spell. Grey was on the ground, panting heavily and sweating profusely. He looked sick as if a part of him had just been pulled away. The remnants of his desk was laying next to him, one of the legs having hit him in the face, a small trickle of blood streamed from the his cheek, down his face, and staining his blue clothes.

At the same moment that the light receded, and Grey was caught of guard, an army of seeds flew through the window, flying down and pelting him. Vanessa was staring at him, her eyes glowing emerald, her whole body concentrated. As the seeds slashed his face and torso, small cuts appeared where they'd been, and Grey looked like he couldn't do anything to stop it.

I released the spell that was making the Trapper invisible and placed it in front of me, reaching into myself and becoming more in touch with my soul, just as Duston had taught us. I blocked out the noises and distractions around me as I became one with my soul.

When I was, I freed myself from my body and floated toward Grey, who was beginning to stand up, but still looked sickly. I could see him saying something slightly but I was too immersed in my own soul and energy to make out what it was, but I hoped that he wasn't threatening Vanessa because I knew that she wouldn't back down no matter what.

I was just behind him when I reached out toward his energy and soul and tugged. The tug pulled the soul away from him slightly, but not fully. I had to pull at it three more times to free it from him completely. It used more energy than I'd anticipated and my soul was tired, my own energy depleted from pulling his out of him. Since his soul was from a living, human being, it was much harder to control than the dummy's that we'd practiced on. It had less boundaries and was more free. I began pulling it back toward the Trapper. It fought my energy as I pulled it, but I refused to let it win. I was going to capture Grey no matter what the soul tried. I wouldn't let it slip away. I just wouldn't.

When I arrived at the Trapper, the small, circular top had already popped off and I forced Grey's soul down into the hole. It restrained with every ounce of energy it had, but I wouldn't allow it to get out. I shoved it into the Trapper, and immediately felt relief over my own energy and soul as it was trapped. I joined together with my physical body once again. Sweat was covering my body, sticking my shirt to my torso, and covering my arms and legs. I laid on the ground panting for a few seconds before imagining the cap flying back onto the Trapper once more and then watching that scene play out exactly as I had anticipated in real life.

It sealed and I felt my body relax as the soul provided no more restraint against the Trapper which felt as if it had become a part of my own body.

Grey laid on the ground, unable to move. Sweat covered his body just like it did mine. I wondered if he was still alive or not. What happened now?

"You guys may have caught me for now, but I *will* take you down," Grey muttered from the ground. His voice sounded strained as if he wasn't supposed to be talking and it was physically impossible for him to be talking.

A black smoke shot out from his finger as his body began shooting toward the Trapper as if it were about to absorb him into it as well. The black smoke clogged my vision before I could see him being sucked into the Trapper.

"Ryder!" Vanessa screamed from somewhere to my right.

"Vanessa!" I shouted back. Fear filled my body as I felt transportation overtake my body, but in a more violent way than I was used to as if I were being thrown into a different spot.

I outstretched my arm, trying to find Vanessa's but I couldn't.

Suddenly, I was slammed into the hard ground, soft sand surrounding me and sticking to the beads of sweat blanketing my body. Cold air surrounded me. I didn't know where I was, where Vanessa was, or what happened with Grey.

A croak from next to me showed that Vanessa was still alive and breathing, although I couldn't place exactly where she was.

Then familiar whispers filled my ears and the wind around me picked up. Whispers I recognized all too well.

Somehow, I'd ended up with the spirits once more.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

**S**o who remembers them? From chapter eight? *Raises hand*

Now this is a long chapter and I'm basically having trouble formulating any sentences after writing it.

I hope this didn't suck, though, and that you enjoyed seeing them get Grey and Ryder break the spell and then the ending hopefully you liked that.

Song to the side is the one I listened to while writing the majority of this chapter. It's great!

You're all amazing and got me so far! Keep being awesome!

**Word Count: 45,774 ~ 14.1k words ahead! (NaNo literally is running in my wake trying to catch up with me. I'm gonna slay that beast before it knew what hit it.)**

# Chapter Thirty-Eight

"Vanessa," I croaked, "we need to get out of here."

My fatigued body complained as I pushed myself up to standing position and looked around. The world around me was bare and cold, the howling wind blowing up red sand everywhere. There wasn't so much as a plant in sight.

Vanessa had landed to my right. She was still sprawled out on the ground. Sweat coated her face, causing sand to stick to it. Her blonde hair was scattered over the sand. Her eyes were very open.

Slowly, she pushed herself up so that she was standing.

The familiar, translucent figures were flying toward us and circling the two of us.

*We'll kill you.*

*What're you doing here?*

*Get out of our land.*

The whispers continued, filling my head and sending me to a state of paranoia.

"We need to go!" I exclaimed, grabbing Vanessa's hand tugging her along with me as I sprinted. We needed to find cover or else they would truly kill us. I didn't think I had the energy in me to stop them again; I didn't even know how I did it the first time.

"Where are we?" she asked as she gained her own balance and began running herself.

"In the spirit's land," I answered, speeding up as the ghost-like creatures flew after us, trying to catch up. Next to me, Vanessa's eyes widened and she began sprinting faster than I'd ever seen her move, dust and sand flying up behind her as she ran. What caused

that?

I picked up my pace to try to catch up to her as she dominated the ground, surging forward. I could slightly hear her heavy breathing, but nothing else. The wall of spirits continued to sail forward toward us.

With a hint of curiosity I made the mistake of turning my head and studying them as I ran. There were hundreds of the spirits, all flying toward us, their beady black eyes boring into mine. The low whisper that was resonating throughout the land haunted me, chilling my bones and sending a shiver down my spine.

They had me in a trance; I couldn't look away or even force myself to run faster. They were going to catch me. I just knew it.

The spirits continued soaring after us. They were much faster than I was, so after not long they were looming over me and flying circles around my head like vultures. I was able to rip my eyes away from them in time to see Vanessa still bolting forward, far outrunning me and the spirits.

With my new found freedom from the apparent trance that the spirits had been putting me under, I tried sprinting away again, but they were already hovering over me. With the wind that seemed to be created as they appeared, it was hard to get anywhere, and the sand spiraling upward and clogging my vision didn't help.

I refused to avert my gaze towards the spirits — if I had a shot at getting out of this, I couldn't be put in a trance.

Far ahead of me, Vanessa turned around.

"Ryder," she screamed, "do you need help?"

"I'm fine," I hollered back, hoping that she could hear me over the wind. I didn't need her to get caught by the spirits too. If one of us were to die, I refused to let it be her.

I couldn't see Vanessa's face well through the sand and distance between us but I assumed she was pondering whether or not I was

telling the truth.

Whatever she did, I hoped desperately that she wouldn't come back to save me. One of us needed to make it out of here alive and get Grey in the Trapper. One of us needed to get back to the Base and figure out everything that was happening with my mother. And in the current situation, it only made sense that Vanessa would be the one to make it out alive.

"Keep running!" I screamed again, trying to urge her forward. As I ran, the spirits continued to circled me although they never dove at me or tried to attack me. As my body was getting a break from using magic, I could feel it building up in my body and coming back again. Soon, I'd be able to use it as if I'd just woken up from a good sleep.

While I went, I debated whether or not I should use my magic to fight the spirits or to escape them. It would make more sense to escape and then fight them because at the moment I had no advantage over them and I was in no place to be fighting hundreds of spirits. If I was far away from them and able to protect myself well, then I would be able to fight.

The spirits seemed to lower closer toward me and their whispers increased, growing louder and louder.

*We're gonna kill you.*

*You're a dead man.*

*Why would you even come here?*

*What did you think you'd accomplish by being here?*

*Do you know what it feels like to have your soul pulled out of you?*

*Have you ever felt the emptiness of living without a soul?*

*The world down here is terrible; when you're stuck here you'll hate it.*

They infected my brain and continued to swirl around my head. My legs burned and my breaths were short, my body complaining and

begging for a rest to stop running, but my magic was just about at its full power.

With a last burst of persistence, I sprinted as fast as I could, and then imagined myself appearing next to Vanessa.

I raised my right hand and before I could blink I was running next to Vanessa, the spirits far behind me.

"We need to get shelter," I panted as I met her pace. Something had happened to make her go so fast. Fear was written all over her face and she looked behind her uncomfortably as if afraid something would be revealed at any second. Something definitely wasn't right.

"How'd you get up here?" she asked, confused and shocked, although she kept running and the baseline of fear was still evident in her voice.

"I used magic–the same way that I do most things," I said. The fact that she didn't immediately assume I'd used magic when she grew up with it all her life proved that something was going on.

I opened my mouth to ask what was happening, but she immediately cut me off.

"Why don't we focus on shelter from the spirits and then we can talk about everything that's going on? Is that a deal?"

I nodded.

"So how do we get shelter?" I asked, acutely aware of the spirits gaining on us despite the lead Vanessa had. Their whispers sounded quieter, the wind they made weaker while so far ahead of them.

"We can make a house, and if we imagine it repelling the spirits while we're conjuring it up, then it should do that," Vanessa said, her face shifting to thinking mode as she tried to piece together how to do it.

"Here's what we'll do: you distract the spirits and prevent them from coming near us and then I'll make the house to repel them while you're doing that. I'm not totally sure if they'll follow you or take to

your distraction, but I damn well hope so," Vanessa explained quickly. The spirits were closer than they'd been before.

I nodded and sprinted to the side, completely away from Vanessa.

"Come and get me!" I screamed at the spirits, looking directly up at them. If I didn't allow them to think they were in control, they may not want to try to go after me.

Immediately, the feeling of the trance began slowly overtaking my body again. I averted my gaze slightly to the left to see Vanessa had stop running and was trying to create the house.

I smiled and continued screaming profane things aimed at the spirits. It seemed as if I was making them more and more mad because as I screamed, the wind picked up around me and the air turned colder. Sand flew up around me, engulfing me in what felt like a mini whirlwind. My legs felt like they'd been lit on fire as I continued to run and my lungs were having trouble pulling clean air out of the atmosphere due to all of the sand around me.

Suddenly, the spirits flew toward me at remarkable speed. I send up a force field, going higher and wider than the pack of them were so that they couldn't get to me. As the dove toward me, the whispers filling my head all the while, the fear and anxiety that filled me fed the force field, causing it to thicken and grow. I knew that the spirits had no chance of getting past this.

The first spirit slammed into the force field and fell to the ground like a dead bird. Despite it ultimately working, the force field shimmered as if the hit almost broke it.

More came flying toward it, as if determined to have a different fate than the first.

*We'll kill you.*

*You'll be dead within minutes.*

*You can't hold up a force field forever.*

The whispers continued, but I urged the force field to stay strong

and to continue repelling the spirits. They dove toward it in groups as if that would help them get through to me: their final prey. The force field flickered more and more and became more unsteady as larger groups formed and hit it at once. My heart began to pump insanely just before each new group hit it, believing that that specific group would be the one to break it.

Despite my worries and doubts, the force field managed to hold off the spirits until Vanessa screamed that the house was made.

When I heard that, I released the force field, leaving the pile of what appeared to be unconscious spirits on the ground and sprinting toward the wooden house that Vanessa had created.

She was holding the door to it open and the moment I arrived, I jumped in and she slammed the door closed after. It locked itself using magic.

"Are you sure this will repel them?" I asked. She nodded. There was a minuscule window that was next to the door, and I pressed my face against it. Sure enough, the spirits that didn't get taken out with the force field couldn't come near the house.

"This is impressive," I commented, removing my face from the small window and looking around. It wasn't large at all, but it had anything you'd ever need; a small kitchen, a bed, a bathroom, and a couch that looked as if it'd been placed there to fill space.

"It has running water and then obviously the small stove in case we need to cook things although I don't think we'll be here too long," Vanessa said, sitting down on the worn brown couch and throwing her head back.

"We won't be?" I asked, plopping down next to her and turning to meet my eyes with hers.

"No, I know a way out I think but I won't be able to do it for a little while. I need to rest, but first I'm sure you're wondering what caused my random spur of emotion," Vanessa said, picking her hair up and staring back at me, her emerald eyes calm. Sand and sweat covered her body, but she didn't seem to care.

"I am, although if you'd like to get some rest before that's fine too. I'm fairly tired myself," I said, intertwining my hand with hers.

"No, I better tell you everything now. It'll make it easier," Vanessa said, kicking off her sandy shoes and pulling her legs up onto the couch to face me fully. I did the same, leaving our hands interlaced.

"Okay, whatever you say," I said, closing my mouth and tilting my head slightly, eagerly awaiting the information she was about to tell me.

"When I was young, I had a little incident with the spirits. I was talking about them negatively and I somehow summoned them — I'm not quite sure how, but I did. When I did, they were threatening me and circling me like they were going to kill me and then eat me for dinner. I was just a child, so I didn't know anything about them or how to stop them. I was scared out of my mind, of course, but that wasn't enough for my magic. I needed to have a purpose and know what I wanted with my magic. And with spirits, you can't use the whole imagining type of magic; it's too weak. So, I guess you could say they got me. But, when I was even younger, Grey put some type of spell over me. I'm still not quite sure what it does but they couldn't quite catch me. I'm supposed to be a spirit but I'm not and they hate me for it," she explained, an almost tired look crossing her face.

"Wait, you mean they were supposed to kill you and make you one of them, but something Grey put over you stopped it?" I asked, sitting up at the peculiar situation.

"Basically, yes, that's what happened. Except spirits don't kill you; they take away your soul and turn you into a spirit just like them. Being a spirit is known to be torturous, and they like to see other people suffer and feel their pain. If you were meant to be a spirit but evaded it somehow, they'll automatically hate you for it. It's just how they're wired," Vanessa said.

As she talked, a memory of a conversation I had with Bruno popped up in my head. When I asked him about the possibility that Vanessa's name isn't really Vanessa, he said, "With magic in general names are very important — that much has been clear in every

fantasy book, movie or TV show ever created — but they are especially important among spirits."

He'd been right about Vanessa and why her name might be different. How had he been so close?

I wish I'd listened to him earlier. If I had, this may not have happened.

"So that's why you were so scared? You didn't want to become a spirit?" I asked, hoping it didn't sound like I thought her emotions were dumb or unnecessary. It was a *very* good reason to be scared.

"Yes, that's why," she whispered. "Now I'm going to go to sleep. But first, I'm in need of a shower."

With that, she stood up and walked over to the bathroom. I wondered how she'd managed to conjure such a functioning house in such little time.

As she showered, I sat on the couch, thinking about what had just happened. In retrospect, it didn't even make sense that the force field would work to repel spirits; they seem to be ghosts. Wouldn't they go through it? Or maybe they had a more solid being than I'd expected. And how did Vanessa know a way to get out of this world of spirits? Had she been here before?

Vanessa walked out of the bathroom, fulling dressed and cleaned before I could think of any possible answers. I didn't question, the speed of her shower; I just stood up and walked into the bathroom myself, turning on the hot water and letting it relax my tense and sore muscles.

Once I was finished, a dry towel and tee-shirt and pants were sitting on the floor, waiting for me. I grabbed the towel and dried my body before getting into the clothes that laid on the ground.

When I exited the bathroom, Vanessa was sound asleep in the bed. It didn't appear that there was another bed in the room, so I stretched myself on the couch, pulling a large blanket draped over the back onto my body to warm me as I drifted off into a deep and

rejuvenating sleep.

As I awoke, my legs burned upon any movement, although I felt like I had ten times the energy I did yesterday, despite my stomach that was begging for food. The smell of sausage wafted up into my nose as I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes. I looked over to the kitchen to see Vanessa standing at the stove, cooking sausage in a pan.

I smiled and walked over, ignoring the plea of my legs to stay still. I knew with soreness the only way to alleviate it was to walk it off.

"Hey," she said as she noticed I woke up.

"Hey, you didn't have to make breakfast. I could've done it," I said, wanting to make spending time in the world of spirits as least stressful as possible.

My mouth began salivating just looking at the juicy meat.

"It doesn't matter. It actually helps take my mind off of everything happening. Besides, I'd probably be eating your saliva judging by the way you're drooling right now," she said with a playful laugh.

I smiled and rolled my eyes as if it bothered me.

"Don't even try giving me an attitude Ryder," she said, laughing harder at my eye rolling. "You can't fool anyone with that smile on your face!"

She stirred the sausage rhythmically, causing smoke to rise from the pan and the smell to intensify.

After a few more minutes of this, she turned off the one burner stove and got two plates, dumping half of the pan on one plate and the other half on the second. She also brought over two forks and two glasses of water.

"Thank you," I whispered as I dug into my food, shoveling the flavorful meat into my mouth.

"No problem, but slow down — the sausage won't be going

anywhere anytime soon," she said, noting how quickly I was eating.

With a nod, I slowed my eating. I was just so eager to get some food and protein into my body because I'd used so much energy in the past day without any food, although I remembered hearing that eating a lot at once after not eating for a while could make you sick.

As the warm sausage ran down my throat, I immediately felt better.

"So this way that you think we can get out of the spirit's world — how does it work? What is it?" I asked.

She opened her mouth to answer but was immediately cut off by the whispering of the spirits once more.

*We're gonna kill you Holly Louis.*

*We're coming for you, Holly.*

"Who's Holly?" I asked.

"It's me," Vanessa breathed. "They're coming for me."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

**H**ey readers! Thanks a ton for reading and I hope you enjoyed this chapter as much as I enjoyed writing. Do you think the house will help repel the spirits?

**Word Count: 48,956 ~ 13.9k words ahead (I'm so close)!**

# Chapter Thirty-Nine

**Note:** This chapter will be an extremely, extremely short chapter because this one contains the 50k word mark! Thanks for all your support.

@Calico7485 this one is dedicated to you because I've slain the NaNo beast and this is my way of giving you its head.

Enjoy!

+ + + +

"We should be okay, though, because this house repels them, right?" I asked, my tone nervous, and my eyes darting back and forth between her and the spirits.

"I'd hope so, but I can't be sure. Spirits are much stronger than they appear," Vanessa said, standing up with fear filling her eyes. I quickly downed my glass of water and stood next to her, grabbing her hand.

"If we need to fight them, we will. They're not going to get you," I whispered, refusing to believe that they'd be able to catch her. Together, we were too strong.

"I only hope it'll work," she said, her voice shaking slightly.

"What do you mean?" I asked as the whispers increased, sending a shiver down my spine.

"I only hope that fighting the spirits will work. What if we can't fend them off?" she asked, looking into my eyes with her terror-filled ones.

"Then I'll hold them off as long as I can while you get what we need to get out of this damned land and then we flee," I answered, my voice sounding more confident than I felt on the inside.

"Would you do that?" she asked, hope inflicting her voice.

"Of course," I answered turning toward the door, knowing exactly how I'd hold them off. My force field worked pretty soundly yesterday when I had to fight them; it'd probably work that well again. As long as it gave Vanessa enough time to get everything ready, then I'd do anything.

The spirits were now clearly visible through the small window, soaring through the sky and toward the shack in one large cloud of spirits. Inside the house, I could hear the wind as it picked up with the spirits.

"They're coming," Vanessa said, stating the obvious, with horror filling her voice.

"Yeah, they are, but I'm going to fight them off and then you're going to prepare to get us out of this land," I said, pulling her into a reassuring embrace.

"We're gonna be okay," she said shakily as the whispers continued to get louder as the spirits grew ever closer.

"I know," I answered, stroking her hair with my hand. If I were to die in this moment, I realized, I'd be fine with it. Being with Vanessa was my only goal in life; she made things better and she was the only one who really understood pain and the cruelty of life. And I loved her for it.

"We need to split up. There's no way this house will fend off so many spirits all with the intention to steal my soul and make me one of them. It just won't work," Vanessa said, confidence filling her voice once more as she stepped out of my embrace and looked into my eyes.

"I'll go out the front door and fend the spirits off, and then you can blow out the back wall and get everything ready. Does that sound good?"

Vanessa simply nodded.

I brushed my lips against hers one last time and then ran out the front door to face the looming cloud of what looked like over one thousand spirits.

The moment they saw me, they formed a circle above me, but I ran, using the new energy I'd just acquired from the food as fuel.

Once they'd all begun chasing me, I put up a force field, feeding it more and more of my energy just like I had the first time I used to fight off the spirits.

Using my emotions — my anger at Grey, my feelings for Vanessa, my need to get out of this land — I continued to grow and thicken the force field so that by the time the spirits began diving at me, the result was the same as the last; the spirits fell to the ground, sending a small flicker through the force field but not causing any true damage.

The force field almost broke once, when a particularly large group of spirits dove into it. I felt it resonate through my body and energy as it nearly shattered into pieces as if I would've done the same had it truly broken.

As I held the force field, preventing the spirits from going anywhere and distracting them from Vanessa, more and more spirits continued to flow toward the force field as if each time one was knocked down by it, another one appeared in its place, hitting the force field harder than the one before it.

I thought I was going to pass out from holding such a strong force field for so long against so many spirits when Vanessa called my name.

Luckily, the force field was distracting enough that the spirits didn't even notice Vanessa behind me.

"Is it ready?" I asked, hoping not to draw attention to her; the one they were truly after.

"Yep, although we need to go to a cliff that's not far from here. We'll be there in not time with sprinting," she said. I nodded, and then

released the force field, allowing the energy to dissipate in one large blow, and turned around and made a dash after Vanessa.

As we sprinted through the sand that gave poor traction, our hands interlocked. The spirits recovered from the energy that had sent them flying backward and were chasing Vanessa and me with new vigor now that both of us were here. The chanting began again.

*Holly Louis, Holly Louis, Holly Louis, we're going to kill you!*

I could see the fear but also anger in Vanessa's eyes as she sprinted toward the cliff. It appeared in my vision of sight and that was what gave me the energy to sprint the extra few feet toward the edge of the cliff, although I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do when I got there.

As if reading my mind, Vanessa screamed, "When we get to the cliff, just run off the side of it. I know it sounds risky and lethal but I have a portal open. We'll just fall right into there. We'll be out of here!"

It did sound bizarre, but I trusted Vanessa; she wouldn't play me the way Grey would. When we reached the edge of the cliff, I defied all of my instincts and ran right off the edge, still holding Vanessa's hand.

For a moment, we were weightless; free-falling through the air without anything to prevent us from falling to our death. And then I was enveloped by a yellow light and felt a feeling of transportation take over my body unlike any other.

And then there was a cold, wet surface that flew up toward my face. Pain overtook my body. The sound of horns and surprised people mixed with the smell of cigarette smoke filled the air around me.

Dazed, I sat up and looked around. Immediately, I knew where I was.

Vanessa and I laid on the busy streets of New York City.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

**A**nd I've completed NaNo! This is such a great feeling, but it's all thanks to you guys who supported me through the whole way. Don't fear; this book will go on after this, just back on a regular four day updating schedule. Thanks a million for all your support especially on such raw chapters!

Thanks for reading.

**Word Count: 50,321 ~ completing this nine days early and 15k words ahead! I've slain the NaNo beast!**

# Chapter Forty

A taxi beeped its horn furiously and swerved out of the way to avoid us. Bystanders stared in shock. Vanessa was sprawled across the pavement next to me. My head pounded and the world around me spun as I sat up.

More horns from around us beeped and drivers screamed.

"Get outta the middle of the road," one man screamed. "I've got places to be!"

To my right, Vanessa shakily stood up.

"We need to get out of the street," she muttered shakily, her eyes moving unnaturally, like a hyperactive fly.

Groggily, I did the same, trying to force the foul-tasting vomit from leaving my stomach. A small trail of blood ran down the side of Vanessa's cheek, staining it a deep, fatal crimson.

I felt blood trickle down the side of my own face.

"Get outta the road!" another angry driver yelled. I stumbled out of the road like a drunk man, Vanessa looking the same as me.

Motors revved behind us as people sped through the light, trying to make up for time they lost from the traffic jam Vanessa and I caused.

The people around us on the dirty streets avoided the two of us at any costs.

"We need to get out of here," I said, walking further down the street on my unbalanced feet.

"I know, but we need to find an alley first," Vanessa answered, looking for one. Just moments later we stumbled upon one and turned down it immediately. The world was still swimming around

me as I walked down the foul smelling alley.

"What happened to us?" I asked, trying to figure out why we were so messed up, but couldn't find any logical or coherent thoughts in my muddled brain. Maybe a brick hit my head when we came up from . . . where were we again?

"We'll figure it out later," Vanessa said, seeming to have slightly more lucid thoughts than I did.

She raised her right hand and it felt like my body was pulled apart into separate particles and the particles were being moved rapidly across the world.

"What're you doing?" I asked, but she didn't seem to be able to hear me. The next thing I knew, I was standing in a different place. The floor underneath me was metal, and it looked like the pathway was hanging in the air. A chill ran down my spine and I wished I had a coat.

"Axel!" Vanessa screamed in front of me, her blonde hair flying behind her as she sprinted toward him. "You son of a-"

"Vanessa, stop!" a new voice commanded. I recognized it but I couldn't remember from where. A man walked into sight and grabbed Vanessa. I vaguely remembered the tan face and bright blue eyes connected with the name Bruno, but I couldn't remember how I knew him.

"Get off of me," she screamed, fighting against Bruno's grip to get to the large, muscular man. Hate gleamed in her eyes. Just her look could kill a person.

"No, we've been worried sick about you guys! You owe us an explanation. Besides, I was about to head back to the Base. Axel doesn't deserve any harm; he was under Grey's spell he didn't have control over his actions," Bruno said. "What happened to you guys? You've been gone for days and now you just appear here with blood running down your face."

"We were only gone a day," I said, although my words came out

slurred, making the sentence impossible to understand.

"We need to get you two to a healer right away," Bruno said. "Goodbye, Axel, and thank you for your help."

With that, the feeling of my body being torn apart into particles over took me once again and within the blink of an eye I was standing in a cool, tiled room. I recognized it slightly, but I couldn't place it again.

"I need a healer," Bruno said. I wasn't sure who he was talking to because no one else was in the room but someone must've been near by because soon enough, the door burst open and a warmth overtook my body. I felt myself being laid down onto a cold, metallic surface, and then my vision fogged and a veil of darkness covered my eyes.

I awoke with a pounding headache, but nothing wrong with me. Slowly, I sat up and looked around. It was the same healing room I'd been in two other times. Not even the smells had changed.

A healer was bustling around beside me, not seeming to be doing anything productive.

"How are you feeling?" he asked suddenly, his voice rough and gravelly.

"I'm good; I just have a headache but I'll live," I answered, swinging my legs over the side of the table and hopping off.

The man raised his hand and a blue tendril of light snaked out of his palm and encased my head for a few seconds. And then it disappeared completely.

With the light, my headache also disappeared.

"Is it better now?" the healer asked with a smile.

"Yeah, it's fine. That's amazing," I said, the awe I felt in my body reflecting into my voice.

"Healing magic really is amazing," the healer agreed with a nod.

"Now, you can go back to the Base or wherever you people need to be, but just try to be careful with your head, okay?"

I nodded and then imagined myself appearing in the planning room. With the raise of my right hand, I was transported to the planning room. Bruno was sitting at the table pouring over papers, clutching certain ones as if they were more important than his life.

When I appeared, he looked up and nodded as if this scene had played out before him many times in his life.

"What're you studying?" I asked, pulling a chair out and sitting at the table next to him. I didn't know where Vanessa was but I wished desperately that she was there with me.

"How to get rid of Grey," Bruno answered, not tearing his eyes away from the papers.

"I'm sorry, what?" Didn't we already catch Grey? How would you get rid of him more than that?

"Do you remember Rico? Well, he told me once that you can send someone to the land of spirits and the spirits will attack them," Bruno said in a boring tone.

"What?" I asked, my eyes widening and my jaw dropping. He looked up at me, knitting his eyebrows.

"Why the shock?"

"That's where Vanessa and I just were. That's where we escaped from," I said slowly, surprised by the coincidence.

"Really? How did you get there?" Bruno asked, leaning forward and tearing his eyes away from the papers.

"We didn't mean to. Grey sent us there just before he was sucked into the Trapper. Luckily, Vanessa had passed experiences and she knew how to get us out, so we were only there for a day," I explained, realizing I'd been waiting to explain to someone what had happened to us. People seemed to let disappearances pass without a second thought too often around here.

"So you have no how you'd go about getting someone there?" Bruno questioned, leaning forward.

I nodded.

"But, don't you think we have other more pressing issues? I mean, Grey is trapped in a wooden pole still. I think there's a lot more going on than we expect," I predicted. Bruno tilted his head slightly.

"What do you mean?" he asked, suspicion filling his tone.

"While I was talking to my mother, she continuously warned me that there was stuff going on that was larger than I believed. Do you remember her explaining how I needed to solve the puzzle and she wasn't the most important part? I think that we still haven't solved the part about Grey. I don't know why I just get the feeling that there's more to it," I explained, leaning back in my chair and running a hand through my hair.

"But where do we get information?" Bruno questioned as if he accepted what I explained but he didn't know how to go about figuring it out.

"I would start by saying my mother, although we don't know where she is. I can't think of anybody or anything else that would know information about this. It's pretty evident that she was kidnapped by Grey; maybe someone told her information that she wasn't supposed to know. I'm not sure but it seems like she's the link." My voice held a slight edge. The lights above me flickered for a moment.

Bruno looked at the ceiling with a shocked look filling his face.

"That's never happened to us before. The lights are powered by magic so they can't exactly flicker," Bruno said with a bewildered look on his face.

"But they can go out?" I asked, assuming if whoever was powering them died then they'd go out.

"Yes, but if they only flickered . . . I'm not sure what that means. How about we go to the surveillance room and look at how your

mother disappeared once again," Bruno suggested. I nodded and we stood up and started toward the surveillance room.

Even if there was a chance we'd find nothing, it still felt good to be *trying* to find my mother and to get information about what was happening.

When we arrived at the surveillance room, Bruno led me to the screen that showed the planning room and then rewound it days back until my mother was laying in the corner surrounded by the veil, and I was speaking with her.

"Okay, let's watch," Bruno said, leaning nearer to the screen.

We watched intently as my mother laid against the wall, looking lethargic. As I left, the veil began dissipating and then the moment I turned the corner, her body seemed to be stretched thing into the thickness of paper. After, it was like she was pulled out of the room in her small form. It looked like her body was pulled around the door and down the same hallway that I was going down. How did I not notice a stretched out version of my mother flying past me?

Then, Bruno walked into the room, a look of shock filling his face.

"There's definitely something weird that happened," Bruno said, looking closer. "No one was there but Grey could've performed a spell maybe. We've been over all these possibilities though."

"There's something wrong. Nothing fits together about this," I said. It just didn't make sense. How could that happen to someone? None of this pieced together. I would've noticed if my mother was being pulled right by me.

"Between the two of us, we would've seen your mother," Bruno said, as if reading my thoughts.

I nodded.

"That's exactly what I was just thinking. And-"

"Look!" Bruno exclaimed suddenly, catching me off guard. His finger pointed to a screen across the room. It showed just a simple

hallway. But it was who was in the hallway that caused my jaw to drop.

My mother was walking along the hallway, looking toward the ceiling, a distracted smile on her face.

"Get me to that hallway," I commanded, unable to hide the excitement I felt. I was about to get my mother back. We would do this. My heart pumped just at the thought of seeing her again.

Bruno raised his right hand and before I knew it, I was standing in the hallway, my mother was at the end.

A huge smile filled her face.

"I knew you'd find me eventually," she breathed, opening her arms for a hug. I ran up to her, outstretching my hand to grab hers.

A gasp came out of my mouth before I could even process what even happened.

"What is it?" Bruno asked.

"She's not real," I whispered, looking at my hand in the middle of what appeared to be a hologram of sorts. A tear threatened to spill over the brim of my eye, but I forced it down. All this did was give me more incentive to find her.

"We'll find her," Bruno said, a sad tone in his voice as if it affected him for her to be fake as well.

"I know we will. And then we'll figure this whole puzzle out," I said, turning back toward him. "Where's Vanessa, do you know?"

"I've no idea, although I believe she's still getting healed. Her injuries apparently were worse than yours just not all on her head like yours were," Bruno explained.

"Would you tell me if she shows up?" I asked, a hint of hopefulness in my voice.

"Of course, but I forgot to tell you! You have new quarters that are

closer to Vanessa because . . . you know the, uh, dead man that was in yours. I'll give you directions if you'd like," Bruno offered.

I nodded, my heart still heavy with not having found my mother but a fire lit inside of me, fueling my drive to find her.

Once he'd given me directions from where we were, I walked away from him and began wondering toward my new quarters.

If something had made my mother a hologram, or not real, then that would mean that someone wanted us to find her in the hallway. And if the hologram could talk, then that could mean that she was never really here, which would fit with how her body was seemingly stretched and pulled out the door and we never noticed. Maybe someone had purposely made her disappear outside of the door. Just the thought overwhelmed me; if she never was in the Base truly, that would set us back so many months.

Initially, I believed that Grey was behind all of it, but he couldn't be. His soul was stuck in the Trapper; it's not possible for him to be casting spells against us. So that would mean someone is still helping. Vaguely, I wondered if it was Axel, but Bruno seemed to trust that he wasn't under a spell anymore, and Bruno was definitely the smartest and most level-headed than Vanessa and I. Besides, Axel didn't even come back to the Base with us.

Something else was going on.

I arrived at a hallway that branched off into two and realized that I hadn't been paying any attention to where I was in my directions. I looked between the two for a moment, and then decided to go right. Nothing really affected my decision, it just felt like the right way to go.

As I walked along the hallway, I got a sinking feeling in my stomach that something was wrong. From next to me, I heard a slight whimpering. What could that be?

I averted my gaze toward the wall and a large, metal door was there with the words 'Room 18C' written on it.

Taking a step closer, I put my ear against the door to try to hear better. There definitely was something in there making the whimpering noise.

I raised my right hand and imagined the door swing open. A small, red tendril of light snaked out of my hand and slammed into the door, pushing it open.

Immediately I was met with the foul stench of excrement and . . . was it blood?

The room was dark, but the whimpering stopped the minute I opened the door. The light from outside of the hallway lit a small amount of the room, but it seemed that there was much more to the room than what appeared.

I sent a ball of light toward the ceiling and the whole room was flooded with light.

The sight before me brought tears to my eyes.

Against the wall was my brother, father, and mother, chained to the wall with blood seeping from their tattered clothes.

~+ **Uncontrollable** +~

**S**orry that the end was slightly gruesome! I hope you guys enjoyed chapter forty! Thank you for reading.

Also, I'd just like to inform everyone that this is nearing the end of this book; there's probably only ten - fifteen chapter left of Uncontrollable!

I'd also like to clear something up: I **know** this book desperately needs editing. If you notice something wrong, point it out, but commenting I should edit isn't helpful. Thank you.

# Chapter Forty-One

"Mom!" I exclaimed, sprinting across the room toward her. She lifted her head up heavily, her eyelids barely opening. A faint smile played on her face. My father and the boy I assumed was my brother based on rationality looked up at the sound of my voice.

"You found me," she breathed, relief filling her voice. I clasped her hand in mine, not wanting to touch any of her injuries and worsen them. The stench rose while I was so close to them.

"I'm gonna get you three to a healer. You're gonna be okay," I said, imagining the chains that bound them unraveling and freeing them.

As the same thing played out in front of me, I surged forward and grabbed my mother as she nearly collapsed onto the ground. My father and brother seemed to be doing better with less blood coming off of them. It seemed almost as if whoever had been holding them here-most likely Grey-had gone easier on the two of them.

"You're one of them?" my brother asked in disgust as he stared at me with wide eyes. By 'them' I assumed he meant wizards.

"Not all wizards are bad. We'll figure this all out, but for now you three need to get healed. We're wasting time!" I exclaimed as my mother coughed, putting all her weight in my arms.

I imagined the four of us appearing in the room I was just in for healing and raised my right hand. Within seconds we were standing in the cleansed room.

"I need a healer!" I screamed just as Bruno had, and then walked my mother over to one of the pristine tables. She slumped down onto it immediately. Her eyes were shut. I looked to her side where she was clutching and there was a large wound as if someone had taken a knife and gouged out a semi-circle from her skin. Blood seeped out of it.

No healer seemed to be coming to my aid, so I imagined the blood clotting and a bandage covering the wound.

My father and brother stood next to the table, injured and scared, watching me. Just as the bandage appeared, a healer busted into the room, sprinting toward me.

"You need to leave now. You're not aloud to be in here for the healing process. They'll be in good care," the healer said, quickly whisking me out of the room, seemingly annoyed at the fact that I was here.

Outside of the room, I was in a long, empty, white-washed hallway. In the back of my mind, I wondered why there wasn't any healers in this hallway.

After a moment of thinking, I was unable to come up with anything useful I could do here, so I imagined myself appearing in the planning room and raised my right hand. Hopefully, Bruno would still be there and not somewhere else in the Base. I needed to talk to him about this.

When I was standing in the planning room, Bruno was turning into the hallway.

"Bruno, we need to talk," I exclaimed as I ran after him.

He turned around, clearly startled.

"What're you doing here? I thought you went to your quarters," he said. There was something in his voice that sounded off. It sounded almost like . . . worry. As if he was worried I found something. I knew that tone of voice all too well; it was one I heard from my very own father before he left with my brother. It felt as if he was always hiding something from me, even at a young age.

"You know something, don't you?" I asked, taking a step toward him and tilting my head. I wasn't in the mood for games, or deceiving.

"I, um, found your family locked up here in the Base the other day," Bruno confessed, sorrow filling his face. I didn't believe that false misery for one moment.

"You just stumbled upon them and then closed the door and kept going? Why didn't you *tell* anyone or *do* something about it? Who are you really working for?" I asked, running a hand through my hair and leaning into the wall. Was there anyone that I could trust anymore? It seemed like there wasn't beside Vanessa.

"I just didn't know what to say," he began, a look on his face that plead for forgiveness. "I knew that I had to do something, but I didn't know what. Besides, we still didn't know where you and Vanessa were and I was so focused on that."

"I hate to say it, Bruno, but that is complete bullshit. I've never met one person who would see a family of innocent people locked away in a room bleeding out and chained to the wall, living in their own excrement and just closed the door and kept walking. Things don't *work* like that. If you ignored them, you had a reason. So what was it?" The anger in my voice was blinding. A woman brushed by us, trying not to interrupt our conversation and averting her eyes toward the floor when I looked her way.

"I'm not working for Grey," Bruno said, as if trying to take the attention off the fact that he was aware my family was shackled in the Base and didn't tell anyone or do anything.

The fury I felt overtook me, rendering me unable to think straight.

"I get where your suspicion is coming from, but I promise you're seeing this all wrong," Bruno protested, looking at me with pleading eyes.

I rolled mine.

"How would you like me to look at it? There's not exactly a positive spin to put on any of this. And there's no way I'll ever think that you did the right thing. So how do you want me to look at it?" It was hard for me to stand still in front of this coward. He was too scared of Grey or whoever else was in power to do the right thing, and it made me want to hurl.

"I couldn't do anything," was all the Bruno said.

I grunted.

"They probably would've died if I hadn't found them. They've probably lived a month of their life in pure agony. And you were too cowardly to help them."

I sent all of my anger shooting toward my fingertips and turned it into magic.

Moments later, I sent pillars of flame flying toward him filled with rage. They hit him, but I was so angry that flame engulfed the hallway around him as well. He screamed in pain, causing me to roll my eyes again. He was a wizard too; he could put it out.

"Burn in hell," I screamed over the flame and him. With that, I disappeared from the hallway and reappeared in the cold air. The wind howled around me as I sprinted through the woods. I didn't have a set destination, I just had to run. The air was colder and shaper than ice and I had to duck out of the way of any low hanging branches, but I never once stopped running, not even when my breaths became so short it was more like wheezing. The small amount of light that had been present was waning slowly.

The mixture of anger and sadness that filled me was so strong I didn't think I would ever escape it. Instead, it felt like I would be pulled into its black hole, becoming lost in the darkness.

When I finally did skid to a halt, I was in the field that I first met Vanessa in. My emotions overtook me and I didn't know what to think about or what to focus on, I just knew that I had to get it out in some way. And there was only one way I'd found that worked for emotions: magic.

I took my anger at Grey for turning my life into what it is today, at the world for not allowing me to be able to trust anyone, but most of all at Bruno for what he did, and sent it toward my fingers and then sailing out of my body in whatever form it chose to come in. Fire and water exploded out of my finger tips, balancing each other out. The wind picked up around me as well, but luckily no seeds decided to attack something.

As the different elements continued to funnel out of my fingers with my emotions, the world around me seemed to grow clearer; less muddled.

The fire clung onto anything it could, and the water thawed the frozen ground. The wind blew both the fire and the water everywhere.

And then suddenly an overwhelming wave of sadness crashed onto me once again, the magic around me growing stronger.

I didn't want to be here, doing what I was doing. When I was a child, I promised myself I would never use my magic for bad purposes, and I would only use it for the good of people, but so far all I'd managed to do with my magic was screw up anything that I already had going for me. And I didn't want my family to have to be healed because they were shackled to a wall and taken as a prisoners and beaten. I just wanted things to back to the way they used to be when I was child. Everything seemed to be so simple back then; good and evil were two separate things and you could only be one. Once you made the decision to be good, you were always good, but that's not the case in life. Even when you think you're doing good, you could be doing bad. You just never know. And I longed for the overall simplicity of life as a child. Nothing has consequences worse than your mother yelling at you.

I shook my head trying to clear the thoughts away, but I couldn't escape my muddled ideals because I was emotional and that's what emotions do to you; they muddle your thoughts.

Magic continued to flow out of my fingertips, my emotions dying down slowly, but not fast enough to prevent the lone tear slipping down my cheek.

As my emotions felt released and my body felt more relaxed, I prevented the magic from coming out of my fingertips and walked toward a tree. Despite my calmness, I wasn't ready to go back to face the horrors of the Base and what it held. I wasn't ready to go back to reality and face the problems I inevitably would have to. Instead, I sunk down next to a tree, leaning against it and looking off into the horizon.

Vaguely, I wondered what the date was and of what month as I watched the last of the sun sink behind the trees in the distance.

It felt like it was about time to snow, although I didn't know for sure. My mind was still very sidetracked by the fact that Bruno had betrayed me like that and tried to justify himself in the way he did.

What type of person would do that? It really put into perspective the entire situation and the possibility that there was more to Grey's operation besides just Grey. And, it sounded like from the small encounter I heard between Bruno and Axel-although I had no way to be sure if it was true or not-from when Vanessa tried to attack Axel, Grey's spells went away when his soul was trapped, which means that Bruno would have to have been working willingly for Grey.

And, if that fake image of my mother was in the hallway, either Bruno or someone else working for Grey had to be casting that spell while we went to find her or else it wouldn't be there.

The whole matter was so complicated it made my head spin.

"Ryder?" Vanessa's voice came from behind me. I was too wrapped up in everything that had happened to jump.

"You're okay," I exclaimed with half a heart and stood up to hug her. I wrapped my arms around her shoulders and she buried her head in my chest, letting out a long breath.

"I must've been in there a lot longer than you," Vanessa said after pulling her head away and looking up to me. I could just make out her emerald eyes in the darkness.

"Vanes-" I faltered a moment. Was I supposed to say Vanessa or Holly?

"What's wrong?" she asked, a hint of curiosity peppering her voice.

"Should I be calling you by your real name or Vanessa?" The question sounded stupid when I said it out loud, but I didn't want to call her the wrong name.

"Call me Vanessa, because that's who I am now. I'm not that scared, cowering little girl anymore. Holly was my past, but Vanessa is my present."

I nodded.

"So, Vanessa, I have a ton to tell you. About my family and about Bruno," I said, my voice darkening considerably at the mention of Bruno.

"What happened with Bruno? Did he do something?" she asked.

Slowly, in agony, I retold the events of the day that she had missed. When I got to the part about Bruno betraying us, I made sure to add every detail to the story.

"He's been lying the whole time?" she asked, shock and anger resonating in her voice.

I nodded.

"I can't believe we let him fool us. The whole time we thought he was working toward catching Grey with us, but the entire time he was just lying." It seemed she was experiencing the same anger that I was, but she could control it more.

"So what do we do now?" Vanessa asked. My answer was quick.

"We figure out a way to stop him."

~+ **Uncontrollable** +~

**T**hanks for reading. Sorry about this train wreck of a chapter. It's really bad. Sorry.

As I said in the last chapter, we're getting very near to the end. Much nearer than I'd anticipated. Maybe five chapters. Thanks for your support!

Happy Thanksgiving (if you celebrate that?)!

Also, I'm thinking of doing a news book so I can update you guys

more often. Thoughts?

Lastly (eek this is getting long), I'm going away so you guys won't see or hear much from me for the next few days but I promise I'm here and will respond to comments when I get back. Update should be after that.

# Chapter Forty-Two

After what felt like at least an hour of talking, Vanessa and I walked out of the woods and toward the Base. We needed to talk to Bruno more about why he did what he did, not matter how much we hated him for doing it.

"Do you think your family will feel safe here, or no?" Vanessa asked as I blew the leaves off of the top of the Base.

"I don't think so, but we'll see. At least for me I wouldn't feel secure and protected in a place where I'd been shackled and beaten. And my father and brother seem to hate me just for being a wizard," I explained as we yanked open the hatch and descended the staircase.

"What do you mean?"

"When my brother saw me performing magic, he looked at me in disgust and questioned me about being one of 'them'. I think by 'them' he meant wizards. I don't blame him, in all honesty, for hating me for being one. I mean, they tortured them for who knows how long!" I exclaimed as we continued, walking deeper into the heart of the Base.

"I guess it does makes sense," Vanessa said, "but you'd think they'd trust their family, right?"

"That's hard to say. My father and brother left my mother and I when I was young, remember, so I never really knew them that well. Would you trust a stranger even if you knew you were related? We can't even trust Bruno and we know him *and* he never tortured us."

"You have a very good point. It's just so hard to imagine. The whole situation is disgusting," Vanessa said, leading me through the hallways of the Base because at this point I wasn't sure how to get anywhere that Bruno may be.

"Yeah, it is, and I wish it never happened to any of them."

"Do you blame yourself?" Vanessa asked.

"For their torture and things? I do a little bit. I mean if I wasn't a wizard and running around stopping mass murderers, wouldn't this have never happened to them? They wouldn't be kidnapped and locked away in a dark room. It does just seem like my fault," I answered, closing my eyes for a moment to regain my composure. Speaking about what happened and blaming myself for it wasn't easy; it was all too fresh in my mind. The same way when you touch an open wound, it hurts much more than if it had time to heal.

"I would too, but you can't let that stop you. It's not your fault they were put in their and hurt the way they were. It's Grey's or Bruno's or whoever that put them in there. You *saved* them. They should be thankful for that."

"I guess so, but life isn't that simple. It's never just black and white; there is always a gray area. Maybe my actions are what caused them to get put there," I said, not able to accept the fact that someone put them there for a reason not involving me somehow. The more I talked, the more aware I was of the fact that there was guilt eating away at my gut for what happened with them.

"Don't beat yourself up about this. We need to focus on finding Bruno, talking to him about where his alliance lies and why he'd just leave them there, and then we'll focus on your family," Vanessa said, grabbing my hand and leaning into me as we walked.

I remained silent, turning over any possible reasons that my family could've been captured in my head.

There were the obvious reasons that it was a consequence for my reckless actions, or that someone wanted to try to bribe my by torturing them. Besides that, maybe my mother, father, or brother - although judging from my brother's reaction to me being a wizard, it wasn't him - possessed magical abilities and had set something off on their own, but I highly doubted that.

It could have to do with Trent; it seemed like he'd been alive for a while and done some terrible things. I remembered Grey thinking that my family helped hide Trent. Could that be why?

Out of all the reasons, my actions seemed like they'd be the most likely one, but hiding Trent could have to do with it.

"If he's not in here, we can check his quarters, but besides that I'm not sure where he'd be," Vanessa said as she led me into the planning room. It was bare; even the table and chairs had been removed. Seeing it without not one person or piece of furniture in it felt weird; violating almost, as if looking at a person's skeleton while they were still living.

"Where did the table go?" Vanessa asked with a laugh and an amused smile flickering across her lips. I couldn't help but laugh myself. It just seemed so pointless. Out of everything you could have stolen or done to make a point, a table seemed like the stupidest choice you could've made.

"That seems so unnecessary," I said as my laughing ceased and Vanessa leaned into my chest once more.

"Well, he's not in here. Maybe he took the table. We can check his quarters, but then you'll just have to find something to do until we can find him. I'm not even sure what I do," Vanessa said, raising the pitch of her voice at the end. I couldn't figure out why she did it with her voice but my ears seemed to notice it acutely.

Vanessa raised her right hand and wrapped her left arm around my waist. The sudden feeling of my body being picked apart and placed somewhere else filled me and when I opened my eyes, I was standing in right in front of a door. The musty smell that filled the Base was stronger here, but I didn't say anything. Around us was beige walls with no decorations. The jet black door was the only break in that color.

She raised her hand once more and the door in front of us swung open, revealing an unfortunately plain room, mirroring the old one that I had at the Base. I still hadn't been to my new one.

The images of my family with blood falling out of their wounds replayed in my mind, and I had to take a big breath, pulling myself back to reality and keeping myself present in the room.

Vanessa and I stepped in, interlocked hand-in-hand. The moment we walked into the lit up room, the lights shut off and the door swung closed on it's own accord. I couldn't see or hear anything. All that I could feel was Vanessa's hand.

The smell of smoke rose up into my nostrils and filled the room. Slowly, a small fire lit itself in the middle of the room and began spreading rapidly. It moved over the carpet like a cheetah and clawed onto the bed and flared around it. I was frozen in shock, just watching the fire spread and devoured the room.

"Put it out!" Vanessa suddenly exclaimed, jolting me from my shocked state. I used the horror I felt after seeing my family chained to the wall and sent it toward my fingers. It turned to magic instantly and I thought of water as I sent it out of my fingers.

Jets of water streamed onto the fire, diminshing a small bit of it and sending sizzling throughout the room as I slowly put out the fire.

Once we were left in darkness again, Vanessa let out a long sigh next to me.

"He must have been really concerned of someone coming into here, although it's pretty clear that we were alone," Vanessa said as I looped my arm around her shoulders and she grabbed onto my torso. I sent a ball of light toward the ceiling, flooding the room with light.

We turned toward the door and raised our hands to open it when a glass hit the wall next to my head and cracked, falling to ground in pieces.

"Shit! His defenses must not be done yet," I exclaimed diving out of the way as another glass soared toward me. Had I not moved, it would have buried itself in the back of my head.

Vanessa screamed and threw herself onto the charred bed as she

avoided glass flying toward her as well.

More pieces of glass went flying toward us. I had to throw against the wall to dodge one, and then another hit the wall next to my arm.

I imagined Vanessa and I appearing outside of his room and raised my hand. The last thing I saw before transportation was a piece of glass soaring toward my eye.

When we slammed into the ground outside Bruno's room, I breathed heavily. My emotions were running so high and so much adrenaline had been coursing through my veins that the transportation had sent us hovering above the ground.

"Are you okay?" I asked, panting as I stood up straight and helped Vanessa stand up from her croutching position.

"I didn't get hit," she answered, looking into my eyes. Suddenly her eyes lit up.

"Do you remember when you tried touching your mother and then you were thrown off of her and sent somewhere?" Vanessa asked and I realized I never retold that story.

"Yeah, I do."

"Were you sent to a cell with an invisible woman trying to kill you?"

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

**A**nd there's that chapter! I hope you guys enjoyed this. Sorry it's short and bad quality; I just really wanted to get it out to you.

Thanks for reading.

# Chapter Forty-Three

My mind raced and my heart pumped. How did she know all the details to that encounter? I didn't tell anyone. That must mean that she knew something about the woman.

"Yeah, how the hell did you know that?" I asked shocked and unable to think of any other possibility than that she knew about the woman or the cell.

"I- I know about her," Vanessa said shakily, grabbing my hand and pulling me with her. I knew immediately that we were going toward the library.

"What do you mean? What do you know?" I asked as I caught up to her and matched her jogging pace as we proceeded toward the library.

"I know about her! I know how she got there and I know what her story is and I know why you got sent there. I'm glad that what Grey had planned didn't work!" Vanessa exclaimed, true glee filling her voice and glinting in her eyes like a shining star.

"This has to do with Grey?" I understood, even then, that he did a lot of scheming but did literally everything have to lead back to him? How did he even have time to do this while running a whole nation?

"Doesn't everything?" Vanessa responded with a laugh as we arrived at the large library doors. "I found this out while I was reading around in here and couldn't help but do some investigating. Although, I could never get into the cell myself-you can only get in when Grey allows you to-I was still able to find things out and because Grey and I are related I have an easier time snooping around. We used to be really close anyway; he told me basically anything I wanted if I acted like I agree with him."

The actions of their whole family tree was so twisted and ridiculous

I found it hard to believe that Vanessa was so normal and didn't deceive anyone like the rest of her family. My mind raced back to when she talked about our kiss as a part of a plan and brought the letter Grey.

It was obvious that she was under Grey's spell. Her movements and actions weren't human; they were robotic and that's obvious. But, in order for Grey to have put her under that spell - if it worked the same way that it did with the spell that I was put under - then she would have had to agree to giving Grey updates in some form of letter or communication telling him everything. Why would you do that if you knew someone was so deceiving? It didn't make sense; the whole situation was illogical and high suspicious and I found myself wondering, after all of the betrayal I'd experienced in that past few weeks, if I could trust Vanessa.

"I suppose that has it's positives and it's negatives," I answered, pulling myself back to the conversation but reminding myself to still be cautious around Vanessa. I didn't have any secrets from anyone that would cause damage if they were found out, obviously, but if she was being suspicious, I was going to deal with it now.

"It really does have positives and negatives. It's hard to live like that, but damn, it's so nice to be able to find out information from such a powerful and deceiving person. Anyway," she said as we walked through the library and she sent a ball of light flying toward the ceiling, "this woman is someone who is being punished by Grey. She has been for many years and probably will never get out."

"So this cell . . . it's a punishment?" I asked, scrunching my eyebrows and following Vanessa as we weaved our way toward a bookshelf across the room.

"Yes, that's what I mean. Being stuck in that cell is her punishment for crossing Grey. I'm not sure exactly what she did, but I have a guess," Vanessa explained, walking through the aisles, fingering the spines of the books as we went to try to find the one that she wanted.

"Wait, do you mean that she is locked in there as well?" I asked, looking toward Vanessa.

"Yeah, she can't get out of that cell either." She found the book she wanted and bent down to look at it.

"So who are the people inscribed on the poles and why are their corpses filling the cell? What happened to those people?" I questioned, kneeling down next to her.

"Corpses? What're you talking about? There're corpses piled in the cell?" she asked, shock resonating in her voice as she ran over to the nearest table, threw the book down, and sprinted back toward me, the dust flying around her frantic movements.

"Yeah, there were corpses. And on the poles that they were leaning against was names written and different pictures drawn. That's where I first heard about Trent," I explained, staring into her glowing emerald eyes. Her mouth was turned down into a frown, disgust splattered on her face.

"Can you draw me a picture?" she asked, pointing her index finger toward the table where she laid the book down. A perfectly smooth piece of paper appeared on the surface, a pen laying next to it.

"Sure, but just letting you know, my drawing is crap." I walked over toward the pen and paper, a smile on my face imagining what her reaction would be when she saw my terrible drawing.

"You don't need to use your hands!" Vanessa exclaimed with a laugh. "Use your imagination and your magic will do the work for you!"

I rolled my eyes and laughed. Of course magic came into play in even the smallest things.

Sitting down in the creaky chair, I stared at the stark white paper, conjouring up the image of the cell in my brain again, trying not to let the horror of the whole situation get to me.

When it was clear in my mind, I imagined it appearing on the paper, drawn by the pen. The wood bars, carved names, putrid corpes, and terrifying cell bars all came to life in front of me on the piece of paper as I sent the memory through my magic onto the

paper.

The blue image was intricately drawn; much better than anything I could've done with my own hand. As the image drew it self and I focused on sending the image onto the page, gasps from Vanessa rose through the room. I looked up once the image had fully drawn itself and her eyes were wide, her mouth open and frowning. The names on the cells were random, and I didn't believe they were the exact names I saw, but Trent's name was clearly on the pole, with the symbols for fire, water, wind, earth, and the brain were all there.

"Th-that was in the cell?" she stuttered, grabbing the paper with a shaking hand and turning it so that it looked right-side up to her.

"Yeah, and I don't know how. Did Grey send other people there for the woman to kill them? At least, that's what she tried to do to me," I said, studying Vanessa as she stared at the paper. She looked up abruptly at the mention of killing people.

"She tried to kill you?" Vanessa asked, her eyes squinting.

I nodded, watching her, still unsure of what to do. She looked so concentrated you could practically see the wheels in her brain turning.

"Grey must have sent her into that cell as a punishment for her but to use her as a punishment as well. He must've put her under a spell of his own. I bet he knew her invisibility could be used for his purposes when he first met her as a child," Vanessa announced leaning back in her chair, a triumphant smile playing on her face.

"He knew her as a child?" I asked, turning over the whole situation in my mind. It did sound like something he would do to someone else. Using a person for their powers is something Grey seemed to do a lot.

"Yeah, she's his daughter!" Vanessa exclaimed with a large smile in an excited tone.

"Wait, he put his daughter in a cell as punishment?" I asked, my jaw

dropping slightly. What type of sadistic psychopath would do that?

"Yeah, you knew he was crazy," Vanessa said with a smile.

"So do you know her then?"

"She was locked up into the cell before I was born," Vanessa answered her smile disappearing.

"That's insane!" I exclaimed, not sure why Grey's craziness surprised me anymore.

"Yeah, it is. Anyway, have you gone to see your family yet?" Vanessa asked.

"No, I should do that now," I said, imagining myself disappearing and reappearing in the room where I left them.

When I appeared there, the cold air surrounded me. A healer was there alone. He jumped slightly when I appeared out of thin air, but quickly recovered.

"May I help you?"

"I'd like to talk to my family," I explained.

"Ah, yes, they're awake and fine. This way."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

**...**No I didn't finish this today at school...

Anyway, sorry if the ending is weird, I just wanted to get another chapter out. Thanks for reading and all your support! Go check out my news book for more information about updates and new books, etc.

# Chapter Forty-Four

I nodded and followed the casually dressed healer out of the room and into the hallway. I felt out of place in such a pristine location, as if I was dirtying everything I touched.

Everything seemed calm around me, contrary to what I'd expect in a magical hospital. It was hard to imagine that people weren't always getting hurt when there was constant battles among different groups of magicians.

"They're gonna be in this room," the healer explained, pointing toward a door we'd arrived at, "but I must warn you; your father seems a little bit emotionally unstable."

"He's been locked up and tortured for who knows how long," I exclaimed, my face flushing red. How ignorant was this healer? Of course he was emotionally unstable. It would be a miracle if he wasn't.

"I was just letting you know in case you didn't already possess that knowledge," the healer answered, raising his hands in defeat.

I rolled my eyes, and opened the door. Inside, three metallic tables filled the small, clean room. There was a few feet of free room to stand at the bottom of them, but there was no where else to go besides that. Filling the clear cabinets were syringes, cylinders, and different colored liquids. I wasn't sure what they needed them for as they had magic, but I didn't feel like finding out. The slight scent of blood hung in the air, but for the most part it seemed as if my family had been cleaned up.

My mother laid on her back on one of the tables, but my father and brother were sitting up on their's.

The moment I walked in, my father's face sharpened in anger. My brother stared at me as if I was a foreign person, although I couldn't help but feel the same way toward him. All our lives we'd been split

up; we didn't have any other choice.

"This is your fault," my father said immediately, straightening his back. My brother look mystified at my fathers accusation and began to get off the table.

My father's hand shot out to keep him in his spot.

"Don't go near him. Your brother will kill you if you get any closer."

"I will not," I shot back, taking a step toward the both of them. "I understand that you have been locked up and tortured by other wizards, but I would *never* do that to you."

"Of course you wouldn't. If you think that's all it'll take to get me to trust you, it's time for you to go take a large breath of reality. I won't endanger my family once again by allowing your species near me or any of us."

My heart pumped faster and a lump formed in my throat. Was this really what the people who tortured him worked into his brain? Did he truly believe his own son will kill him if given the chance? It nearly destroyed any hope at regaining a normal life I had. Magic had pushed all of us past a point of return; our family had been broken into too many pieces to put back together without distortion.

"Ryder?" my mother's voice muttered from the table she was sitting on.

"Mom," I breathed, walking over to her and staring down at her face, "I'm so glad you're okay."

Bruises littered her face. Her torso was bandaged, revealing no bare skin. Blood clotted where the cloth covered her wounds. Her eyes were barely open. They were a sickly variation of gray.

"Thank you, Ryder. I'm so glad you finally figured it out. I always knew you'd find us," she whispered, her voice sounding strained.

I decided I'd leave out the part that I stumbled upon them by accident.

"I just wish I could've done it earlier," I answered. Despite the bruises and scars that would last long after this was over, my mother was alive and that meant more than anything else to me.

"Why are you speaking to him, Rebecca? He's dangerous. We can't trust him," my father's voice rang out again, darker than a storm.

"He is our son, Rob. He will not hurt us; he isn't like the people who found pleasure in our pain. He *saved* us," my mother answered, anger filling her tone. Slight warmth spread across my body, emanating from my heart. She believed that I wasn't working toward their elimination; that I wanted to help them. That little bit of hope refueled my body in a way I'd never experienced before. I felt fresh and rejuvenated; prepared to do anything.

"You can't truly believe that. Why the hell did it take him so long to save us, then? We were locked in there for *years*and it's only n-"

"We didn't know where you were. We thought that you left us! We had no information so we just tried to build a life upon the little that we had! If we knew that wizards had taken you to taunt Ryder with, we would have tried to find you or to save you! You can't blame that on either of us," my mother answered in a voice that sounded as if it was meant to be a scream but came out as barely more than a whisper.

"You're stupid for thinking that he won't hurt us. You probably knew exactly what happened, but hid the truth from this misfit because you didn't want him to be concerned or put any effort into things. You always did care for him much more than anything else. All because you could connect with him and his magical powers more than the rest of us."

My heart pumped and my hands clenched into fists. In the little bit of time I'd known my father, he'd already sparked feelings of hate in me.

I stormed away from my mother and toward him.

"Why would you *ever* think that way about your own wife. We had no information about where you went or what happened. We just

woke up one morning and you were gone, leaving us only a note saying you left us with my brother. I don't think you're in the position to blame us for anything." My words were on fire with a fury almost unimaginable, but I refrained from even laying a finger on him. If he believed I was going to hurt him, I was going to prove him wrong.

"You guys had a note that said that?" he asked, his voice faltering for a moment. "I never wrote a note."

"What really happened that day?" I asked, staring at him, waiting for an answer.

"During the night, these two men arrived at our house. One had a long gray hair and a beard; clearly old. The other was full of muscle, with a buzz cut. He was well over two inches taller than me. I was the only one awake. They didn't break down the walls or anything, they just knocked on the door. And then . . ." My father's voice drifted off as he took a deep breath. "And then there was a blinding red light that flew out of the old man's hand. The light slammed into my chest and I didn't have control over my body. The last thing he told me was that I could blame you for it! Then they sent a purple light beam toward me and I was knocked unconscious. I woke up next to your brother chained to a chair. We've been locked up and tortured for years, and it's your fault!"

His voice rose into an angry shout by the end of his story. Anger gleamed in his eyes, creating a look of death.

"This is *not* my fault!" I exclaimed, my voice reflecting the anger that filled my father's features. I recognized his descriptions as Grey and Axel, and I knew that nothing that came out of either of their mouths were ever true.

My father's hand grabbed my neck before I could stop him. My airway was immediately affected, the amount oxygen reaching my lungs decreasing dramatically. I couldn't even focus on magic or getting out of his vice grip; I needed to focus on breathing.

I felt his arm tug me toward him, my body flopping onto the metal table that he sat upon. Slowly, the world around me blurred. I

needed to do something, but I barely had control over what I was capable of, so I swung my right hand toward my father, squirming against his grip.

He deflected the blow, and slammed me into the cabinet next to him. The impact was mainly on my shoulders. Shards of glass and syringes rained down upon us and I could feel one stuck in my back.

I knew I couldn't stay and fight because then I would lower his thoughts about wizards, so instead I imagined myself and my mother disappearing and reappearing in the Base.

As I transported, in what sounded like the distance, I heard the slight surprised shout of my father and then angry screaming before I was gone completely.

The forest floor I slammed into was hard and frozen. The smell of the forest immediately wafted into my nose.

I gulped in the air around me, my throat making croaking sounds. I'd never been more appreciative of fresh air and the ability to breathe as I was right now.

"Thanks for getting me out of there," my mother croaked from next to me, also laying down.

Shakily, I should up from the ground, having finally regained most of my breath. Pain pulsed through my body, originating around the middle of my back.

I took a deep breath and looked down toward my mother. I could get it out, but that would just make me bleed harder.

"Mom, do you think you can come somewhere else with me quickly? I just need to have someone help with my back," I explained. A light snow began to fall from the gray clouds above us, dusting the ground with a small layer of stark white.

"Of course, but can you make it a bit smoother this time? I don't want my cuts to re-open," my mother answered. I outstretched a hand which she grabbed onto and utilized to help her stand up.

"Yeah, this time I won't be in the process of being strangled so it'll go smoother," I said with a weak laugh. It was hard to even conjure that; this wasn't something to laugh about. My father feared me; blamed me; hated me for everything that happened. He tried to *kill* his own son. How was I supposed to be okay with that? Just thinking of what he said and his actions made my heart feel like it was exploding. A tear threatened to spill over the brim of my eye, but I fought it until it had gone away; I needed to be strong for my mother right now.

Imagining my mother and I appearing in the library, I raised my right hand. Before I could blink an eye, we were standing in the dust filled library. Light was still buzzing around on the ceiling, filling the whole room.

Sitting at one of the tables was Vanessa, reading a book avidly. I smiled triumphantly.

"Vanessa," I called out, "I need some help."

She looked up at the sound of my voice and her eyes lit up.

"You talked to them? How'd it go?" she asked excitedly as my mother and I walked toward her.

"I'll explain later," I muttered. "First, this is my mother. Mom, this is Vanessa."

They shook hands timidly.

"Call me Rebecca," my mother said with a smile, pulling her hand away and sitting down in one of the chairs immediately.

"Nice to meet you, Rebecca. I'm so sorry about everything that's happened. Ryder and I'll figure it out," Vanessa said, a determined look covering her face. She then turned to me. "What do you need my help for?"

"I need you to get this glass out of my back," I answered, turning around for her to see it. Despite the pain I felt, I'd expected getting glass embedded in your back would hurt more.

"Sure, I can try. I learned about it a little while ago, so I think it should work. Can you tell me what happened while I do, though?" she asked, leading me gently over to a table and sitting me down on top of it.

She went around to the other side and felt around the cut as I began retelling the events that took place just moments ago.

As I spoke, explaining what happened hurt much more than any physical pain I felt from Vanessa healing me.

Vanessa gasped at certain parts but refrained from saying anything until I was completely finished. By the time the story was told, my wound was healed. Vanessa walked around the table to face my mother and I again.

"I'm so sorry for both of you," she began, addressing both of us. Then she focused her attention to me. "It must've been terrible to hear your father say those things, but you can't give up on him. You need to prove to him that it wasn't you who caused this and that it's not justified to be scared of you. The only reason he is in the first place is because he fears what he can't control, but you need to show him that what can't be controlled is the best thing to have on your side."

I nodded, slowly, unsure of what to say. All of the things he said and did felt like too fresh wounds to mess with right now. After all, if you just broke you arm, you wouldn't begin doing what broke it until after it healed.

A slight noise rang out through the room. I turned my head quickly, just to catch the last bit of a person leaving the library. I was on my feet and sprinting, fueld by the anger sparked by him before I knew what was happening.

"Bruno, get back here!"

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

**T**hat was a weird ending I know. I planned to have the whole Bruno scene in this chapter but I didn't, so that's why it's so awkward.

Sorry if the bit with his father was a bit rocky . . . I've become so invested in Ryder that it was hard for me to write -- I began shaking at one point.

Thanks for reading.

# Chapter Forty-Five

My heart pounded as I sprinted after Bruno, determined to catch up with him. Outside of the library, he turned right.

I followed immediately, the smell of sweat rising up from my own body as I ran.

As we went further, his destination grew apparent; he was leaving the Base.

I took my anger at him for betraying me and for lying to me and for being aware my family was being tortured and sent it toward my fingers, my body churning it into magic as it traveled through my veins.

Bruno was running fast, but without magic he wouldn't be able to make it out before I could hit him with my magic. Speaking of which, why wasn't he using his magic to transport himself out of the Base? In the back of my mind, I wondered if something happened to him that rendered him unable to use it.

When the magic was buzzing at my fingertips, fresh and begging me to use it, I thought of fire and released the magic out of my right index finger.

Pillars of flame shot through my skin although not affecting it, chasing Bruno as he tried to escape me.

They slammed into his body and a scream of pain resonated through the hall as his clothes burned. Bruno fell to the ground, sweat falling down his skin as yanked off his shirt to prevent the fire from spreading.

I caught up to him while he laid on the ground, panting and fighting the fire desperately. His face was filled with pain but he stopped screaming, as if refusing to give me the satisfaction of hearing my magic affect him.

With the flourish of my finger, the fire disappeared, leaving his clothes in tatters, his exposed skin filled with char and burn marks.

He stared at me, breathing heavily and clearly angry. His face was flushed red and beads of sweat dripped down his cheek and left marks on the bits of fabric left on his body. Fortunately for him, his pants didn't get hit by the fire.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" he asked, swallowing. His eyes glazed over with an uncalled for anger.

"I'm stopping you from leaving. We still need to talk," I said, not offering him help standing up. Slowly, he stumbled to the feet, using the bland wall next to him as support. As I watched him, I noticed parts of his hair was burned off.

"What do you need to talk about that is *this* important?" he asked, anger glinting through his voice. I didn't understand why he was so angry about this; sure, it's annoying but he could've used magic if it was really necessary.

"If you hadn't been running, I wouldn't have had to burn you," I said, trying to conceal a laugh at how idiotic the sentence sounded.

"What is it that you need to talk to me about? You're lucky I'm not using my own magic on you right now," Bruno said, a threatening edge to his voice, but not sharp enough to be concerning, as if there truly was something wrong with his powers or magic.

"I need more of a reason as to why you didn't help my mother, father, and brother," I said, struggling to add in my father to that sentence. Of course I wanted my father to be rescued and stable, but it's hard to ever think of a man in the way he used to be when he's such a monster now.

"You're having daddy problems, aren't you?" Bruno asked, looking at me with a sadistic smile. How could I not have seen this side of him for so long? Why was everyone in this world of wizards so cruel and deceiving?

My throat burned just at the mention of my father. Of course, he

probably didn't know the details of the event that just occurred, but somehow Bruno was able to tell something was wrong.

I focused on my breaths as I picked the right words to say.

"This isn't about me or any issues I may or may not be having. This is about what you did. At least tell me the truth; you have nothing riding on keeping the reason a secret," I said, trying desperately to push the feelings that rose up in me when my father wrapped his hands around my neck.

Behind me, Vanessa came running up, panting. She glared at Bruno but said nothing.

"In all honesty, it's no intricate secret. I just knew about them being held there and decided not to tell you," Bruno said simply. How could he speak of something so serious and heartbreaking as if it was choosing between telling someone whether or not you ate a burger for lunch?

"Why would you ever make such an idiotic decision?" I asked, not able to keep the shock or anger out of my voice. Why did he think to do that? Even if I was working against someone, I wasn't sure if I'd be able to keep a secret of these measures from them. Suddenly, faces of all the men or women I'd murdered flashed across my head and shifted uncomfortably. Could I really say I wouldn't keep this from someone myself?

"Because I was torturing them myself!" Bruno screamed in a sudden surge of anger, his hands clenching into fists and his face leaning closer toward me. "If I told you what I was doing, you wouldn't have trusted me; you would've tried to kill me! I couldn't have that, so I didn't tell you. I never planned for you to go down that corridor but maybe you took a wrong turn. It doesn't matter anymore; you've already torn this place apart and ruined any plans we had."

"Maybe if the Base wasn't a god damn web of lies, secrets and betrayal then there wouldn't have been any drastic plans to ruin. Next time you want to do something like that, don't attempt to manipulate someone who you can't control," I whispered, pulling from Vanessa's explanation about how I was uncontrollable. It was

the first time I'd every accepted or acknowledge the truth of that statement. I'd crushed so many dreams and plans, all the while leaving a path of destruction behind me as I went all because I couldn't be controlled.

Bruno's curled fist began to swing toward my face but I wasn't ready to let him cause me any physical pain; the emotional one was already too great.

I imagined him flying backward and outstretched my palm. Immediately a surge of energy whirled out of my palm and threw him back, sending him flying through the hallway toward the stairs where he was originally planning to go.

Bruno slammed into the ground, grunting. A small, crumpled up piece of paper fluttered out of his coat pocket as he turned and sprinted toward the next hallway to exit the Base.

"That son of a bitch!" Vanessa exclaimed suddenly, speaking for the first time. She sprinted forward, nearly running over the note he dropped.

"Vanessa, wait, we don't need to chase him!" I screamed after her, jogging up to get the note. I bent down and snatched up the paper.

"Why not?" she asked, faltering for a moment yet still not coming to a complete halt.

"He dropped something," I answered simply, unfolding the paper. I wasn't sure why, but something about that paper seemed like it was important, as if he was giving off invisible clues that I could feel.

"What is it?" Vanessa questioned again, turning around and walking back toward me, glaring at where we'd allowed Bruno to slip through our fingers like sand.

Written in scrawled writing was five simple words: *Celia Atwood is the key*.

"Who is Celia Atwood?" I asked, looking up from the paper, and toward Vanessa. Her face whitened and she seemed to stiffen slightly.

"Why?" she asked as if she didn't want to speak of who it was or get involved with her at all.

"What's your issue with that name?" I shot back, tilting my head. Behind us, my mother tottered down the hallway, reminding me of a confused old woman.

"Could you just tell me why?" Vanessa asked, closing her eyes and letting out a long breath as if to prevent herself from getting angry. What was it that she was hiding? Why was she avoiding it so much? Could the name really hold that much power?

"Because this note says, 'Celia Atwood is the key'. If you know who she is then maybe she's the key to stopping Grey," I said, explaining my thoughts slightly.

Vanessa's answer was quick after I gave my reasons for wanting to know the name.

"Celia Atwood is the invisible woman locked in the cell."

~+ **Uncontrollable** +~

**And** here we are, with only one chapter and an epilogue left after this. I can't believe we're so close to the end.

The next chapter will be somewhat long so don't but me about updating please!

Thanks for reading.

# Chapter Forty-Six - Final

***Completely Unedited***
+ + + +

Nervous butterflies fluttered around my stomach, mixed with a dash of anticipation. Would this be it? Would this be the key? If we could find this invisible woman, would we be able to stop this madness with Grey forever?

I searched my brain for any way to find a way that would help us uncover Celia's location. Was there any way we could find her cell? The way I ended up in that cell last time was from touching my mother-something Grey deliberately planned to happen-and a spell put on her sent me there. I wasn't sure what spell that was and if it was possible for Vanessa or I to recreate it so that we could go back there. But there had to be another way; I wasn't about to let the only chance I had at stopping Grey slip through my fingers.

Suddenly, a memory flooded my mind.

"Do you have anything of Celia's?" I asked Vanessa, tapping my foot impatiently, only able to think of the feelings of triumph that would overwhelm me when I'd dealt with Grey.

Vanessa's eyes lit up after a moment.

"Grey me her watch once. I wasn't sure why, but I still have it. Something always struck me as odd about that watch so I just kept it."

"Can you go get it?" I asked, elation filling my voice. My heart pumped with anticipation. We could finally beat Grey. And he gave us the tool to do it; how ironic.

Vanessa nodded and spun on her heel, her curled, blonde hair flying in her wake.

With Celia's watch coming, I walked up to my mother and looked her in the eyes.

"Listen, we have a lot that we need to do right now but it shouldn't take too long," I explained. She smiled as I spoke. "Once we are finished with this task, we'll be back and then I'll get you back home. I don't think we'll be able to go back to a normal life but we can try. For the time being, though, you can stay in my quarters and maybe try to get some sleep."

"I think that'd be a good idea; I'm so tired I could sleep for a day straight," my mother answered, yawning at the mention of sleeping.

"I'm sure you could," I responded, just happy to have my mother back. As I thought about bringing her back to my quarters for safety while Vanessa and I were gone, a thought popped into my head.

"On second thought, you can stay in Vanessa's quarters. There was an . . . incident in my quarters and you wouldn't want to stay there after that."

My mother raised her eyebrows slightly but didn't question the matter any further.

"So are you and Vanessa . . . together?" my mother asked awkwardly, leaning against the wall and averting her eyes so she didn't have to meet mine. Was she uncomfortable talking on the matter?

"We're not exactly together," I answered, equally as awkward. A wave of gratefulness washed over my body for my mother not looking at my eyes directly.

When thinking about it, Vanessa and I weren't exactly together; both our schedules were a bit too busy for dating. Although I had feelings for her, I couldn't be sure she felt the same way. For all I knew, she was still manipulating me and working in Grey's favor. Unfortunately, I didn't have any other option at the time being. Vanessa was my only hope and I needed her to find and stop Grey, so I'd have to trust her.

"Well whatever's between you two, it's clear you have strong feelings for her," my mother explained, a knowing smile playing on her lips.

My cheeks felt hot and I nodded slowly. If she knew so much, I didn't need to tell my mother the whole story of our relationship.

"I found it!" Vanessa's voice rang throughout the hall as she came running up with the antique watch in hand. Despite it's age, it still looked fairly new and had an ethereal zeal emanating from it on all sides. I didn't even want to lay a finger on it in fear of breaking it in any way.

"It's amazing," I breathed in awe, staring at it with wide eyes. The hands ticked rhythmically as they moved in time with the day. I wasn't sure what day it was or what the time was so I couldn't be sure on it's accuracy.

"It really is mesmerizing. Anyway, what's your plan with this thing?" she asked, staring at the watch with a smile.

"First, we need to bring my mother to your quarters so that she'll be safe while we're gone," I said, ignoring the question.

"Good thinking," Vanessa said.

I nodded and laughed slightly. After so much work trying to find my mother I wasn't about to leave her unprotected in a buzzing world of magic. If that were to happen, it'd be the same thing as leaving her to die.

"Are you okay to transport somewhere using magic?" Vanessa asked my mother, raising an eyebrow. It would make sense for her to want to walk; after all, that's the world she spent so long in. Unfortunately, I'd dragged her into a new one where magic was very real and very dangerous.

"Yeah, of course," my mother said in a calmed tone. What made her so level-headed about this matter? If I were her I don't think I'd even be able to wrap my head around the fact that there *was* magical transportation. I had to have gotten my magic from

someone; maybe it was my mother who possessed magic abilities as well.

If that were true, then that would mean that Trent Smith was her father. And that she was hiding her magic from me for fifteen years. But what's to say that she wasn't? I hid mine from her for the seven years I knew of my powers; maybe she just wanted to keep me safe. Obviously the world with magic is dangerous and she could've been trying to shield me from it's insanity.

Vanessa smiled and raised her right hand. The feelings of transportation overtook my body and suddenly I was standing in Vanessa's quarters again, inhaling her flowery aroma.

My mother landed on the bed and laid back, stretching herself out as far as she could go almost immediately.

"Thank you for being so cooperative," I said to my mother. "We'll put up a protection spell so no one can get to you."

"Okay, as long as you imbue your love into the walls of this room, people won't be able to get into this room," my mother said, her voice conveying that she was drifting off to sleep.

"You have magic, don't you?"

She nodded slowly.

"I used to, but that man who you chased-Bruno-took the powers away from me when he first captured me," she answered, her body crossing over into sleep.

"Bruno took her powers from her," I repeated to Vanessa as if she couldn't hear it. She nodded slowly but didn't open her mouth as if she wasn't sure how to comfort me or what to say.

"I'm gonna kill that bastard," I said, a wave of rage crashing on top of me and filling my whole body.

"Let's worry about that later," Vanessa said, walking over and placing a hand on my shoulder. "For now, we need to find Celia Atwood! And before we leave your mother, you need to send your

love for her into these walls."

I nodded and took a deep breath, trying to rid myself of the anger I was feeling and bring back in just love for my mother.

I ran through happy memories with my mother, filtering out any dark ones, and replayed them over in my mind, letting my feelings of love and joy fill my being. I wasn't exactly sure how to imbue it into the walls, but I had an idea. Closing my eyes, I began.

When the emotions were all I could feel; all I could think of, I released them toward the wall and the room, allowing them to fill the whole space around us.

Vanessa gasped in amazement and I assumed I'd done the job well. When I peeled my eyes open and looked around me, there was a shimmering in the air tinted slightly pink.

"You did it!" Vanessa exclaimed. Her voice was filled with excitement and awe. I puffed out my chest in pride.

"Now we need to find Celia," I said, my mind racing and my heart pumping. If we could only find her then we'd be able to take down Grey; I just knew it.

"How are you planning to do that?" Vanessa asked as we exited the protected room into the bare hallway.

"We're going to find her the same way we found Grey the first time; by going to Rico," I explained, taking the watch from Vanessa and imagining us appearing in the room where we first met Rico.

The moment I opened my eyes I was, for the second time, standing in the tan-walled room. The skinny man sat at his desk muttering to himself. He jumped when we appeared but quickly recovered.

He hopped out of the chair he was sitting in like a child and walked over toward us. This time, the room smelled of dust and soup; just as weird of a combination as the last time I came.

"Who are you?" His voice was annoyed and preoccupied. He tapped his foot impatiently. Contrary to the last time we saw him, though,

he had a little bit of stubble growing along his skinny jawline.

"I'm Ryder and this is Vanessa," I answered, signaling to Vanessa. "We once came here with a friend of yours; Bruno. You helped us find the king and told us that he was in the castle."

"Ah, yes, I remember that. How did that whole expidition go?" he asked, walking toward the wall and slumping against it, sliding to the floor. His eyelids drooped slightly as if he was about to sleep.

Unsure of what to do, I walked nearer to the wall and continued speaking.

"It went just as we planned; we got done what we needed to. Thanks for helping with that, but now we have a new issue. We need to find a woman by the name of Celia Atwood."

"Celia? How do you konw her?" he asked, tilting his head and his voice shaking. Did everyone know who she was and associate negative things with her?

"She tried to kill me once," I answered calmly. "But that's not why I want to find her; she's important in completing what we were starting the last time we came here."

"Well, you need something of hers," Rico reminded us, his voice still showing uncertainty at the whole matter. Did he know her personally?

"We have an object of hers," I said with a smile, pulling the watch out of my sweatshirt pocket.

Rico outstretched is hand and grabbed the watch, standing up and walking it over to the desk. He placed it down and made his way back toward us.

"I understand if you want me to find her location, and I will; I'm not involved in this but I need to warn you of something first," he said, his eyes wide with fear, any hesitation in sharing information gone.

"Okay, but we don't have much time," I said, becoming slightly impatient myself. I didn't need a random warning from a man who

could very well be delusional; Bruno *had* mentioned he could be a bit weird. I already knew what we were doing could be dangerous and may end in death but that didn't change the fact that I was still going to do it.

"Celia is . . . angry. She's very, very angry. She should be angry at Grey for doing what he did to her and believe me, she is, but she'd take her rage out on anyone she can. She kills as a sport because it's the only entertainment she has in the terrible cell. If you go there and try to reason with her, it most likely won't work out. She's an angry person and that makes her dangerous."

I nodded, and opened my mouth when he continued. Vanessa and I exchanged looks but kept our mouths shut.

"She was put in there by her own father; just because he didn't like a decision she made. It didn't affect him, he just didn't like it. When she was in her twenties, she used her magic to start a fire in a place that Grey cherished. His mother was buried there and Celia was practicing her magic. She didn't know his mother was buried there as Grey never told her, so when the fire lit, she thought it wouldn't be a big deal.

"Grey always liked her so she figured that he would just come put out the fire and pretend as if it never happened. But, that wasn't the case. As you all probably know *very* well, if something is near and dear to Grey, he won't let it slide. He'll even make a bigger deal about it than is necessary just to prove his point. He's absolutely crazy. Anyway, when she went to get him and they transported back to the area where she lit the fire by accident, he freaked. He put the fire out immediately and then just broke down crying. She wasn't sure what was happening. She kept asking what was wrong, but he refused to answer.

"By the time his eyes were dry, he was screaming at Celia, calling her profane names and threatening to kill her. Since the place where she started the fire was near a beach that was abandoned - just on the outskirts of Eastbell - she didn't expect there to be *anything* there. Of course it had to be the one place where Grey actually cared about. So, he was threatening her and he transported himself and her back to the king's palace. For a while, he locked her

in a room and only fed her one, miniscule meal per day. She suffered, still unsure of what she did. As time wore on and no change came, though, she tried speaking to Grey as he came in, attempting to pull out bits of information but he wouldn't answer. And then, one day, he dragged her by her neck, as if she wasn't human, and then brought her to his office. He had just become king, so he still had a clean slate. He sent her to that cell and locked her in there.

"He hasn't spoken to her since and never visits her; he just sends people there because he knows she's angry enough to kill them. She *hates* his guts, but blames everyone for it. If the world weren't so mean to her she wouldn't be locked in there."

Rico finished his explanation and took a long, deep breath, leaning against the wall. Sorrow filled his blue eyes as he retold the story. He must've known her very, very well. This raised the question, how old was Rico?

"That sounds terrible," Vanessa remarked, her voice terrified. Her eyes, though, showed impatience; she just wanted to find Celia. I couldn't agree with her more.

"Oh it was, which is why I warn you two to be so careful when going to find her and figure out how to stop Grey. I'm sure she would've done it years ago if she could get out of the cell herself."

Why she killed every person sent to the cell instead of trying to get them to stop Grey was beyond me. I didn't question him, though, as I was sure that it would turn into another unecessarily long conversation.

"Thank you for that warning," I said with a smile. "We'll try to be very careful and we'll definitely make sure not to be rude or speak of the event. But none of this can happen unless you find out where she is!"

He nodded and went back to the desk, picking up the watch once more and staring at it. After a while, he ran toward the desk and yanked out of a piece of paper, furiously drawing different lines. He didn't do this when we came with Bruno so I wasn't sure what the

purpose was.

"Should we go over and look at what he's doing, or no?" Vanessa muttered under her breath, growing close to me so that he wouldn't be able to hear. He seemed so enthralled by whaterver work he was doing I don't think he would've heard if she shouted it anyway.

"I've no idea," I answered in an equal volume of my voice. "I can't figure this guy out, but I think we should just go with it and see what happens."

"We don't have that much time to waste, though," Vanessa protested, glaring at him while he scribbled away, eyebrows furrowed.

"I know, but how would we even stop him?"

"What're you doing?" Vanessa said louder to Rico, walking over. She was clearly impatient and exasperated but Rico didn't seem to notice.

"I'm making a map to show y'all how to get to where Celia is," he answered quickly. At cringed at his use of the word "y'all"; I didn't understand how someone who wasn't southern - or pretending to be southern, in Vanessa's case - could use words commonly found in the south like that.

"Can you give us a general location so that we can at least know where we'll be headed after here?" Vanessa asked, trying desperately to get some information or find some purpose in this wasted time. But she was right; we didn't have any time to waste. We needed to find Celia Atwood and take down Grey before on of his followers did something like bring him out of the Trapper.

"She's in New York City," he answered, not even glancing up from the paper he was working so hard on.

Vanessa and I exchanged glances once more. New York City? There had to be more to it than that; there was no way that her cell was in the middle of the busy streets of New York. I'd been to the cell; it was surrounded by darkness and had a force field surrounding it.

"Maybe this guy isn't as trustworthy as we expected," Vanessa whispered in a one that was barely audible.

"He found Grey for us, so that's proof he can do it. He's our only option," I uttered back, weighing our options. We had him to trust, who led us to the correct place to find Grey, or we could leave and try to find Celia ourselves. The second option would take much, *much* longer and it may never happen. The first option seemed the most logical for the situation we were in now.

Finally, Rico pulled away from the paper on which he'd drawn the map. On it, there were lines and symbols scribbled across it, all coming together to collectively create an intricate map of the streets of New York City.

Rico outstretched his hand and waved it over the paper. For a moment, it shimmered gold, rippling like water and then it returned to normal.

"Now, once you arrive in New York City, it will show you your location compared to Celia's. Her's will be the 'x' and your's will be the dot that flashes. It'll move as you move. Now go, quickly," Rico commanded, handing us the map and pulling open a drawer in his desk, already distracted. I grabbed it off the desk, unable to study it for very long.

"Thanks for helping us," Vanessa called out just before she transported us back to the Base. We landed in her quarters again, the spell I placed over the room still in tact.

"Why are we back here?" I asked. I thought we weren't wasting time and coming back to a place that held no answers was definitely a waste of time.

"Because, we can't just appear in the middle of New York; there are tons of people there who'd notice two people materializing right in front of them. We need to find a spot where we can transport where we won't be seen, prefereably on the outside of the city," Vanessa explained walking back toward the dresser.

"Okay, true, but how do we do that? I've never really tried to do

that before," I answered, leaning against the wall. My mother was still asleep on the bed, completely oblivious that we were back.

"I have a way to do it; Grey bought it for me once because as a child, I loved the idea of living in a city," Vanessa said, pulling open one of the drawers on her dresser shakily. Dust puffed up as she wiggled it open.

"So, is it a map of the city or something?"

"Basically, it shows you everything; all the side roads or alleyways that would be abandoned and their location in the city."

What she pulled out of the dresser was a piece of paper, quite alike the one we took from Rico.

As she came closer to me, I laid the map I took from Rico down on the desk and looked at hers. There was streets and buildings drawn on it as well, but these ones were labeled in terms of how populated they were. Some said 'abandoned' across them while others said 'very populated', so I assumed we'd be going to one of the abandoned streets.

"This map is on the setting that conveys how populated the streets are. Can you hand me the map from Rico?"

I moved over to the desk and picked up the map while marveling at the fact that there was a map with different settings on it.

"Thanks," Vanessa said as she compared the two maps next to each other, studying each as carefully as the other. They looked pretty much the same aside from the writing on Vanessa's.

"I found a spot!" Vanessa exclaimed, pointing to an alleyway with the word 'abandoned' written on it.

"It's close to the spot where Celia is and it's abandoned. It'll be perfect!" Vanessa exclaimed, placing her map back in the dresser and grabbing my hand.

"Ready to go?" I asked. She nodded, and then raised her right hand.

"I've seen this street once so I know slightly what it looks like but not too much so hopefully we get to the right place," Vanessa said with a weak smile.

With that, transportation overtook us and our bodies moved from one place to another, linked together by our hands.

The sound of a train rushing past was near; practically right over my head. I turned and saw that above us and to the right was large train tracks, a train rattling along them.

Wooden buildings surrounded us on either side, none of them put together well enough to live in; most had holes in the roof or walls, other had mice scuttling out of them. Wet, green moss grew along the cracked sidewalk underneath us.

"It worked!" Vanessa exclaimed.

"Great job," I congratulated, pulling her into a brief embrace. "Which way to we go now that we're here?"

"We're near the spot where Celia supposedly is, but I'm not positive on how to get there."

Vanessa looked at the map again, trying to orient herself. We were standing in the alley that she'd predicted, the dot on the map showing that clearly.

"Lets get out of this alley and then see where it shows we are," I suggested. Vanessa nodded after a moment, biting her lip.

We started toward the other end of the alleyway, watching the dot that represented us move as we did.

The 'x' that marked Celia's location was closer to use than before as we moved. When we exited the alley, we surfaced on one of the busy roads of New York, just like we had in Chicago when Vanessa put an invisibility spell over us.

A woman wearing a long coat covering her body hurried past us, not giving a second glance. A light snow fell from the gray sky, swirling down onto the ground and disappearing the moment the

flakes hit the pavement.

I suddenly felt cold in my jeans and light sweatshirt. Vanessa, though, thought ahead, wearing a large, insulated coat.

"Okay, it looks like we need to go two blocks to the right and then walk down that street for a while. She's still quite a bit away," Vanessa instructed and I nodded.

Putting the map away in her pocket, Vanessa and I started off down the street hand in hand.

The cars shuffled along the street next to us, some honking at others. We remained silent for a while, until we encountered a man on the side of the street smoking.

We covered our mouths and noses as best we could without being too obvious or rude and went by.

As passed him, trying not to inhale the fumes he breathed out, he took in a long breath of smoke. When we were directly in front of him, he blew out, the smoke getting in our noses and mouths and clinging onto our clothes for dear life.

"You shouldn't be so rude about smoking next time," the man said as we stormed away from him faster than we were paced before, the smoke following us closely.

"It took all I had not to light him on fire," I muttered when we were far enough away.

"Yeah, what type of person says that? We weren't even being rude!" Vanessa exclaimed.

I nodded with a laugh.

"He's probably just grouchy we're not there smoking with him."

"Why do people smoke anyway?" Vanessa asked, wiping her shoulders as if she thought that would get the smell of cigarette smoke away from us.

"I guess everyone has their own reasons for starting but I think they continue off of addiction alone," I said. "I'm so glad I've never felt pushed to a point in starting to smoke. It seems terrible."

"It really does," Vanessa agreed, uncurling her hand from mine and wrapping her arms around my waist. instead.

"Here we have to turn, right?" I asked, stopping at the traffic lights. There was a walk sign for the crosswalk we would've had to walk on, so my voice was urgent.

"Yeah, and then we walk six blocks forward," Vanessa explained, pulling out the map as we rushed across the street. Chewed gum got stuck to the bottom of my shoe as I went.

When we reached the other side, we continued walking at a hurried pace, nerves and anticipation pushing us.

The six blocks passed in a whirlwind of laughter as we went through the bustling streets filled with skyscrapers.

Our dot on the map followed us, drifting closer and closer toward the 'x'. As we went, my anticipation level grew. I couldn't keep from thinking about the possibility of a negative outcome. What if this went completely wrong? What if Celia killed us the moment we stepped foot in the cell? What if she didn't believe our story? What if she wouldn't tell us the information? If she truly was angry, what if she hated us for working with Grey at the beginning? This plan was like walking a too thin branch; it could break and we could plummet toward the ground at any moment.

The 'x' grew ever closer. Our dot was nearly over it when Vanessa looked around.

"Do you see anywhere that could hide a cell?" she asked, searching desperately for a building where it could be.

"No, it just looks like office buildings to me," I answered. "And the last time I was in the cell, it didn't look like it could be easily hidden. It was completely dark and it seemed like it was in a large room with a force field encircling it."

"So, what you're saying is that this could all be a trap?" she asked, her steps faltering. I grasped her hand tighter. She couldn't turn back now; not after everything we'd been through with Grey. We needed to at least *try* to find her and get the information.

"No, I'm saying we might need to do some searching for that cell," I explained, a determined tone overtaking my voice.

"Let's get on the 'x' before we worry about finding it. Maybe it'll be really, really obvious about where it is," Vanessa suggested, surging forward with more speed than before. At this point, we fit in perfectly with the rushed, cramped streets of New York City.

Our dot was almost at the top of the 'x', and the intersection where this block ended was visible.

Just before we arrived at the street corner, the smell of warm nuts wafted into my nose, mixing with all the other smells the large city created. My stomach begged me to get some, but I ignored it; I couldn't stop to buy food. Not in a time like this.

"We're here, but I don't see anywhere that the cell could be hidden," Vanessa said, looking around again.

"How about we try going into the building right here?" The building was at least thirteen stories tall. The entrance was just a few steps away from the street light we'd come across.

"Good idea," Vanessa said as we walked toward the building. The moment we entered, heat enveloped us and I shed my sweatshirt, not needing it in the sweltering building. What made them believe they needed to boil everyone to get good reviews?

Around us was a small lobby, red carpeting covering the entire floor space. An elevator was stationed at the left side of the square room. Against the back wall was a concierge desk, with a man in a hotel uniform. Besides that, no one seemed to inhabit the floor.

"We could try going down or up a few floors," I suggested, acutely aware of the man eyeing us suspiciously.

"How about we try going down first because you talked about how

it was all dark and it didn't seem like there was anyway out," Vanessa countered, wiggling herself out of the heavy coat she brought. A bead of sweat formed on my hand, slowly trickling across my palm.

"Okay, good idea."

We went toward the elevator immediately, ignoring the concierge's questioning looks. Luckily, he didn't voice any of the questions he may have had.

The inside of the elevator was simple.

"Should we go to the basement?" Vanessa asked.

I groaned. Why did it have to be that the basement made the most sense?

"Go to the floor just above it first," I ordered. If she was there then we wouldn't have to waste our time going into a creepy hotel basement.

"Okay; we have all the time in the world, right?" Vanessa pushed 'P1' quickly.

I nodded as the doors closed and the elevator lurched downward, causing my stomach to do somersaults.

As the floors - you'd be surprised at the floors between the lobby and the parking garage - passed, Vanessa and I remained silent, intertwined by our hands which were both soaking in sweat at this point.

When our ride came to a sudden halt, the door slid open. The light from the small box flooded out into the dark parking garage, but besides that there was no source of light; this could definitely be a place where the cell was hidden.

Vanessa flourished her hand and a ball of light flew toward the ceiling. The entire garage was lit up immediately. And it was *massive*.

"We need to look around," I said, jogging into the large, open space. Yellow lines covered the floor, signifying the different parking spots. Only one, blue car sat in the far corner. Besides that, there was nothing else in the parking garage.

"You get that side, and I'll get this one," Vanessa explained, motioning to the different walls of the large rectangular area. "Start along the outside looking for doors."

I nodded and we dropped hands, starting our seperate ways; I went right and she went left. I pulled my sweatshirt back on as a chill ran through my body.

Vaguely, I could hear Vanessa's footsteps, but besides that I was in complete solitaire. Anyone could attack me right now.

With a sigh, I pushed forward, scouring the walls for doors. The first side of the wall I walked along was barren; devoid of any doors.

Across the lit up parking garage, I could see Vanessa had reached the end of her wall. If we kept up this pace, we'd meet again soon and then we could go investigate somewhere else.

I looked toward the wall again with a smile, feeling assured we'd find Celia somehow today. And then my world was turned upside down.

Vanessa's scream pierced into my heart and mind. I turned to see the issue when a hand clamped over my mouth and covering my throat; for the second time in a few days I was being strangled. This time, though, before whoever my attacker could do any damage, I imagined myself appearing on the other side of the garage.

A shout of surprise emanated from behind me as I disappeared from his hands and reappeared near Vanessa.

Dressed in black, a man clamped one hand over her mouth, another grasped onto her hair.

"If you just shut the hell up we'll let you go. We just need your idiotic boyfriend," he whispered. Vanessa's eyes were wide with

terror and she squirmed against his grip. Why wouldn't she use her magic?

I took my anger at the man for restricting Vanessa and sent it toward my fingers, a pillar of flame flying out of my fingers and catching on the man's clothes. He yelped in surprise and let go of Vanessa immediately, stumbling backward and away from her.

Vanessa ran to me and I stood in front of her as the other man finally reached us.

"What type of freaks are you?"

Before I could answer or cause him any harm, Bruno's voice rang through the garage.

"Don't move," he commanded. "If you move, we'll kill you."

Slowly, I turned around toward him, not advancing toward anyone. He stood in front of a group of about thirty other men and women, all snarling at us.

"You guys are outnumbered; you can still try to fight us but you *will* lose," Bruno screamed when neither Vanessa nor I answered.

I imagined everyone in that group flying backward and raised my right hand. The whole body was thrown backward, landing on the ground in a tangle of limbs.

"I think we'll take our chances."

Vanessa and I sprinted away from the two attackers behind us, awestruck by our powers. The group of supporters of Bruno began standing up, shouting and trying to summon their magic but Vanessa and I were already almost at the elevator.

Frantically, as I called the elevator, urging it to move faster, Vanessa waved her hand toward the wall and closed her eyes. Her face showed a state of deep concentration.

One man shot a ball of fire at me and I threw myself out of the way, narrowly dodging the ball.

Suddenly, the wall of the parking garage bursted and a wave of dirt flooded onto the concrete, covering the pile of people and knocking some of them over. It spilled onto my shoes but didn't cause me any difficulties with walking.

A ding came from behind me and the elvator doors open, I backed into it quickly, not looking where I was going as the men who first attacked Vanessa and I began shooting, the bullets breaking the wall next to us.

And then pain filled my body. It originated from my head and pulsed throughout my entire body, causing me to grunt.

My vision slowly darkened, seeping over to cover my eyes. I thought I might have felt a light hand touch my arm briefly, but I couldn't be sure.

The last thing I heard before I lost consciousness was, "Bruno, you didn't tell us we'd be working to kidnap freaks."

When I awoke, I was being dragged through pristine, white-washed hallways. The world around me was fuzzy and I wasn't able to find the energy in me to use magic. Men and women dressed in black surrounded me as if to prevent me from escaping.

We arrived at a door and I was shoved in. Nothing filled it besides a toilet in the corner of one room; it was just the cold, tiled floor. There were no doors except the one they just locked. The only thing that was visible was a piece of one-sided glass.

As many people as they could watched me through the clear door. I was suddenly frantic as so many people surveyed me as if waiting for a reaction from the freak; the one who shouldn't actually exist; the one who has powers.

I imagined myself appearing in the Base, and raised my right hand. A weak tendril of red light snaked out of my hand and then dissipated in front of me, my body moving nowhere; I wasn't able to use magic.

And the worst part about all of this: Vanessa wasn't anywhere to be

found.

"What did you do to her?" I screamed, running up to the door and banging on it. "Let me out! It won't do any good to lock me up here."

No one let me out. The only reaction I got was a few people laughing at me.

Tears burst out of my eyes, flowing freely down my face and I threw myself onto the ground, ignoring any pain I might've felt. They didn't care about me or what my fate my have been. They didn't care what would happen to me.

Days in this cell dragged on like this; me begging them to release me and trying over and over again to use my magic but it was all hopeless. Meals were delivered three times a day and they were the same each time; dry bread, a small portion of pasta and a glass of water. Each time someone came to give me food, I tried to escape but it never worked. I was nothing without magic.

As the days droned on into months, I began to drive myself insane. I began pulling out my hair, screaming for Vanessa to come save me. They never tested on me, but I was never let out.

I commenced forming theories about what would happen to me. And that, is how I got to this point in my life.

The glass one-sided remains clear, my magic still keeping it like that. One of my theories is being proved to be true currently; they are forgetting about me. They think that I don't have power; that I am useless.

A smile large forms on my face as I change the glass back to normal and walk toward the door. This is it; the moment I have been anticipating for so long; I'm going to escape.

I imagine the heavily locked door to my cell swinging open and that scene plays out before me. I run out of the room, darting through the hallways hoping to find an exit.

When I can't find any, I just imagine myself appearing outside of

the facility, remembering I now have my magic back once again. I don't have any destination in mind so when I appear in a rural countryside I'm not surprised.

I just wander the winding paths until a familiar voice calls out. My beard flows - that's what happens when you're not allowed to shave - in the breeze along with my tattered, white clothes the facility gave me.

"Ryder!"

"How did you find me?" I ask, sprinting toward Vanessa and wrapping my arms around her. I forgot in my months in the cell just how gorgeous she is.

"I put a tracker on you," she answers through tears of joy.

Our lips meet in a deep, salty kiss.

Oh how much I missed her lips.

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

**I** know it's long and probably bad quality, but here's the final chapter.

Epilogue to come in a few days.

# Epilogue

I pull away from Vanessa, unable to restrain a few tears from falling.

"Lets get you home," Vanessa says with a smile, grabbing my hand. Immediately the feeling of transportation overtakes me - one that I haven't felt in so long - and the next thing I know, we're standing in the middle of the planning room at the Base.

"It's been a while," I start, "tell me what's been going on around here!"

Vanessa smiles, and I can't tear my eyes away from her. Her beauty, her great personality, and her smile are things I've missed so much; I can't believe I finally made my way back to her.

"It has been a while! To start, after you were captured, I went right back to finding Celia during the days and searching for you at nights. I installed a tracker so I knew where you were, I guess, but I could never find the exact spot. I've been roaming those mountains for so man hours, searching underground and above ground but I could never find you. They must've hidden you well. Anyway, I found Celia quickly; she actually was in the spot that Rico pointed us toward. Once I found her, I immediately explained our plan. She was ecstatic. She helped me defeat Grey, actually, once I was able to figure out how to take down the spell that kept her locked in the cell no matter what. It was some pretty tough spells and puzzles to figure out, but I did it."

"Wait, so Grey's destroyed completely now?" I ask, sifting through all of the information I've been given. She has been busy. I wish I could've helped her with all of this but right now, all I'm concerned with is being with her once again, and also finding my family. I'm going to make things right with my father; I can't leave our relationship the way it had to be earlier; burned and destroyed.

"Yeah, Celia helped me see to that. He's spending some nice, quality

time with the spirits. Luckily, Celia also knew a way to make sure he can't get into the real world; he's out of the equation forever," she answers, a fierce smile filling her face. I can't help but reflect the feeling.

Vanessa did it! She dealt with Grey once and for all.

I pull her into an embrace, squeezing her tightly.

"You did it, Vanessa. You're incredible. I'm so proud of you," I whisper. The fact that I was out of that damned cell and reunited with Vanessa, who I'd missed more than anything, feels surreal.

"Hey, if you hadn't thought of Rico before you got locked up, we would never have found Celia," she says, pulling away and staring into my eyes. I've missed those emerald eyes that glow the way they do.

"I can't take any credit for this," I answer, raising an eyebrow. Vanessa smiles and keeps her mouth shut. Her eyes roam around the room, leaving her hands balled up in my shirt as if she's scared I'll slip away if she doesn't hold on.

"Celia would like to meet you," Vanessa says with a sigh. "But first, you need to take me back to that facility that you were in."

My eyes light up and I can feel my body shake slightly.

"W-why do we need to go back there?" I stammer, leaning in to hear her answer. It's as if she just asked me to dive back into a never ending nightmare I'd been living.

"We need to kill everyone there before we assume you're safe," Vanessa responds, her face grim, her tone dark.

Taking a deep breath, I grab her hand and raise my right one. Imagining appearing in the facility once more, I close my eyes. I can't watch this; I just can't watch myself go back to a place where I'd been locked for so long, but my mind knows I need to. A large part of me also wants revenge.

Our feet echo as we slam into the floor. I peel my eyes open. Just

being back here brings horrid memories of being locked up flood back through my brain.

"This'll be quick, but guard me," Vanessa orders walking away from me. I nod and look around, keeping my body alert.

Vanessa closes her eyes and holds out her hand. Her face shows concentration, but her body shows relaxation.

Suddenly, a gray smoke floods out of both of her palms, snaking it's way through the hallway and around our feet. Immediately it feels as if the oxygen is being sucked out of the air as the wave of smoke grows and expands. The speed at which the air is decreasing is hard for me to even put my mind to.

"We need to get out of here!" Vanessa shouts. Quickly I imagine appearing back and the Base and raise my hand, struggling to get air to my lungs.

As we disappear, a slight tingle appears in my arm. When we land back in the planning room, I wheeze, gulping in as much air as I possibly can, as if my lungs can't get enough.

The same gray smoke sputters out of the pores of the skin on my arm, floating into the air for a moment and dissipating.

"What was that?" I ask, walking over to Vanessa and snaking an arm around her, not wanting to let her go.

"It's the spell Celia taught me. Luckily, it only works in the spot you assign it to which is why it just disappeared off of you when we landed here."

"Is this Ryder?" a calm, high voice questions from behind us. I turn my head and see an old woman standing in the doorway, her gray hair barely reaching her shoulder. She wears a light pink dress, covering her arms completely. Her light blue eyes are just as calming as the rest of her.

"Are you Celia?" I asked, reality dawning on me. When looking for her, I pictured her as a younger woman, but it makes sense that she would be old; she's Grey's daughter after all.

She nods warmly, smiling.

I walk over and outstretch my hand.

"It's so nice to meet you," I whisper, trying to push the memory of her trying to kill me out of my mind.

"I'm sorry I look like this," she says immediately, not even looking at my hand. "I didn't in the cell, but the moment the spells on that cage were broken, my age came rushing through my body all at once."

Her voice is weak and her eyes twinkle with what I think may be nostalgia.

"It suits your personality," I answer, pulling back my hand awkwardly.

"Well, it's nice to meet you. I'm gonna go sleep," she says softly, turning and walking out of the room.

"All right, that was . . . weird," I whisper as I walk back to Vanessa.

"She's old; give her a break!" Vanessa exclaims with a laugh and a light slap on my arm. I smile and intertwine my hand in hers.

"Do you know where my family is?" I ask, roughly thinking about the feeling of fingers wrapping around my throat. I can't leave my thoughts of my father like this.

"Yeah, they've not really left their quarters at all. Luckily, no one really comes here anymore at all, so they haven't missed out on anything," Vanessa answers. She raises her hand and a moment later I'm standing in a room, my mother, father, and brother sitting on one of the three beds in it playing cards. My father and brother don't even turn their heads but my mother does.

Immediately she cries out, "Ryder!"

I jog over to the bed and wrap my arms around her. I can feel her tears spilling onto my meager, white shirt.

My father looks up vaguely, but his eyes light up the minute he sees me. My mother releases me, slumping back down onto the bed, staring at me as if I'm not real.

"Dad," I begin, but he cuts me off right away.

"I'm sorry, Ryder. I'm not sure why I did what I did and why I blamed you, but I was insane for it." He stands up and walks over to me, pulling me into a quick, tight hug.

"It's fine; you'd been tortured and your mind had been messed with. I don't blame you."

With a smile, I turned to my brother, a warm feeling filling my chest. It's about time to speak to him and act like brothers.

"Hey, Ryan," I whisper. He looks up at me uncertainly, his mouth hanging open slightly. His features reflect my own, creating a twelve-year-old replica of myself.

"It's been a while," he answers with a laugh, his eyes lighting up just like the rest of the family.

"It sure has," I respond, ruffling his hair.

"I'm sure you two have tons of catching up to do - go; we'll meet you in the dining hall for dinner," my father says, motioning to Vanessa. I smile and open the door.

"Thank you. I'll see you then. I've missed you so much," I say, fighting against the tears that were attempting to spill over my eyes.

They all smile, and we leave the room. Immediately, Vanessa transports us. The next thing I know, I'm inhaling the fresh air, the sounds of spring dancing in the air. The smell of flowers waft into my nostrils. Moist soil sinks beneath my feet as I walk hand-in-hand with Vanessa through the forest. We both make our way toward the field we first met in without talking about it.

"So, I guess we can just try to forget this whole journey, now, right?" Vanessa asks, the bright sun shining on her hair and

illuminating her face. In this moment, I wouldn't change anything.

"No," I answer, "there's some things I don't want to forget."

"Like what?"

My answer is quick. It's been on my tongue for a while as if I had been wanting to say if for so long.

"I never want to forget the dangers of being uncontrollable."

**~+ Uncontrollable +~**

**H**ere's the epilogue. I hope you enjoyed. I tried to tie up all the loose ends.

***Long*** authors note in next part that's posted that will explain a lot about the quality of the book and my future names. I know it's long but you should all read it. It has my plans for the future and something exciting about what is coming off of this book (kind of I guess).

# Final Author Note

[image]

Hello everyone. I can't believe we're already here and that this book is completed. It's been such a long and wonderful journey. Anyway, just as a warning, this authors note will be ***very long and rambling*** but I will pack in tons of important information.

**THE MOST IMPORTANT NEWS IS RIGHT AT THE END SO READ THAT IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO READ THE REST GO TO THE END!**

Okay, so, first I feel like I have to start off by thanking you all because quite honestly, you're all the reason that this book is where it is and that I had the motivation to finish it. If you've read my writing before, you'll know that my esteem for my writing is really low and I go through many periods where I had literally no motivation to write. Luckily, for Uncontrollable that only happened at the end of this book. I think that is because of all of your wonderful comments, and let me tell you, they really are wonderful. Reading each and every one of your comments ended up being the highlight of my day most of the time. I can't thank any of you enough for leaving the best, most uplifting comments.

I also can't thank any of you enough for just deciding to read this book. Even if you're not voting or commenting, you're reading it and that's helping it further it's success a ton, so thank you. And to all of you who I now know by user name and recognize when you comment/I see you somewhere on this site, thank you so much. You're all literally the best people in the world. I've never had such kind and amazing fans, and I've never developed such positive relationships with y'all either!

Bottom line: thank you so, so much for all the support I've gotten from everyone.

Now, before I go on, I have something I really badly need to explain to you because y'all deserve an explanation. I mentioned quickly

above that I lost motivation at the end of this book and I wasn't lying. I really, really lost motivation. There was a time when I wasn't sure about finishing this (yet here we are, so thanks to all of you who got me through that), and definitely times that I wasn't sure if I'd ever be writing again. I know I also mentioned my esteem was very, very low with writing and that was also somewhat what contributed to the lack of motivation. As I wrote, I hated my writing more and more. When I re-read chapters before posting earlier in the book, I didn't see as many mistakes or plot holes or grammar errors or things I really just wanted to change, but as the plot got thicker and more complicated, those grew exponentially. It was hard for me to re-read the chapters and I actually got to a point where I only ran it through spell/grammar check because I couldn't re-read them anymore. If I was re-reading each chapter like I want to, this book **never** would've been finished; it would have made me far too sad and plunged my esteem for writing much more. So, basically, this is why the writing is such bad quality for the chapters basically after NaNo. Thank you all for sticking with it though. I really do hope to rewrite it and edit it and give people an actual good version of this book but I'm not sure how far I'll get in a rewrite when all I can do is think about how bad it is and how terrible the plot is. This really affects me, as well, because this was one of the first books that I truly, honestly loved. The characters and the world that they lived in literally took up my life and I was obsessed with them. I was thinking about them constantly and wishing I could live with magic and visit the Base alongside Vanessa and Ryder. I tried, though, to push these feelings away because I wasn't sure what it would do to me to love my story and characters so much and watch it burn in my mind. Fortunatley, I still love 'em but it may have gone down and it's my fault.

Basically, I'm sorry about the quality; it's probably because of my lack of motivation.

Anyways, onto a happier note, I'm now gonna talk about my future writings! I have a lot of stories in the making/being planned. There are some that are in such an early stage that I'll only be giving you a rough description of it, but there are others that I can give you a preview of!

Here's the first idea; it's called Searching For Charlotte and I hope to have it out somewhat soon (maybe in three weeks?). It will be a fantasy book!

**Summary:** That's what life is. A bitter twist, a sweet kiss, and then nothing.

≈ ≈ ≈ ≈ 17 year-old Cliff's life is thrown into an all-time high when he finds out his arch-enemy, Charlotte, is missing. But when he feels a connection to her stronger than ever before, will he realize there's more to this than he believes before it's too late?

**Preview:**

**--**

**Chapter One: The Disappearance**

**--**

"She's gone. They can't find her anywhere." My mother's voice was darker than the night sky outside.

The idea shot me into a feeling of pure ecstasy.

"Really?" I asked, unable to hide the excitement flooding my voice.

"Stop sounding so happy," my mother scolded, knitting her eyebrows. Her face had disappointment written all over it. I could clearly see her blue eyes and smooth cheeks in the bright lights above the island in our kitchen. "An innocent girl just disappeared, and you sound excited. You're not that sadistic. Now go upstairs and practice magic. You have your assessment on Friday."

I nodded, keeping my mouth shut. There wasn't any use in arguing with my mother. And after the news she just told me—that Charlotte disappeared—nothing could rain on my parade. After months and months of her taunting and her battles won, she had disappeared. Gone, out of my life forever. The thought of not having to go to school and see her green eyes and face covered in make up felt like a dream.

When I reached my room, closing the door I grabbed the spell book from under my bed. I flipped to page fifty-eight and read the incantation aloud. A bright, white light along the sides of the door flashed momentarily, and then disappeared.

**End of preview.**

**N**ow I know what I gave you isn't that exciting but I think the rest of the book will be and I'm honestly excited to write it.

Its cover is in a very rough stage and I am trying to get some help with it (if you click the external link and help me with my covers I'll be even more grateful to you!), so it definitely won't be posted until I have a good cover, but I'm aiming for a few weeks.

Next book is called Price to Pay. If y'all read the news book I posted you'll already know about this. Unfortunately, it won't be fantasy.

**Summary:** Annabeth was Lawrence's whole world. He revolved around her. And once she breaks off their relationship, his life is sprawled into an all time low.

And his way of dealing with the pain enveloping his body? Alcohol. A whole lot of alcohol. The bad side of town, a gang, and an extremely drunk Lawrence could never create a good combo.

**Preview**:

**--**

**ϟ The Trigger**

**--**

"We're like a vase, Lawrence. When we fall, we break and we have to pick up the pieces. But each time we have to recollect them, we lose a piece. And by now, we're all out of pieces."

Annabelle's words pierced into my heart like an ice pick. Tears threatened to spill over the brims of my eyes, but I refused to let them. There were a million words I could've said, but there were only a few that felt like they'd suffice.

"Well then, I hope that one day we can find those pieces and mend that vase." A look of tiredness flicked onto Annabelle's face, but I only saw it for a second.

I had spun on my heel, leaving behind my entire world; my rock. The past two years had been the best of my life. Annabelle had occupied all my time; I *revolved* around her. And now, all of it has shattered beyond repair.

The world around me blurred as tears began to stream from my eyes. The rain falling around me helped hide the tears to any other pedestrian. The weather was gray and dreary – typical London weather – mirroring my mood perfectly.

My feet took me towards my appartment without a thought. Most nineteen year-olds would be in college, probably sitting through a terribly boring class right now, but I wasn't a normal nineteen year-old. My parents didn't have the money to send me to college; they just bought me a run down appartment for next to no money and left me on my own.

I approached the appartment with tears still spilling from my eyes, my heart in my throat. When I got to the door, I shoved it open – the lock had been broken since I moved in – and collapsed on the couch.

As tears ran down my cheeks, the reality of what had just happened crashed down onto me like a rock. A weight grew on my shoulders, crushing me and squeezing my heart. It felt like everything was breaking around me.

The pain that had just rained down on me became too much to bare. My breathing felt harder and harder and there was only one thing I could think to do: drink the pain away.

I stumbled toward the fridge where I knew alochol would be waiting; that was one perk of living without parents. Annabeth's words swirled around my head, haunting me as I grabbed a bottle of beer.

**End of preview.**

This one won't be posted for a long while. I'm not sure when but it'll at least be a few months.

That cover is very bad and needs a lot of work.

Now, lastly, as the most important news of all, you've all been asking about plans for a sequel and I told you I have something planned. Well y'all finally get to find out!

Can I get a drum roll here??

**I will be posting a prequel to Uncontrollable in one week's time about being Trent Smith! I'm so, so excited for this.**

**Summary:** Wealth, power, riches. These were all just things that Trent Smith had dreamed about while growing up poor. But as he grew up in the terrible conditions Eastbell cast upon their impoverished people, he knew it was his destiny to change things. And to do that, he needed to become king.

But power corrupts people. His uncle once told him once you gain a little bit of power, it's impossible to stop. If only he'd listened.

**Preview:**

**--**

**Chapter One: The Warning**

**--**

*It doesn't pay to ignore warnings*
*even if they don't make sense*
*-Debra Doyle*

Memories of my treacherous past haunted my mind as I sat in my elegant quarters, waiting for my parents to arrive. Just this room was larger than my entire house had been when I lived in poverty, the high, arching ceilings and gorgeous painted windows more sophisticated than any I'd seen in my life. Just sitting in such riches, I felt out of place. But there was also a kind of joy to it. I had overcome all the terrible things that life had thrown at me. I was on

the top now.

The bed that sat across the room from the plush couch I was seated on was large; just as stylish as the rest of the room.

I tapped my foot impatiently, waiting for my parents to arrive. They would be so proud. A smile played on my lips just at the thought of them seeing all that I'd accomplished.

Fighting to power was a large accomplishment on its own, but when you were poor and you gained the throne of Eastbell; that was just unheard of.

All those years of practice had finally paid off, and I was going to use it to my advantage.

Now that I'd pulled my family from rags to riches, I was going to make the wealthy who put us through so much pain and suffering for so many years pay for what they'd done. But not yet; I needed the people to trust me and believe I was a good person first. I needed them to fall into my trap. And then – and only then – I would get my revenge.

A knock on the large, wooden oak door pulled me out of my thoughts.

"You can come in," I called out across the room, staring intently at the door to see who my visitor was.

My eyes lit up as my parents entered the room, faces full of pride.

I stood up and walked toward their outstretched arms.

After a quick hug, they began speaking.

**End of preview.**

**T**he cover of "Impossible" is to the side (or top if on app), and I'm so excited for it. So, come to my profile around noon on Saturday, December twenty-seventh to read the first chapter! I can't wait to launch it.

Thanks again, and yes, I'm finally done talking!

At 12:01 on December 20th, with the final stats of: 253,917 reads, 11,592 votes, and 4,553 comments [half are mine!], Uncontrollable is completed. Thanks again.

**No matter what Wattpad says there aren't parts after this, they're just saving comments.**

# Saving Comments #1

Hey everyone. This was previously chapter nineteen part two but I made them one chapter and so now I'm leaving this part so that I can still have the great comments you all left here!

**Basically, this isn't a real part/chapter.**

# Saving Comments #2

[image]

This is basically the same as the last part; just to keep the amazing comments you left. This was previously chapter thirty-seven part two, but I've merged those two again!

This is the last one that's not an actual part but Wattpad says is.

# Bonus Chapter - Vanessa

"Can you promise me that you're not trying to screw me over?" the young woman growled in her nasally voice.

"I swear, Celia. My only goal here is to take down Grey," I answered, forcing a smile onto my lips. It took most of my willpower to hold open my eyelids, let alone to argue with Grey's daughter about what my true motives were. I'd spend so many sleepless nights thinking about Ryder and where he could've been and who took him. What was happening to him right at this moment while I wasted time bantering with Celia? Was he being tortured? Were scientists strapping him to a table and experimenting on him like in the horror movies? They must've found a way to tear his powers from him if he hadn't come back yet; it'd been at least a month.

"Then get me out of this god damn cell," she screamed back at me, anger evident in her voice. Rico really wasn't kidding - she was angry at everyone for what had happened to her.

The cell was small, corpses piled on one side of it against wooden poles just as Ryder had described to me before we went out to search for this woman. I had to prevent my vision from lingering toward them for too long.

"Just come with me," I responded, exasperation filling my tone. "There's a door here, and I'll make it so that you can get out of it."

"Can't you see that it's not that easy?" Celia asked, tapping her foot impatiently and shooting me angry looks.

"Of course I know that if you could've done it you would've been out of her years ago, but I know the spell that Grey put on this cell," I explained walking toward the door that I'd entered it in, attempting to contain the rage that Celia had been causing me.

"Oh, do you now? Then get me out of here now!" Celia explained. I

had to refrain from turning around and giving her a black eye. She was just as self-centered, stubborn, and obnoxious as Grey had been.

I rolled my eyes and kicked the door open. The metal bars seemed to seperated and they swung away so that I could step out. I threw them back into place and they sealed themselves up magically.

"Now, put your hands where I just opened the cell bars and push," I ordered, looking deep into my soul and getting my magic ready to be used. It bubbled around inside of me, shooting through my veins, making me feel alive.

She pushed against the bars. They remained solid and unmoving as I expected.

My hands were sweaty as I raised them toward the door. I'd been searching for this spell for three weeks straight and I finally found the right one.

I repeated the small incantation that I'd found to be the counter spell against the one that Grey had set and placed my hands on the smooth bars.

Slowly, a translucent, pale yellow pool of light seeped out of my hands, crawling along the bars and creating an outline of the door.

Suddenly a loud bang pierced the air and smoke was emmited from the bars as the melted away, hitting the ground and disappearing.

Celia threw herself out of the cell, jumping over the bars and flying onto the soft, grassy ground beneath us. I couldn't figure out why there was grass in a hidden room off of a parking lot, but that was the least of my worries right now.

"Y-y-you did it," Celia stuttered, tears forming in her eyes.

"And now," I answered, "we get to kill Grey."

A resilience took over her face and she pulled herself off of the ground. She outstretched a hand to me to shake, and I nearly jumped in shock, my blonde hair flying everywhere.

Her hand was thin and wrinkled, her nails overgrown and yellow. It looked almost identical to Grey's hand. It was the only part of her body that looked like it had aged.

She knitted her eyebrows at my reaction and looked down toward her hand. The scream that was emanated from her was out of both fear and surprise.

"What's happening?" she questioned quietly, staring at her hand with a mixture of horror and fascination.

"I have no idea, but we need to take care of Grey, and soon because the effect of the Trapper will wear off in two days time," I said, trying to ignore her aged hand.

"Lucky for you, Vanessa, it'll be much simpler than you'll expect," Celia said. I nodded with a smile and imagined us appearing in the Base and slowly transportation filled my pores and the environment around me changed.

"Where are we?" Celia asked immeidately, looking around in awe. I realized that she must be so refreshed by being in a different place after all those years locked up in that cell.

"We're at a secret hideout. We'd been using it as a place to learn, practice, and grow. Grey was using it as a base for war strategies, although there was no real war. He was just lying to all of us to get us to trust him and do what he told us to. So now, it's where my 'headquarters' for anything I do are. I live here, after all."

"So, is this where Grey is being kept?" she asked.

I nodded, walking toward the other end of my quarters and wrapping my fingers around the Trapper.

"Inside of this is Grey's soul, trapped. But the Trapper doesn't work eternally. His soul will be freed, as I said, in two days, so we need to get rid of him now. We were told that you know how."

"I do know how to take him down," Celia said, reaching out and running her fingers along the Trapper. I had to hold back another gasp as wrinkles were working her way up her exposed arm. She

must've been aging all at once for all the years that she'd been locked up in there. I took a shaky breath and focused on the task at hand.

"Great, so how are you going to do it?"

"Well, *you're* going to have to because my magic skills are . . . rusty to say the least," she said. "But, I'll give you an incantation you have to say inside of your head, and then you have to focus on death. When you do that, the smoke will kill anyone in the room."

I was shocked by how simply she spoke of it, but didn't complain; I had a way to kill Grey now.

"Lets to it in a different room then, so that my quarters aren't filled with deadly smoke," I suggested, transporting us to a room that I knew nobody had used in a long time.

When we slammed into the ground, I looked around. There weren't even couches or furniture in here anymore; no one had any use at all for a room to hang out in when we had so many more pressing matters.

Celia whispered the incantation that I'd have to read aloud, and then left the room. I took a deep breath, laying the Trapper out on the floor and speaking the incantation. Just moments after, I focused on the thought of death and the process of dying and all the death that surrounds us.

Slowly, a gray and brown smoke seeped out of my hands filling the room. The oxygen immediately felt like it was being depleted and I began to feel light-headed as it curled around my legs.

The smoke covered the floor and was multiplying itself much faster. I quickly imagined the top to the Trapper coming undone, and then used my magic to put me in the hallway outside. The smoke had reached my hips by the time that I had transported myself out of the room, and I had begun coughing lethargically.

When I landed on the floor outside, I was delighted to see that the smoke was contained to only that room.

Greedily, I sucked in the air around me, giving me energy and causing my coughing to subdue.

"You did it?" Celia asked with a smile. The wrinkles and age that had been crawling up her body was now at her neck, and creeping onto her face.

I nodded, swallowing hard. Triumph surged through my body as I laid there on the floor. I'd done it; I'd killed Grey.

"What now?" Celia asked after a few minutes of my breathing heavily.

"Now," I answered quickly, "I find Ryder."

~+ **Uncontrollable** +~

**S**o here's a bonus chapter of Vanessa killing Grey.

I hope you enjoyed this. Thanks for all your support and don't forget to check out the prequel to this book; Impossible.

# Bonus Chapter 2

**A/N: I know it's been a long time, but I wanted to post another chapter for this on how their lives turned out (thank you, by the way, for everyone who has read it since I finished it; it's insane!).**

**Bonus Chapter Two:**

Laughter rang out through the house.

"He didn't," Vanessa said, her long hair sweeping across her face as she shook with laughter.

"I swear," I responded with a smile.

"He fell down two flights of stairs?" she asked, unable to contain her laughter.

"That he did."

"And then when he hit the bottom?"

"His pants ripped," I answered, chuckling myself.

"You're joking," she said. "You have to be! It's too good to be true."

I laughed and stood up from the kitchen table, moving toward the fridge.

"You should have been there," I said as I searched for a snack, fidgeting with the ring on my finger. "His face was the greatest thing I've ever seen. It was *bright* red. He looked like someone had shown him naked on TV."

This made Vanessa laugh even harder. I picked an apple out of a drawer and closed the fridge, going back to the table.

"He'd totally kill us if he heard us laughing about this."

"Definitely, but that doesn't mean it wasn't funny. I love him, but how can you not laugh at it when he didn't get hurt?" I said with a laugh.

"He's just the perfect person for it to happen to," Vanessa said. "Did you laugh when it happened?"

"No, I kept it in, but some of our co-workers were laughing their heads off," I answered with a smirk.

Vanessa rubbed her growing stomach absentmindedly.

"How long has he been married now?" The abrupt change in conversation caught me off guard for a moment, though the random new topics had been happening more often since she'd gotten pregnant.

"I think ten years. I think he's thirty-seven now," I responded.

"Ten years older than us." Vanessa nodded slowly. "Poor guy. I wish he'd learn not to worry about things like that."

She stood up and moved toward the fridge herself and I took a large bite out of the apple in my hand.

As she pulled open the fridge door the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," I said and pushed myself out of the chair and moved down the front hall. I pulled open the heavy front door and was greeted by a radiant smile.

"Hey, I wasn't expecting you!" I said, beckoning for him to come in. Tommy fixed his buzzed brown hair as he stepped into our house, kicking off his shoes and moving toward the kitchen.

"Who is it?" Vanessa called.

"Tommy," I answered. After the nightmare with Grey, I introduced the two of them and since then they'd become very good friends.

"Hey, how are you?" she asked with a smile as she bustled to him and hugged him. "It's been a while."

He nodded. "I've been good. Now, how's my godson?"

"Goddaughter," Vanessa corrected as he patted her large stomach awkwardly. "She's doing well."

"Nah, I won't believe it until I see him and know for sure whether he's a boy or a girl."

I rolled my eyes.

"You want anything to eat?"

"No, I was in the state so I figured I'd stop by."

"All right," I answered. "How've you been?"

"Good—busy with the new job, but doing well. And, uh, something else happened," he said excitedly, then pushed his ring finger out.

A silver band was pressed closely around his skin.

"You and Tasha are getting married?" I asked in disbelief. It felt like it had been years of them saying they loved one another but weren't ready.

"Congratulations!" Vanessa cried and then threw her arms around him again.

"Thanks. Soon we'll be just like you two," he said with a small laugh. "Sharing stories about our days at work. It'll definitely be different."

Vanessa rolled her eyes but laughed and Tommy said, "You know what? I think I'll take a beer if you have one."

"Coming right up," I said.

"Ryder, tell him what you were just telling me."

I repeated the brief tale as I retrieved a beer from the fridge and gave it to him. Tommy dissolved in a fit of laughter, his face turning bright red.

"His . . . pants . . .  ripped?" He managed to get out through his laughing. "That's gold. Pure gold."

And then he laughed some more.

The rest of the night passed like this and as I reflected on the day before going to bed, with Vanessa asleep in my arms, I realized something.

Though we had to pretend we weren't wizards and lead lives as close to normal as we could, we were happy.

Vanessa and I were finally happy.

~+ **Uncontrollable** +~

I know it's been a while and it's not really a good chapter, but I wanted to add it to show you that they were having a child and they finally reached a point in their lives where they felt happen and not burdened by their past.

Thanks for reading and I really hope you enjoyed it.

Also, Searching For Charlotte comes out in two days so be on the lookout for it!

# New Wattpad Story!

Hi all! It's been ages, and the support I still receive on this book to this day will always floor me.

I wanted to touch base after spending a long time away to announce that I've returned to Wattpad, and will be publishing a new NaNo project called "Haunted." This one will always be up and free, but my newest book is an idea I hold very near and dear to my heart.

It will be like this book, just a little bit more mature, better written, and even more action packed. If you got a chance to check it out, it'd mean the world to me if you did. And, as always, thank you for your continued support on this one!